SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

March 1931

VOL. LXXXIX NUMBER 3

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

A short novel complete in this number. The story of a man who attempts to discover by scientific methods the elements of the human soul, by the versatile and brilliant author of "Ariel," "Byron," and "The Silence of Colonel Bramble." While the judges are deliberating over the final manuscripts submitted in the $5,000 Prize Contest for fiction of this length by American authors, we take pleasure in presenting this one by a distinguished Frenchman.

I

I HAVE hesitated a long time before setting down this story. I am aware that it will astonish those who have been dearest to me, and be distasteful to more than one of them. Some will doubt my good faith, others my good sense. My own thoughts would have been the same had I not been the accidental, and protesting, eye-witness of the facts I am about to relate. So conscious am I of their apparent absurdity that I have never mentioned them even to my closest intimates. And if my mind is now made up to break this silence, it is because I do not feel that I have the right to leave to destruction after my own death the sole object remaining as evidence of this strange dream.

Before my readers reject Doctor James's theories as altogether improbable, I would ask them to recall what I believe to have been the extreme cautiousness of my mind. Like all men, I have had my passions and weaknesses; I have tried to safeguard my judgment. In science, in metaphysics, in politics, and even in my sentimental life, I have made a point of never mistaking my wishes for proofs. I am far from having always succeeded, but perhaps that constant circumspection will be counted in my favor at a moment when I shall stand in every need of credence.

There is a second argument in my favor: the facts I have to narrate are surprising, but their nature is not impossible to verify. A few simple experiments, which can be easily repeated by any physicist, biologist, or doctor, will show that James's theories, even if they are re-

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garded as absurd, were based upon actual observations. Why did I not continue these experiments myself? Why have I not made them known until after my death? It is not very easy for me to explain. The main factor, I think, was shyness, together with a natural distaste for occupying myself with certain problems. Circumstances had made me a writer, not a scientist. I had access to neither a hospital nor a laboratory. I was reluctant to get into touch with men to whom I was one of the profane, in order that I might draw their attention to phenomena which, as I knew, would contradict their ideas. I regret my weakness, and I should be happy if the publication of this memoir were to inspire in some adventurous minds a desire to follow my hapless friend in the exploration of a new world, the knowledge of which might well lead to results of great significance.

I knew Doctor James during the War. We first met in a muddy Flanders field, and amidst a group of cheerful and healthy Englishmen his gaunt, prominent cheekbones, and the look of torment on his face, at once impressed me. He had been attached to the medical services of the division with which I served as French liaison-officer. We immediately became friendly, and notwithstanding the horror of those days and scenes, the months which I spent in the Ypres salient in his company left me with memories that might almost be termed enjoyable. Between our two camp-beds a biscuit-case served as table and library. At night, when sleep was denied us by the shells screaming their way overhead toward Poperinghe, and the clacking of the soaked canvas in the wind, we held muttered converse about madmen and poets. I liked my companion. Beneath his casing of cynicism I caught glimpses of the bold and tender spirit within. So reticent was he that I shared his daily life for months on end without knowing whether he had either wife or children.

The armistice cut short this friendship, as it did so many others. For a year we exchanged letters, and I thus learned that James was on the staff of one of the London hospitals. Then one of us (which, I couldn't now say) failed to answer a letter. James became an image still entangled with my memories, but an unreal image, like that of a character in a novel. And in the end I ceased to think about him, even in dream, until the spring of 1925.

During that year I had occasion to make a long stay in London for some researches at the British Museum. I was there alone, rather tired and depressed by too much continuous work. One morning the sunshine was so bright that I had not the courage to immure myself in the reading-room. For a moment or two I stood watching the pigeons under the Greek colonnade of the museum, as friendly and as distant as those of Saint Mark's. I stood in a brown study. The realization was forced on me that solitude, healthy enough for a short time, was becoming intolerable. Yet I did not lack English friends—why hadn't I tried to look them up? Wouldn't it be pleasant to spend the evenings with such an intelligent fellow as Doctor James? I had forgotten his address, but it is never hard to trace a doctor; and entering the reading-room, I discovered from a medical directory that H. B. James, M.D., was on the resident staff of Saint Barnaby's Hospital. I decided to drop my work for that morning, and to go and hunt up my friend.

Saint Barnaby's Hospital lies south of the Thames, in the crowded region that stretches beyond Blackfriars Bridge. To cross the river thereabouts always impresses me in a strange and compelling

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way. The Thames there is the frontier of two worlds. One leaves the Gothic and Renaissance London, the London of chess-board squares, of the tree-lined embankments beneath the great hotels, of the red stream of busses, for a city of factories and warehouses, bare walls, and blunt chimneystacks. And the contrast that morning struck me the more forcibly as, just when I was crossing the bridge, a great cloud suddenly obscured the sun. In a gloomy, stormy light I reached the slime-covered bankside where men were loading stranded barges with sacks of cement. Along the thoroughfare roared the metallic din of tramcars and steam tractors. Alongside the pavement seethed a wretched street-market. I was entering the territory of a different people.

A policeman told me how to reach Saint Barnaby's. Situated on the river's edge, the hospital seemed to me like a refuge amidst all the sordid houses and the blind walls of warehouses. Like so many London buildings, it resembled one of those edifices in Romantic engravings, with long white streaks emphasizing the black violence of the shadows, but it was enlivened here and there by little splashes of vivid color—the green of turf, the lavender-blue uniform of a nurse, the bright red dressing-gowns of three convalescents taking their first stroll. Above the iron gates a large streamer displayed an inscription to the effect that Saint Barnaby's was supported by voluntary contributions and that at the present moment there was a deficit of 30,000 pounds. I entered, and asked the porter whether Doctor H. B. James was attached to the hospital.

"Doctor James?" he said. "Certainly, sir. . . . At this time you'll probably find him in the residents' lodge. . . . Straight under the memorial arch, and first on your left."

I obeyed, and found a small detached block, likewise of smoke-blackened white stone, but covered with ivy and Virginia creeper. A board at the foot of the stairs showed the names of the doctors, each of them followed by the indication "IN" or "OUT." At the top of the list I read: *"Dr. H. B. James, 1st Floor, Room 21. IN."* I went up, and found my friend's name inscribed on the wooden plate of one of the doors. Then suddenly I felt anxious—in fact, almost shy. Would he be pleased at seeing me after such long oblivion? Should I merely find myself alone again, after a few polite remarks, in that dismal cluster of chimneys and slums? I knocked, and with an unconscious movement took hold of the door-knob. It did not turn. It seemed to be held fast from within. A voice, that once-familiar grating voice that seemed torn by the wind from rusted scrap-iron, came in what struck me as a dry tone:

"Just one moment, please."

In the ensuing silence I heard hasty footsteps, the noise of sliding rings from a hurriedly pulled curtain, a squeal rather like that of a small animal pinched or hit by mistake, and then a clinking of glasses being thrown against each other. Water flowed into a basin, gentle and irritating. Standing in front of the door I waited, vaguely uneasy. What was James doing? Had I interrupted some operation, a dressing, an examination? It seemed unlikely. James was not a surgeon, and in any case he would not have brought a patient to his own room. Was he rising late after being on night-duty? Had I woken him up? At last the water ceased, steps came toward me, the door-knob turned beneath my hand, and through the half-opened door I saw the doctor's head. He was even more gaunt than during the War. His eyes, with deep hollows beneath the orbits, shone with a troubled and as it were veiled gleam; in the expression there

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was something haggard which I found extremely painful. For a moment he hesitated before picking on the exact memory that fitted his unexpected caller, then smiled and opened the door wide. I saw that he was wearing a white overall.

"Hullo, my boy! What the deuce are *you* doing in England? You're the last person I'd have expected to see this morning!"

The room was simply furnished: a camp-bed, two chairs, a big leather armchair, and a few shelves, some laden with books, the rest hidden by a green canvas curtain, the same one, no doubt, that I had heard sliding on its rod. In one corner stood a hand-basin full of soapy water. On the mantelpiece, several photographs of a young woman. James offered me the armchair and handed me a cigarette-box, but he kept looking round with an air of such anxiety that I wondered if there could be a third person hidden in the room. Then he made an effort to talk, with just the air of feigned interest that might be assumed by one interrupted in some dubious occupation and trying to assume ease of manner.

"Well, well!" he said. "You certainly seem to have dropped me since you became an historian. . . . I read that last book of yours, although you didn't send it me. . . . Not bad. I shouldn't have thought you had it in you. . . . But books apart, what's been happening to you?"

I had arrived full of pleasure at seeing again a man of whom I had been fond, a man too who had given me some of my keenest intellectual enjoyment. But I felt vexed, and so ill at ease that my pleasure was completely spoiled. I saw that James and I had almost nothing to say to each other. We had known each other as members of a group which had long ceased to exist. Of our 1918 soul, nothing survived. Our common anguish regarding the outcome of the War, our common affection for wounded friends, were sentiments as dead as the superficial cells which had then formed our earthly framework. To the self who had just entered this room, the James who dwelt there was a being almost as completely a stranger as any random passer-by I might have stopped in Piccadilly. I felt that the only way of again reaching the deeper and more stable layers in him was to confess my disappointment.

"It's an odd thing, James," I said, "but do you remember an evening of ours at Ypres when you told me about the dissociation of personality in madness? I feel something very like that at this moment! I came to your room to find a Self which no longer exists, and I am vainly longing for the moment of madness that might allow me to be pleased at seeing you . . ."

Such a remark would have sufficed to rouse the James I had once known to a discourse at once learned and humorous. But he shrugged his shoulders wearily, lit a cigarette, and sank into one of the chairs, still looking anxiously round.

"Ah, well!" he sighed. "It's a long time since I gave up worrying about dissociations and sublimations. . . . I look after people with cancer, and heart disease, and lung troubles. . . . The Port of London occasionally send me compatriots of yours, seamen . . ."

At that instant, from behind the green curtain, there came a sound that is never forgotten by any who have heard it—the scampering of a rat, a swift, dry sound accentuated by the hard claws of the feet. Suddenly I had visions of a dug-out which I once shared with James in a railway-cutting.

"Hullo!" I said laughingly, "do you keep rats? That's something to stir up common memories for us!"

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"Rats?" he said, rising with a look of displeasure. "How do you suppose there would be rats in a hospital? You're suffering from hallucinations, my boy. . . . I say, I'm awfully sorry, but we can't stay here . . . it's time for me to go round my wards. Would you like to come with me? It might interest you."

I was now definitely embarrassed.

"Are you sure I shan't be in the way?" I said, "I can easily come back some other time."

"No," he answered, in a tone of mingled good-will and irony. "No, you aren't in my way now. . . ."

He stepped quickly over to the sink, and taking a little soapy water, wiped a red smear from the edge of the basin.

II

Saint Barnaby's Hospital struck me as one of the least gloomy that could be imagined. The floors of the wards were tiled in black-and-white squares, the red beds were trimly ranged, the windows had their flowers; and oases of healthy freshness were set in this realm of sickness by the nurses, almost all of them pretty and kindly, in their blue print dresses. Each ward was ruled over by a ward-sister, recognizable by the deeper blue of her belt.

"Nothing to report, sister?" James asked.

"I'd like you to have a look at number 216, doctor. The fever's not going down. . . ."

He went over to the bed. Turning over the case-sheet hung above the patient's head, he made an effort to remember the history of the illness, and ordered a change of treatment in a mournful, tired voice. In the women's ward, I was struck by his indifference. In myself the sight of a sick woman (especially if she be young and pleasing) has always inspired an ardent sense of pity, mingled perhaps with sensuality. I realized that a doctor entering these rooms would not, as I did, experience a sensation at once agonizing and grateful, a feeling of invaded intimacy and melting compassion; yet it surprised me to see how insensitive my companion was to the little blandishments of some of these dying women. There was one girl, deathly pale under her long, loosened hair, who attempted a smile as we passed, only to fall back upon her pillow, gasping for breath.

"Poor child!" I said to James.

"Which?" he said. "Oh, yes . . . 318. No hope for her. . . ."

In the male wards several patients were out of bed, standing grouped in their red jackets round the beds or the flower-laden tables. There was a dock strike in progress at the time, and many of the patients were slightly injured men who stood there arguing politics and religion amongst themselves in the weighty tone of Hyde Park orators. I saw my friend's eyes soften as he spoke to one strikingly handsome lad of fifteen.

"Is that you, sonny?" he said. "No more giddiness? You can go out to-morrow. . . . Anything to report, sister?"

"I don't think 413 will get through the night, doctor. He doesn't open his eyes any longer."

James went over to a corner bed where an old man was lying. His thin cheeks and nostrils seemed to be sucked in toward the inside of his body. He was breathing very fast. His ruddy-white beard had not been shaved for several days. James took the sick man's pulse; he was unconscious and showed no reaction.

"You're right, sister," he said with sudden animation. "He won't last the night . . . I'll warn Gregory. Don't bother about anything. . . . In any case I'll come in and see him during the day.

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Get him a little camphorated oil: it will keep him going until the evening."

I was taken aback by this sudden change in my friend. His excitement now seemed to equal his previous indifference.

"I must go and see the post-mortem clerk," he said. "Come along with me; that will interest you."

"What is the post-mortem clerk?" I asked.

"Forgotten your Latin? He's the assistant responsible for seeing to the autopsy of the corpse after a patient dies. Ours is a queer little man called Gregory."

We went down three flights of stairs. James pushed back a heavy door laden with bolts, and we entered an amphitheatre capable of holding about twenty onlookers, the white walls coated with a shiny varnish, and with four dissecting-tables in the centre. The air was impregnated with an unpleasant smell of formaldehyde. I gave a start when a small figure of a man seemed to rise with diabolic abruptness from the middle of the amphitheatre. He repelled me from my first glimpse of him. And yet his appearance was quite commonplace, the points of his waxed mustache twisting spirally up toward his gold-rimmed glasses. When James mentioned this clerk of the corpses I had imagined, for some reason or other, a sort of romantic executioner; and I was shocked by this polite, tradesman-like vulgarity in conjunction with the idea of death.

"Morning, Gregory," said the doctor. "This is a French friend of mine who is going over the hospital. . . . I came in to warn you that we shall certainly have number 413 to-night."

"Very good, doctor," said the little man. "I'll come this evening. Everything will be ready. Ten o'clock?"

"Yes, about ten," said James. "A little earlier if you can."

"And by the way, doctor," asked Gregory in a lowered voice, "you aren't forgetting that you owe me for the last two?"

James looked all round with the same anxious glance that had surprised me in his room, and taking two notes from his wallet he handed them to Gregory. The latter eyed me through his spectacles.

"Perhaps," he said, slowly folding the notes, "the French gentleman would like to see our installation?"

I murmured some unintelligible remark. The smell of this room was beginning to give me qualms, and I was afraid of making myself look foolish by fainting.

"Our organization," the little man went on complacently, "enables us to deal, in this room and that next door, with as many as eight corpses daily. It is quite enough—except in midsummer, because the babies crowd me up then. . . . And yet, sir, with methodical handling, even in the busy season, I can keep up . . . can't I, doctor? I've done as many as four on the same table. . . . Feet here and head there. . . . Hard work, I can tell you! No, no, don't go this way out, sir. You haven't seen the best. . . ."

He turned toward the iron door let into the varnished wall, on which a notice was pasted: *"Professor Simpson wishes to have hearts intact. The greatest care must be taken."* Bolts creaked. Slowly the door turned. I was caught by a sense of mortal chill. I must have been rather pale, for James took my arm and gave me a close look. Going down a few steps, we reached a large, brick-walled cellar. In the centre of the refrigerating room stood a metal apparatus which looked like a baker's oven, a boiler, or more exactly, with its long projecting rods, a gigantic waffle-iron. Gregory gave me a glance, signed to me with

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an air of hidden understanding as if he were on the point of giving me a wonderful present, and then, with remarkable agility, opened two doors and pulled one of the rods. I almost cried out loud, for he had drawn forward to where we stood a long platform on which lay a naked woman.

How lovely she was, that dead creature! I shall never forget the unearthly whiteness of that body, on which the points of the breasts laid twin stains of pale pink. Her eyes were closed. A sad, lofty smile gave shape to a delicious mouth. How had such a woman come to die in an outlying hospital? One would have liked to know her, to console her, to help her. . . . Gregory and James stood motionless, eying me.

"Do you recognize her, doctor?" said Gregory. "It's that Russian girl. . . . They're waiting for the relatives to claim her. . . ."

He pushed back the rod with an abrupt jerk, thrusting platform and body into the black metal machine, and said with an air of pride:

"We can keep them indefinitely in this cold. . . . Would you like to see a man?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I'd like to get outside."

James took my arm again, kindly this time.

"I'll take you up to my room," he said, "and you shall have a glass of port. You don't look well. . . . And look, Gregory—is that fixed for this evening?"

At that moment a muffled bell sounded in the amphitheatre: *tak-tak . . . tak-tak-tak-tak. . . .*

"Two-four," said Gregory. "That's for you, doctor."

"Excuse me," said James, "I must leave you for a moment. . . . Yes, we all have our own signals on these bells. Mine is two-four. . . . There are bells like that in every ward and in our rooms too. . . . All I have to do now is to telephone to the lodge, and they'll tell me where I'm needed. . . . You wait here for me."

"I'd rather see you somewhere else, doctor. Will you dine with me to-night? I'm staying in a delightful little hotel in the city. . . ."

"To-night?" he murmured absently. ". . . To-night? Yes, at a pinch, I can get some one to take my place. . . . I too should very much like to have a talk. Only you heard just now—I must be back at ten o'clock. If you're willing to dine early, about seven, I can come."

"I'll expect you . . . Johnson's Hotel. . . ."

High up in the amphitheatre the buzzer was repeating: *tak-tak, tak-tak-tak-tak.*

III

The proprietor of Johnson's Hotel prided himself on having installed neither central heating nor electric light; but a huge fire of logs blazed in the hall fireplace, silver candlesticks gleamed on the dining-room table, the servants were silent and respectful, and the visitor felt that to them he was not a number but a man. I asked the head waiter to give me for this dinner the small private dining-room; I liked its light oak panelling, and on coming in about seven o'clock, I was struck by a sense of surprising intimacy. On the mahogany of the table a vase of jonquils shone in the soft light of the candles. When James arrived a moment later, I noticed with pleasure that he too responded to the charming simplicity of the setting.

"Ah!" he said, standing warming his hands in front of the fire, "it takes a Frenchman to discover corners of old England in the middle of London. What a good idea of yours! I needed a rest so badly. . . . Strictly speaking, I

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don't deal with the out-patients, but the list is so heavy on Mondays that I give my colleagues a hand if I can."

"Why are there more patients on Monday?"

"Oh, that's easy enough! In our poor districts, Monday is the day when the rent-collector calls for the week's money. The women contrive not to be at home, and so as to have an excuse they bring their children along to us. You ought to see that some day: it's incredible! Some of them leave their brats on the benches and go for a drink at the pub opposite. After the consultation they have to be found and brought back, all drowsy with beer, and made to pick out one from the kids who've been left behind. . . . Besides, there are the Sunday accidents, fights, and of course my own patients. . . . It's a stiff day."

"Sit down, James. . . . We'll try to put the hospital out of your mind. Do you remember that Burgundy we used to drink at Amiens? I've ordered you the very same."

Wartime memories occupied us during the soup, and then James retired into an impregnable taciturnity. I remembered that he used often to emerge from such fits of abstraction with one of those dazzling, paradoxical speeches which had made me like him. So I remained silent myself, and waited.

"Tell me," he said suddenly. "There's one question I've never asked you . . . even at times when it would have been very natural. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

I was a little surprised, but quite pleased, for in this abrupt exordium I once more saw the James of my memories. I reflected for a moment.

"What a question!" I said. "You know, or rather you used to know, what my metaphysical 'position' is. . . . I believe I can see in nature the traces of an order, a plan—the reflection of divinity, if you like. . . . But the plan itself seems to me to be unintelligible to a human mind. . . . To answer you, then, I can fall back on no traditional doctrines. All I can honestly say is that I have never come across any visible sign of the survival of souls. . . . But to declare as a fact that the soul dies with the body strikes me as equally rash."

"You're very canny!" he said impatiently. "It is impossible that one of these hypotheses should not seem to you more probable than the other. . . . Do you live as if you believed, or as if you did not believe, in another life?"

"I certainly live as if I did not believe in a Day of Judgment; but that doesn't prove that I am sure of the non-immortality of the soul. It proves that I don't believe in the severity of a God who must at the same time be our Creator. . . . But if you give me a moment or two to think, I feel I can find arguments in favor of the hypothesis that the soul dies with the body. . . . Thought without body? It seems inconceivable. . . . Don't you think so? Our thinking is a tissue of images and sensations. . . . Sensations cease with the sentient organs, and the re-birth of images is bound up with the existence of a nervous system. . . . You know better than I do how certain physical deterioration of the brain-cells causes an alteration, even a suppression, of personality. . . . It was you yourself who taught me that a man's thoughts can be transformed by the presence of spirochætes, the injection of certain glandular products. . . . All this shows a very strong link between the physical basis of our thinking and the thought itself. . . . And then, after all, there is syncope. . . . Do you remember, James, that day when my horse fell on me, in Flanders somewhere, and you found me unconscious in the meadow? I had been there for two hours, and I remembered nothing. . . . It did not look

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as if my soul had been living while my body was annihilated."

"That looks very poor reasoning to me," said the doctor, in a harsh, sarcastic voice. "I grant you that in your swoon you ceased for a period to be conscious of your personality. (Yet that is going a long way, for there are many patients who come round from a faint or an anæsthetic and remember extraordinary scenes, and sometimes describe the impressions of a soul set free.) But that your personality was annihilated, the very fact of your awakening totally disproves. . . . When you got up after your tumble from your horse, you weren't a different man—you were the same man. . . . If this experiment proves anything, it would rather be that your personality was able to survive when your body had seemingly deserted it. . . . But we can imagine better. Nowadays, when a heart stops beating and lungs stop breathing, we doctors say that the patient is dead. . . . Very good. . . . But suppose that means were found (and it's not at all improbable that they may be) for inducing a circulation of new blood in the dead man's head. Will not the man live again?"

"I don't know. . . . It's possible."

"If he is re-born, will it be with the same or a different personality?"

"The same, of course."

"Then we're agreed. . . . But where will that personality come from? Will you maintain that it is suddenly formed, with all its vast landscape of memories, with its passions and sentiments, in that newly re-born body? Or is it the dead man's old soul? And if the latter, are you not thereby granting that it did *not* die with the body?"

"Why, James? If our memories are linked with a definite structure of the brain, and if that structure has not altered, the memories are re-born identical. . . . To use a rough-and-ready image, but one that will give you some notion of my thought, it is as if you said: 'The ministry is empty all night, isn't it? And yet when the clerks come back in the morning, they will busy themselves with the same matters. Therefore, the ministry has a personal soul which dwells there invisibly during the night?' "

"An ingenious sophism!" said the doctor, as he poured out some wine. "But it has no substance. . . . For you're presupposing that the brain contains the outline of its images and memories just as the ministry contains its files. . . . Well, you must allow me my opinion as a doctor that we possess no proof at all of any such organization of the brain. The idea of cerebral localization is less and less favored by the specialists, and even were it true, it would not prove your assertion. . . . No, the more one studies the structure of the brain, the stronger is one's impression that it is, as your countryman Bergson says, a system of communication, a telephone-exchange between the body and something else. Naturally, if you destroy the exchange your communication ceases, but that doesn't prove that the interlocutor never existed, nor that he vanished with the instruments. . . ."

"Quite so, James. But in the case of the telephone-exchange, I believe in the interlocutor because a simple experiment will enable me to trace him by proceeding to him in the flesh, on foot, on horseback, or by air. Who has ever traced this soul-interlocutor of yours? Can you give me a single instance of thought without a corporeal basis?"

"Why certainly! You must see that if the body, the first cell, the first perceptible particle of protoplasm, were not preceded by a 'vital force,' a 'creative thought,' matter would never have been organized into a living body. . . . After all, it is rather surprising that you yourself should have formed a *body*, the body

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I see before me now, with carbon, oxygen, phosphorus, and a few other insentient elements. . . . And it's still more surprising that you thus constructed a man, rather than a bear or a shrimp. . . . Where was the material basis of the thought from which you were born? From what brain were transmitted the inherited thoughts and ancestral images that make you *You?"*

"Are you talking seriously, James? Don't you believe simply that this material basis was within the fertilized cell from which my body sprang? Biology is not my strong point, but . . ."

"I can't help smiling!" he said. "Where have you seen any scientific proof, my dear fellow, that your body and mind were prefigured in a certain cell thirty-five years ago? You said just now: 'I believe in the interlocutor because a simple experiment will enable me to trace him. . . .' But in this case, what experiment have you made? What allows you to imagine that to enlarge a cell to a gigantic scale, beyond the power of any microscope, would enable you to discover in it the nose of your great-grandfather, or the puritanism of mine? And if you really believe so, do you think that such a belief is scientific? That would be a great mistake. . . . That notion, if you have it, is a religion, neither more nor less proven than another, surprising only in a man who has just been declaring himself emancipated from any doctrine. . . . I know very well that the nineteenth century strained every nerve to reduce the spiritual to terms of the material. But it failed. Observation in no way proves that the mental, the sentimental, life is contained within the material life, but on the contrary, that the former supplements the latter with a whole unexplored domain. . . ."

The plump, pink head waiter brought in our coffee. He looked pained. Guests at Johnson's, I dare say, did not usually argue heatedly on the immortality of the soul. I held my peace. James's arguments left me somewhat embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette, and for some time he smoked in silence.

"All the same," I said at last, "all the same. . . . Try the *reductio ad absurdum,* James. . . . Supposing that each single one of us has an immortal soul, where the deuce would the billions be who have lived? Where would the millions of billions go who have still to live? Where are the souls of brute beasts? If you were a theologian, you'd say they hadn't any. But you're a naturalist. Where are the souls of all the porpoises and kangaroos and crabs that ever existed? Don't you find such an idea inconceivable?"

"If I were a theologian, as you say, I should probably reply that those numbers which terrify you are as nothing in the sight of an all-powerful and infinite God. . . . But you're talking now of an eternal survival of all personalities. I'm not asking so much as that. Can't you imagine that every living body might have attached to itself a certain quantity of a force, the nature of which is unknown to us, but which, for convenient reference, we may term the 'vital fluid'? What's to prevent us from thinking that after death this 'fluid' returns to a kind of common stock? Why shouldn't there be a principle of the conservation of life, analogous to that of the conservation of energy? Grant me that, and I shall say I'm satisfied."

"Satisfied? But my dear James, why do you attach all this importance to such frail hypotheses?"

"That, my friend," he said, rising, "I shall explain to you in an hour's time, if you will do me the favor of coming back with me to the hospital."

IV

Whilst we had been dining, a thick

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fog had come down over the streets. The gleaming headlights of invisible cars planted it with rings of red and white light. Ludgate Circus was a landscape of nightmare. James bade me take his arm and guided me toward a bus. He had not spoken a word since leaving the hotel. When we were seated, I turned to him.

"What are we going to see?" I asked.

"Nothing perhaps. . . . You shall judge for yourself. . . . But in any case, you must realize that you're the first person to whom I am revealing my researches. . . . Besides, you'll understand. . . . But I'd rather not talk in here," he added, casting a hostile glance toward a lady in mourning who was sitting beside me.

The bus crossed the river in the midst of a veritable bank of yellow cotton-wool. Factory fires on that baleful shore gleamed vast and pale through the flocculent gloom. The vibration of the bus made me drowsy.

"We get off here," said Doctor James abruptly.

We were in front of Saint Barnaby's. The lights of the hospital shone feebly in the enveloping cloud. With the sure movements of a man on his own ground, James led me across the quadrangles and under archways, and in a moment or two I recognized the iron door of the mortuary. For some time I had felt sure it was there that he was bringing me, and in spite of myself, I shuddered. My companion's nervous state seemed to be one of violent over-excitement. With what macabre exhibition did he propose to round off our evening? The door was shut and bolted, and James knocked once, then twice quickly.

"I'm here, doctor," came the insufferable voice of Gregory from inside.

I was annoyed with myself for my uneasiness, and could not overcome it. As a matter of fact, looking back on it in cool blood, I can now hardly find an explanation of its intensity. I had found this man Gregory distasteful, but I had no reason to think that he was anything but a harmless laboratory assistant. My acquaintance with James was of old standing, and nothing I knew of him could fail to fill me with confidence. True, he had greatly changed since the War, and I was not quite confident of his being in his right mind. But what could I have to fear? The sight of death? The years between 1914 and 1918 had accustomed me to that. Was I being made an unwilling accomplice? But an accomplice in what crime? I strained every nerve to make that effort at self-command which one made, ten years before, when a bombardment began, and I crossed the threshold, resolved on firmness.

"Good evening, doctor," said Gregory.

Then he noticed my presence. He looked surprised, and, I thought, rather put out.

"Hullo, you've brought some one along, doctor?" he said.

And taking James aside, he whispered a few words which I could not hear.

"It makes no difference," said James out loud. "My friend is a Frenchman, a total stranger to the hospital, and a loyal friend of mine throughout the War. He will hold his tongue."

"I hope so," said Gregory, "I certainly hope so. . . . We'd both lose our positions, doctor, if the gentleman did any talking."

"All right, all right—I tell you he won't," answered James impatiently. "Have you got the man?"

Stepping aside, Gregory opened the dissecting-table to our view. I then saw that a body was lying on it, completely naked, with its head flung back, and I recognized the man with the ruddy-white beard I had seen that morning in his death-agony. I had been wrong in

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taking him for an old man. Sickness had left marks of wear on his face, but the body was youthful, handsome, and muscular, and in the pitiful limpness of death left one with a cruel impression of wasted vigor. The left thigh was tattooed with a device of two entwined serpents, and the chest displayed a bark with swelling sails.

"We're late," said James. "This fog. . . . How long has he been there?"

"The last breath was about nine-forty, doctor. . . . And it's ten-thirty now."

"That's all right," said the doctor. "There's a chance yet. . . . Quick, Gregory, the weighing-machine. . . ." And turning to me, he added: "Sit down on one of those benches. . . . Don't move; and not a word. . . . I'll explain later what you'll have seen. . . ."

Gregory had vanished under the tiers of seats. He returned bearing an apparatus which I identified, when he set it up, as a weighing-machine with a dial and pointer on top, very much like those to be seen in railway-stations. Its platform was large enough to support an outstretched human body. With James's help the assistant laid the corpse of the red-headed man on it, and fixed a small mirror at the tip of the pointer. Then, diving once more beneath the benches, he brought up a cylinder mounted on a fairly tall upright support. I heard a spring being turned. No doubt he was winding up some piece of clockwork mechanism.

"Make haste, Gregory, make haste!" said the doctor impatiently. "Are you ready? I'll put the lights out. . . ."

He turned a switch. All the lights in the amphitheatre went out. And I then saw that a luminous ray, reflected by the mirror fixed to the point of the needle, struck the cylinder, which was slowly revolving. By this means, any movement of the pointer was matched by the much more extensive movement of a luminous point on the cylinder. It was the classic method which I had seen used long ago, in the physiology class, to augment the sensitiveness of a galvanometer.

I understood nothing of the experiment I was witnessing, but the scene had assumed a scientific, and therefore familiar, aspect, which reassured me. I was now alive to its curious beauty. The blackness, that feebly gleaming ray, that naked body vaguely outlined in the dark, James's face picked out for an instant by the ray—it all recalled those pictures of Rembrandt's wherein the philosopher, the alchemist, toils in the brown shadows relieved only by a yellow light from the narrow, unearthly windows. For a few minutes the silence was complete, and then James's voice came out from the darkness.

"Are you beginning to grasp?" it said. "You gathered, of course, that the luminous spot on the cylinder indicates the weight of the body. . . . Well, now, look at the two phosphorescent marks showing the top and bottom of the cylinder. You see how the ray's point of impact is slowly dropping—the weight is diminishing. . . . The weight of a corpse always diminishes during the hours following death. . . . Why so? That's easy to understand: part of the moisture contained in the tissues is lost by slow evaporation, and there is no nutrition to replace it. . . . Observe that this drop is continuous, as you can see by noting that the luminous point falls steadily, and in fact there seems no reason why such evaporation should be anything but regular. . . . It is about an hour now since death took place. For half an hour more, within a few minutes, this phenomenon will continue without any change. After that you must watch the cylinder very closely."

There followed an extraordinary stillness. I could hear James and Gregory

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breathing. Slowly the luminous point kept sinking, and there this man lay, he who doubtless had once, to a wife and children, been the centre of the world, now stretched on a metal platform, the object of an incomprehensible experiment. High up in the amphitheatre the buzzer sounded—*tak-tak-tak, tak-tak*. . . .

"Twenty-five past one," said James, in a tone which again made me aware of the extraordinary nervous tension he had shown earlier in the night.

I kept my eyes glued to the cylinder. I could distinctly hear the tick of a chronometer, which James no doubt was holding.

"One-thirty," he said.

A few seconds later I saw the spot of light drop sharply. The jump was very small, but easy to detect.

"Did you see, James?" I exclaimed.

"I've seen better things than that," said the sarcastic voice, "I didn't bring you here merely to observe *that* phenomenon."

And with that he turned on the lights again. Slightly dazzled, I saw once again Gregory's waxed mustache, and the ruddy man lying there in one of those limp, clumsy positions assumed by corpses.

My calm had returned. I felt interested and curious; I had glimpses of what my friend was seeking. I felt passionately anxious to know his own interpretation of his experiment.

"Now you'll explain," I said.

"Wait," he answered me. "I must let Gregory get to bed. . . . Come up to my room and I'll let you see something else. . . . Thanks, Gregory. I'll be seeing you to-morrow."

"Shall I keep the heart for Professor Simpson to-morrow?" said the little man politely, taking the dead body in his arms to put it back on the dissecting-table.

"Who cares about hearts?" said James with a shrug. "Yes, of course: just do what they told you."

And taking my arm, he led me away.

V

"Well, James?" I asked, when he had settled me in his solitary armchair, with a whiskey on my right and a cigarette-box on my left.

"Well, my friend, I suppose you're expecting me to explain this session to you. . . . But first I should like to know what you yourself think of the things you've just seen."

"I? Well, what am I to say? Our talk during dinner, and the experiment I've just witnessed, seem to me to prove that you are in pursuit of—what shall I say? —of the human soul. . . . And also that, believing in the spirit, you are seeking it by material means. . . . Which, if you will excuse me, seems a contradiction. . . . But I'm wrong to pass judgment, as I don't even know what experiments you have made apart from this evening's. So it is up to you to talk and start off."

He was standing leaning against the mantelpiece. He lit up his pipe. Behind the green curtain a galloping of sharp claws sounded along a wooden board.

"James, tell me the truth. Those *are* rats, aren't they?"

" 'How now! A rat?' " he said with a smile. . . . "I must take you to see 'Hamlet' again. . . . There's a new batch just now. . . . But we'll talk of rats all in good time. . . . Let's get back to men. . . . To begin with, I want to answer your first objection. You tell me that I'm seeking the spirit in the form of matter. But that's not quite right. . . . I am not seeking the spirit. I am seeking a certain form of energy which, when linked up with matter, will endow matter with that still unexplained property—life. . . . You will grant me, I think, that

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notwithstanding the claims of fanatical materialists, it has hitherto proved impossible to reproduce the reactions of living matter by any physical or chemical process. . . ."

"True. But there is a supposition that some day they will be explained. . . ."

"Oh, if you like!" he said impatiently. "One can suppose anything. . . . But there again, that is no longer science, but religion. . . . In any case, you will grant me that, scientifically or experimentally, I am entitled to say that we do not know what life is. . . . So there is no absurdity in seeking, as I am doing, the existence in living bodies of a form of energy different from all forms familiar to us. Observe, pray, that this search does not raise the problem of the soul in the religious or philosophic sense of the word; it transposes it, shifts it, sets it further back. . . . Even if I succeeded in proving that in every living being there does exist a definite mass of 'vital fluid,' allowance would still have to be made, within that fluid itself, for spirit and matter, and then one would have to show how they are united. . . . I mention that in case any orthodoxy may make you distrustful *a priori*. . . ."

"My dear James," I said, "I have made my point of view in this connection quite clear, and I am listening in a critical but perfectly free spirit. . . . In any case, your idea of vital fluid is not a new one. Mesmer, who was one of the remoter causes of the French Revolution, had . . ."

"I know, I know," said the doctor, pulling at his pipe. "What's more, he had a much more important precursor, whom I dare say you know nothing about—the Baron von Reichenbach."

"You're right: I know nothing of him. Who was he?"

"He was an extraordinary character, put out of the way by the French police because he wanted to found a state. . . . A great chemist—it was he who discovered paraffin and creosote. . . . About 1860 he attacked the problem of the radiation of living bodies. He was the owner of several fairy-tale castles in Bavaria, some perched on mountains, others set beside lakes. And there he assembled subjects of peculiar sensitivity, people who could perceive in total darkness, round men and animals and flowers, a luminous fluid to which Reichenbach had given the name 'Od,' from a Sanscrit term meaning 'all-penetrating.' Reichenbach's subjects, in total darkness, saw emanations rising from bodies; they were neither smoke nor vapor, but resembled a sustained flickering. . . . A curious detail was that these emanations were reddish in color for the right side of the body, and bluish for the left. . . . As a matter of fact, I have tried to repeat Reichenbach's experiments. But I never found anything. When the three of us, you and Gregory and myself, were in total darkness just now, you didn't detect any 'odic flickering,' did you? And yet we were all in a state of extreme hyperæsthesia at the time."

"No, I saw nothing."

"And round the corpse?"

"Nothing."

"Nor did I. And it has always been the same. . . . But I have found something else. . . . This is how it was. . . . I once read an account, in a medical paper during the war, of an experiment made by a certain Doctor Crooks. He described how he had weighed the corpses of animals, and had observed that, after a period approximately regular in a given species, there was an abrupt drop in weight. . . . In man, he reckoned this fall as averaging seventeen-hundredths of a milligram. From which he concluded that the soul does exist, and that it weighs seventeen-hundredths of a milligram. . . . In that crude form the communication was regarded as absurd. The

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said Crooks was put down as a madman, and nobody read his paper with care. . . . For my own part, his account struck me by its sincerity of tone and by its remarkable precision in details. . . . All the same, I would never have tried repeating these troublesome and unpleasant experiments if—" (He broke off as if he regretted having started that sentence, and went on without concluding it.) "Last year, as circumstances and hospital routine placed corpses at my disposal, it occurred to me to verify the facts registered by Crooks; and with some surprise I discovered that he had told the truth. . . . Only, he had stopped the experiment too soon. In man the normal curve of evaporation is almost always interrupted, not once, but three times by sudden falls. . . . The first, which you have observed to-night, takes place about one hour and thirty-five minutes after death, and is between fifteen- and nineteen-twentieths of a milligram; the second and third, which I did not wait for because I now know them all too certainly, follow the first at intervals of twenty minutes and one hour respectively. . . . Were you going to say something?"

"Nothing important . . . a mere comment. As you can never place your bodies on the scales except some minutes after death, you do not know, James, whether a phenomena of the same category may not have taken place during those few minutes."

He reflected for a moment, and then said:

"Quite true. . . . But I come back to what I know. . . . Regarding the results of the experiment, no doubt is possible. . . . You have just seen them for yourself, everybody can verify them. . . . Let me add that I have repeated them with animals—whence the rats which intrigued you. And there too Crooks's results are correct. There is always a sharp drop, but its extent is very much less than in man. . . . In the case of a rat, it is so faint that it cannot be measured. . . . Such are the facts; the interpretation, of course, admits of argument. . . ."

His pipe had gone out. He relit it and looked at me. I was careful to say nothing. He continued:

"At this stage, this is what I put forward. It seems to me possible to suggest, not that the soul weighs seventeen-hundredths of a milligram, which would be over-simple, but that every living creature is animated (in your language you could almost say 'ame') by a certain form of energy, still unknown, which leaves the body after death. That all energy possesses mass is something admitted by the post-Einstein physicists. You know that light can be weighed, and that theoretically light could be compressed in a receptacle. . . . Well, why not vital energy likewise? True, the weight of light is of a different order of size, something infinitely smaller than what we are observing here. But I don't see why that should be an argument against me. It merely proves that we are in the presence of a quite different phenomenon, which is not surprising. . . . States of matter are now known of such a kind that a ton of atoms reduced to their kernels could find room in my waistcoat pocket. . . . Do you follow me thus far, or do you think I'm quite crazy?"

"I find it very hard to accustom myself to these ideas, but your argument there is clear to me. . . . However, I will raise one objection. You apparently regard a human body as a living unity; but so far as we know, it is nothing of the kind. The different cells of the body don't all die at the same time. A heart lives longer than a brain. When I was in America I was shown in Carrel's laboratories how heart cells can be kept alive

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almost indefinitely by artificial means. I cannot remember the name of the scientist who once said that the cells of a body die like the inhabitants of a starving city—the weakest first. But if death is a series of stages, how is that idea to be linked with that of your sudden drops?"

"A very reasonable point: I had considered that myself. . . . The answer is, first, that I observe not one drop, but several; and then, that your idea of the individual death of cells is a hypothesis, but no more than a hypothesis. . . . If there does exist a certain force which may be the basis of what we call 'personality,' it is bound to disappear all at one time—doubtless at the instant of the heaviest fall; nevertheless, the personality of one of us is something quite distinct from the life of each of our cells. . . . A personality either exists, or does not exist. . . . Remember again, I have no wish to make the soul something material; but, as I explained just now, just as the soul is linked with the body for the expression of its thoughts and the perception of its sensations, so it is likewise possible that after quitting the body, it should be linked with this mysterious energy which we have just noted in the act of departure."

"You mean that personality could survive the body, if the vital energy of that body could remain grouped in one single place?"

"Exactly. . . . But for the moment I make no affirmations. . . . I merely say it is not inconceivable."

"But in actual fact this energy does not remain grouped."

"We don't know at all, but, as I said when we were dining, just as the matter from which a body is made up returns under various forms to universal matter, so, at the moment of death, our vital force returns to some vast reservoir of spiritual energy until such time as, reunited to certain atoms of matter, it once more animates a living being."

"In other words, you believe in an immortality of the universal soul, but not in the survival of the individual?"

"You have the real French taste for ideas, *mon ami*. . . . At the moment you are drawing me into the field of hypothesis; and that has no bounds. . . . For my own part, the problem interesting me is much more restricted. . . . If one could gather up the vital energy of a human being, would one thereby have fixed his personality? Would that assure him, if not of immortality (all problems involving infinity surpass the human mind), at least of some measure of survival? That is what I am trying to find out."

"A little crazy, James—but interesting. . . . Well, what next? Have you tried to gather up this 'something' that weighs seventeen-hundredths of a milligram?"

"I have not yet found a means of trying it with a man. . . . I have tried it with animals. During the weighing-machine experiment, I have placed certain animals underneath glass bell-jars—but what did I collect in them? Did they even collect anything? I have never been able to say. In the first place, I am obliged to lift the bell-jar in order to withdraw the animal. Do its contents thereupon escape? I simply don't know. . . . Notwithstanding Reichenbach and his assertions, the vital fluid remains invisible; and that doesn't make observation easy. . . . Obviously experiments made with humans ought to give results more readily observed, as the quantities involved are greater. Three days ago I ordered a glass bell-jar of a size large enough to cover the body of a man. I shall have it next week. . . . We'll see. . . . Are you likely to be still here?"

(Continued on page 334)

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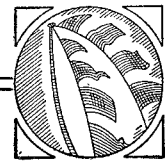

The Puritan Myth

By V. F. CALVERTON

A challenge to the theory that the Puritans are responsible for the inferiority of our literature and culture

THE inferiority of American literature to English and European literatures is often attributed to the unhappy influence of the Puritan and the pioneer upon our culture. Almost every modern critic in America has expended energy in this form of exposition and attack. Its liberal emphasis, finding an early nucleus in the literary humanitarianism of Van Wyck Brooks, was the inspiration of the teens. Much of this criticism, with the coming of recent events, particularly those that have developed since the war, has lost its former force. Nevertheless a certain residuum of it remains. But even that is no longer an inspiration. Its ammunition is already anachronistic. It is gunboat criticism in an age of air armadas—and lethal gas.

American literature to-day demands a more radical approach. We can no longer talk loosely in terms of Puritanism, or the Puritan temper, or even of a pioneer urge which diverted our energies from intellectual effort into more primitive forms of action. Not that the influence of the Puritan and the pioneer is to be denied. What is necessary is that it be reinterpreted. And the reinterpretation must be more historically accurate and more conscious of its objective than have been past interpretations. The Puritan spirit and the frontier spirit, for example, have to be analyzed more carefully into their economic origins and class components if their effect upon American literature is to be really understood. Otherwise, we can make little advance in our interpretation of the contemporary scene—or of the future of American letters.

Puritanism in particular has been sadly misunderstood. It has served as a literary and philosophic scapegoat for a whole generation of writers. It has shouldered the blame for a score of sins, sins of commission as well as omission, of which it was not the namesake. Indeed, few have been the vices which have not been attributed to its influence. And yet seldom if ever have our critics been concerned with what Puritanism really was, where it began, and when it ended. They have been too interested, caught as they have been by a problem they could not solve otherwise, in erecting a straw man that could be floored at first blow. They have attacked nineteenth-century literature—which any Puritan would have scorned—for its Puritanism when it was not Puritan at all. On each hunt through the weedy thicknesses of our literature our critics have found a Puritan behind every tree, eye-primed, gun-cocked, ready to shoot down any sign of spirit in our literary wilds. These Puritans have

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played as valiant a part in the history of modern American criticism as did the cowboy in the early history of the American cinema. And yet their part has been unreal—scarecrowish. It has been exaggerated beyond all proportions, distorted out of all historical perspective, and converted into a false symbol.

The Puritan belongs to a definite period in our history, and with the close of that period his way of life was succeeded by one that was entirely new. Puritanism was the outgrowth of a logic of life that began with the revolt of the merchant class against the landed, the aristocracy, and ended with the conquest of machinery and the triumph of the manufacturing (capitalist) class over the merchant as well as landed. Because the merchant and manufacturing classes happen both to be sections of the middle class, critics have tended to bundle them together as if the differences between them were of no consequence. This lack of discrimination has been the source of a great error. Our whole interpretation of American life and literature has been vitiated by it. The spirit of a merchant class has been confused with that of a manufacturing class; the philosophy of a mercantile age has been confused with that of an industrial. The Puritan who represented in his whole ideology the unresting zeal of a merchant class which in England had fought with a landed class for power, and in America has established that power by virtue of that zeal—that Puritan is made to stand as a symbol not only for the class he represented but also for the capitalist class which succeeded him.

Therein lies the fundamental error in the old critical approach. Our critics, disinterested in historical contexts and continuities, have failed to note the great differences between the ideologies of a merchant and a manufacturing class, and hence have fallen into the fallacy of interpreting the cultural tendencies of two different groups as if they were one. Almost without exception they have accounted for the weaknesses in our literature as having been due in great part to the presence of the Puritanic tradition, when, as a matter of fact, that tradition had disappeared long ago and been superseded by that of the manufacturing, capitalist class. In most cases the tradition that these critics have really attacked is not the Puritanic tradition, although they have called it such, but the middle-class capitalistic one. The Puritanic tradition, for instance, scarcely shows itself at all in nineteenth-century American literature. By the end of the War of 1812 it is already dead. It is the middle-class tradition of the capitalist class, however, which then sweeps everything before it, striking at the very roots of our literature, shaking all vigor from it, softening its asperities, and smothering its spirit.

While it is true that the nineteenth-century literary tradition in America grew out of the earlier Puritanic tradition, in the same sense that everything of the present has grown out of the past, the contrast between the two traditions, as we pointed out before, is so marked that clarity can only be attained when we analyze them in terms of their differences instead of their resemblances.

The Puritanic tradition derived its strength from that vast reorientation of culture which was first set in motion by the commercial revolution of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and which reached England in the sixteenth. Its fanatic intensity grew out of its sharp conflict with the ruling class, the landed aristocracy, on every point of vantage on the cultural front: economic, religious, political. *The tradition of respectability,* on the other hand, which was the cultural tradition of the manufacturing class, developed out of the rise of ma-

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chinery, and took form after the capitalists had assumed power and the merchant class had begun to recede in influence and weaken in morale. Machinery brought with it thus not only a new kind of ruling class but also a new outlook on life, with new alignments, new demands, and new emphases. The transformation in ideology, of course, was not immediate. The merchant class itself had begun to change in England after its victorious resumption of power in 1688, and as its authority increased in the early decades of the eighteenth century its former discipline and dedication vanished. Without that change in ideology the conflict between the merchants and manufacturers would have been as acute and devastating as the preceding one between the merchants and the aristocracy.

But let us examine these philosophies a little more closely in order to see in just what ways they specifically differ, and in what ways our literature has been subject to misinterpretation because these differences have not been recognized. In the first place, the Puritanic ideology, born out of strife, was a rigorous, rugged one, denying immediates for the sake of ultimates, as tight in its discipline as the skin of a drum. Thwarted on every side by the restrictions of the crown, and by a feudal economy that was a dead-weight on the shoulders of enterprise, the Puritan had to arm himself against every weakness in the struggle that faced him. Living constantly in the camp of the enemy, he had to avail himself of every protection against defeat. Labor became a sacrament—and idleness a vice. Leisure was looked upon as an evil, inviting the mind to sin. Amusement was scorned because it weakened the will. Books were despised unless they had a spiritual import. Life's vanities were abhorred because they divided man from God, encouraging indulgence instead of consecration. All the imprisoned energy of the soul was concentrated toward one consuming end. The Puritan thus was a man of deep convictions, convictions that he never deserted through all that long deluge of attack that threatened to overwhelm him in the early decades of the sixteenth century. Above all, he was no hypocrite. He was stern, but as stern with himself as with others. He was willing to slave, to sacrifice, and even to die for his convictions. Caught in the swell of that vast flood of energy that broke across the world of his day, himself as much a part of it as the economic forces which had been set free by the collapse of the old order, he absorbed within himself the impact of that energy and transmuted it into intellectual form. His mind was charged with a new vision—a vision none the less exalted because of its economic origin. What he opposed, he sought to annihilate. There was nothing half-way, nothing lukewarm, or nothing squeamish about his attitudes. The expanding energies of his spirit demanded a new way of life for his people—nothing more and nothing less. There could be no compromise with the forces of evil, for, in the words of Bunyan: "There was a way of Hell even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." It was his long and bitter fight with the aristocracy that drove the Puritan to these extreme conclusions. It was the very nature of that fight, with its tragic consequences in religion as well as economics, that early steeled him against adversity and taught him to risk comforts for the sake of convictions.

Puritanism began to lose its vigor of purpose after the middle class came into power at the close of the seventeenth century. The brief Cromwellian hegemony of the 1650's did not weaken the Puritan morale. It was the coming of machinery in the eighteenth century, however, *and*

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the rise of the manufacturing class, as we stated in an earlier paragraph, that spelled the death of Puritanism in England. In America the Puritanic spirit, which had inspired the early settlement of New England, corroded even sooner. Faced by an environment even more hostile than the one they had escaped, the Puritans found their philosophy at first perfectly adapted to the American setting. But, just as the ideology of every class alters as soon as it gains control, the Puritanic temper in America began to change, once its power was established in the regions which it inhabited. Although his philosophy never spread to the frontier—economic conditions preventing—the Puritan remained supreme within his own domains. This very supremacy, however, proved a source of weakness.* His morale loosened as soon as he became the master. The theocracy which he founded could not stand the stresses of the new environment. Puritanism was the philosophy of a warring class—a class at war with a ruling class. Its very strength sprang out of its warlike equipment, its economic armor, its religious belligerency, its political insurgency; and when that war was over, like a Samson with his hair shorn, its strength was robbed of its splendor. The last vestiges of its influence did not pass, however, until the whole merchant class was conquered by the middle class, and a new philosophy arose to supersede the old.

This new ideology—and it is this new ideology which affords the key to the nineteenth-century literature, in England as well as America—was as different from Puritanism as rococo art from realistic. The dominant note of Puritanism was devotion to an ideal; a religious ideal that was hard, inelastic, and demanding, and which allowed for neither compromise nor deviation. The dominant note of the new ideology was *respectability*. Riding to power on the wheels of machinery, the manufacturing classes brought with them a new philosophy of life in keeping with the new organization of society which they led. Respectability became their motto, their byword, in life as well as in literature. Respectability was as necessary to establish credit in industry as to be approved in literature. It immediately became the test of the day, reflecting itself in every variety of endeavor. Even God was made respectable. The Jehovahlike deity of the Puritans, warlike in mien and merciless in judgment, was supplanted by a more gentlemanly and compromising Creator. Thus it was possible in the nineteenth century for capitalists who were exploiters of men six days of the week to be deacons in their churches on the seventh. In fact, by the end of the nineteenth century there were few churches, at least in the cities, that did not have the wealthy as their main deacons and trustees. The Puritanic fibre of Christianity was thus supplanted by the capitalistic, where the test was no longer spiritual but material. The Christian who fasted and denied himself went out of fashion. The only virtue he had to respect in the nineteenth century was that of respectability. If he was respectable, no other virtues needed to be added unto him—for respectability was virtue *par excellence*. His moral code was simple. Reduced to a formula, it stressed two things, as Esme Wingfield-Stratford points out:

"(1) It pays to be good.

"(2) If you must commit sins, at least don't talk about them."

With the Puritan the stress had been

*A fact which is often forgotten, and which is important in understanding the differences between American and English literature, the inferiority of the former to the latter, is that English literature throughout the eighteenth century, for example, was always leavened by the influence of the aristocratic tradition —an influence which was lacking in America, and without which American literature was forced to pursue a narrower course.

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upon character; with the capitalist class the emphasis was upon reputation. It was not what a man was that counted any longer, but what he was reputed to be. Reputation was indispensable for credit, and without credit industry could not be run. With the Puritan, failings in character were fundamental; with the industrial bourgeoisie, on the contrary, failings in character were not of serious consequence if they were not known to the public and, therefore, did not affect one's reputation.

It was this capitalistic class, this industrial bourgeoisie, with its emphasis on respectability, that stamped out all genuineness from literature—and life. The rôle of the Puritan, despite the severity of his ideals, was far less vicious. Indeed, in many fields, it was a creative force. All the cant and deceit of Victorian ethics, for example, which is a perfect illustration of the culture of the industrial bourgeoisie, would have been viewed as scornfully by the Puritans as it is to-day by ourselves. The common notion of the Puritan as evasive and prudish is based upon a totally false conception of his attitudes and ideals. Above all, he was not prudish. He was not afraid of sex. He condemned its laxer manifestations, but he did not deny or try to evade them. In fact, the Puritan was too simple and plain-spoken to be either evasive or prudish about important matters. It was the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie that was evasive and prudish. One only needs to turn to the Puritan writings, and then compare them with those of the nineteenth century, in order to realize that prudishness and evasion were the vices of the Victorian and not the Puritan. Scarcely any better illustration of the influence of respectability upon nineteenth-century literature is to be found than in Harriet Martineau's remark that she was "unable to read *Vanity Fair* from the moral disgust it occasions." One can readily understand, then, the truth of Thackeray's comment that "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in Art." Better still, as an illustration of the same influence, is Leslie Stephens's advice to Thomas Hardy that he should not portray a lady as "amorous" but as "sentimental." All such devices would have disgusted the Puritan.

In the "Diary" of Cotton Mather, the leading Puritan of his day in America, for example, one is met with a candor of speech unsurpassed by that of any Elizabethan. Mather never minced words in his comments and criticisms; he called a spade a spade at all times and made no ado about it. No bourgeois writer of the nineteenth century, for example, would have written about his son's moral indiscretion in the candid way that Cotton Mather did about that of his son Increase. Even better, note the words from a sermon of Thomas Sheperd:

"Thy heart is foul sink of all atheism, ——, blasphemy, murder, whoredom, adultery, witchcraft, ——;* so that, if thou hast any good thing in thee, it is but a drop of rose water in a bowl of poison, where fallen it is all corrupted."

And compare that with the review of "Oliver Twist" which appeared in *The Quarterly Review,* in which the critic claimed that "By such publications *the happy ignorance of innocence is degraded*. Our youth should not even suspect the possibility of such hidden depths of guilt." What we have here in this contrast needs little comment. The Puritan would never have stooped to such deceits as those recommended by the Quarterly Reviewer. He would have scorned

[*It is curious that, despite the reputed censoriousness of the Puritans, it is not now considered proper to print words which they used in normal discourse.—EDITOR.]

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the "happy ignorance of innocence" even more than the modern critic. He reared his children in full awareness of evil, and rather than keep his youth from suspecting the existence of sin, he preferred to exaggerate its ubiquitousness. It is no wonder, then, as Ralph and Louise Boas point out, that "when one realizes the complete lack of prudishness or even common reticence among Puritan men and women, the prevalent modern conception of the 'Puritanical' seems grotesque."* It was the manufacturing class, with its creed of respectability, that encouraged "the happy ignorance of innocence," developed the science of deceit and the art of evasion, made children the scions of storks, turned legs into limbs, and emasculated literature of all intimacy and intensity.

The very nature of merchant economy in its earlier stages of existence demanded a Puritanic philosophy for its support. In fact, we can go further and show, as does Thomas Cuming Hall in his book, "The Religious Background of American Culture," that many of the so-called Puritanic attributes were present in England before the Puritan ever appeared. What the Puritan did was to give these attributes a common focus and endow them with a more challenging and heroic cast. As a merchant he was impeccably honest, for while he made a whole religion conform to his economy he did not think of his economics as something apart from his religion. As an individual he was close to his goods, the goods he bought and sold; he stood up for them, so to speak, was responsible for them, as responsible for them as he was for his own character. Strict moral discipline governed every economic transaction. As R. H. Tawney has shown, the Puritans lived with the moral understanding that "they must not take advantage of the necessities of individual buyers, must not overpraise their wares, must not sell them dearer merely because they have cost them much to get." Sharp penalties were meted out to the Puritan who failed to observe moral discipline in his economic relations as well as in his spiritual relations. As Bancroft has stated, the offenders were first admonished and, admonishment failing, excommunicated. The Puritanic philosophy was in keeping with the spirit of a class struggling for supremacy; once its supremacy was established, however, its moral discipline weakened, and, with the coming of machinery and the rise of the manufacturing class, its spiritual meaning was destroyed in entirety. As soon as the early entrepreneur phase of industry was past, the manufacturer grew steadily further and further away from the goods he manufactured, and a new system of economic relationships was thus begun. Investment provided a common basis for economic organization and expansion, and very soon manufacturers were able to invest money in enterprises totally removed from their own interest or intimacy. Naturally, under such new conditions, moral discipline almost entirely disappeared as a binding factor in social life. Profits, in the unadulterated and extreme sense of the word, became the sole motivation of industry. The test of a man's worth now became a monetary matter in which morals played an increasingly smaller rôle than reputation. Personal responsibility became a problem of economics instead of ethics. The double standard of morality, which every Puritan would have detested, thus became an accepted creed. Puritanic honesty was succeeded by capitalistic manipulation. Thus respectability, which was Puritan morality stripped of sincerity and self-discipline, became the new ethic of the era.

But it should not be thought that the foregoing analysis is intended as a de-

*Boas, Ralph and Louise: "Cotton Mather."

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fense of Puritanism. Not at all. It purposes only to show the difference between the ideology of a merchant class struggling for ascendancy and that of a manufacturing class that has attained ascendancy, and to point out the false element in our criticism which, for years now, has interpreted them both as the same, without awareness of their fundamental differences. As a consequence, our critics have talked about the Puritan tradition, and its deplorable influence upon our literature, stressing its prudishnesses and reticences, when it was not Puritanism that they were attacking at all. The prudishnesses and reticences in our literature developed after Puritanism as a living force was dead. They came, as we have shown, with the rise of the new philosophy of the industrial bourgeoisie, that of respectability, which candied over everything real with the surface of decency. The Puritanic philosophy of fortitude broke down, in the crucible of respectability, into the philosophy of sweetness and light. When the Puritans opposed the theatre they closed it. Only after the merchant class lost its warring aspect did it begin to moralize the stage.* It was the industrial bourgeoisie which sentimentalized it. The Puritan would not have been guilty of the sick duplicity of Sumnerism, censoring serious plays and books for their moral deviations while allowing pornographic vaudeville and burlesque to run rampant. The Puritan would have been consistent. He would have censored both or none at all. Nor did the literature of the tired business man have its roots in Puritanism. The Puritan despised all but sacred literature. He would have sneered at the happy ending as a shallow, feminine device, demoralizing in effect. In fact, there is scarcely anything about nineteenth-century American literature which he would not have contemned. Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Howells, for example, would have met with his immediate and abiding contempt. He would have scorned the sentimentality of their poetry and prose as much as he would have loathed their *respectable* way of life.

*In England the process of moralizing the stage began when the merchant class had already gained dominant power after the Revolution of 1688.

It is only when we get away from the old approach to life, which insists upon conceiving of society as an organic whole instead of as a conflict of class units, that we can interpret art in terms of the actual forces which determine its shape and inspiration. Our critics have misinterpreted our literature because of this error in their approach and not because of lack of perspicacity or literary penetration. What they should have seen, but did not see, is that our literature has not been ruined by Puritanism but by respectability; that it was the industrial bourgeoisie which infected it with all the literary deceits of the nineteenth century, false optimism, sexual reticence, emotional sterility, and those refined insipidities of sentiment which stultified everything they touched.

"European Morals and Our Own," by Albert Jay Nock, in which the brilliant essayist by interesting examples shows how the morality not only of the Parisian but also of the conservative middle-class provincial differs from the American conception of right and wrong, will appear in an early SCRIBNER'S.

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After Repeal—More Crime, or Less?

By AN EX-CRIMINAL

The author knows his underworld. His assertions concerning the crime situation after repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment are startling.

SPEAKING as a man who knows his underworld, I predict that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will precipitate an unparalleled orgy of crime, the opinions of the wets, reputable and otherwise, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Every underworld buzzard knows what will occur if Prohibition is ditched, and they're preparing for it. A former cracksman, now a noted gun-toting beer-runner, said to me recently:

"Roscoe," he said, "there'll be hell in this country if they ditch Prohibition."

"What do you mean?" I pretended that I didn't understand.

"Listen, Roscoe," he continued; "these saps who are howling for the repeal of Prohibition are nuts. They don't know when they're well off, and if the law is ditched they'll wish they were never born. What do they think all the pete men, con men, stickup men, prowlers, dips, forgers, and blackmailers now in the bootlegging business are going to do if Prohibition is ditched? They've never thought of that, have they? Well," he paused for a moment, "they better start thinking about it, because when all those guys are chased out of the booze business, where they been making easy money for the last ten years, they're going right back to their old rackets."

No, I'm not a dry. I'm a wet and I'm for the repeal of Prohibition; but not because I think the law has created a lot of crime or that its repeal will decrease crime. No, I'm not so naïve as all that. I'm for repeal merely because I'm tired of paying good money for bad beer and whiskey. I know that Prohibition is not responsible for current crime conditions. And I know, I repeat, that its repeal will precipitate an unparalleled orgy of crime. I speak as an expert in crime, and as a preface in qualification thereof I submit a summary of my career:

Born in a colony of poverty, I began my career of lawlessness as a petty-larceny offender and ended it as a bank-burglar. I operated for twenty-one years, during which time I burglarized many banks and saw the inside of very few prisons. I was one of the fancy-thinking mob that had solved the art of beating the rap. I was arrested many times—ten to be exact—but served only three terms. I served three years and six months of the thirty-one years that various judges imposed upon me. Crooks with money *never* "do the jolt" that the court hands out. I deserted bank-robbing for bootlegging. I know most of the big shots of the bootlegging game. I know many crooked politicians who guarantee crooks and bootleggers immunity from arrest and prosecution. I know many cops who do the same. I know many

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honest cops, too. I know several who were demoted because they were honest. I know a dishonest one in an Eastern city who retired with $275,000. When the grand jury asked him where he got all that money he said he earned it breeding canary-birds and betting on ball-games and prize-fights!

Now the story:

Before the advent of Prohibition there was a definite geography of crime. All the big cities had their underworld zones and underworld joints, where crooks gathered in saloons and rooming-houses. In Chicago, for example, there were two barrooms operated by brothers, ex-crooks—"Illinois Jimmy," a safe-cracker, and "Illinois Billy," a dip. One place, the former, was the headquarters for bank-burglars, post-office burglars, con men, heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose, sure-thing gamblers, and forgers; the latter was a hangout for dips, house-burglars, silk-thieves, rattler-prowlers (freight-car thieves), and shop-lifters.

The city gangster was not a part of this underworld of the professional grifter, and is not to-day. Grifters (professional crooks) have never recognized the gangster as a person worthy of their regard. The gangster has always been rated a very undesirable person. Crooks brand him an "eighteen-carat fink," which is another way of saying he's a rat. I've never known a gangster that wasn't a rat, that wasn't yellow, cowardly, treacherous. Most of them are graduates of the "cadet" class.

It was in these dives I have mentioned that the crooks had their social life. They brought their molls with them and they boasted there of their triumphs and planned new jobs. Only the police will ever know what an advantage the known geography of crime was to the man-hunters of the law. Criminals, egocentric and vain, are notoriously gabby people when under the influence of liquor. They all talk too much and drink too much.

It was there that the police had their break. They always knew where certain crooks gathered. Not infrequently the bartenders in these joints were stool-pigeons in the employ of the police. If a crime had been committed the police knew who did it before they went looking for the crook. They knew through their stool-pigeons. Mysterious and unsolved crimes were few and far between in the old underworld.

Furthermore, crime stayed moderately clear of the big cities in those days. The surveillance of the underworld was entirely too close in the cities, so the crooks steered away from them, operating in the rural districts and only coming to the big cities to spend their ill-gotten gains. The writer recalls numerous occasions when as many as twenty-five or thirty of the best cracksmen of the country spent intervals of months at Billy Barton's, Chi Tom's, and Red Gilhooley's joints in New York City and yet not one safe was ever blown.

Toledo, Ohio, for example, once had the reputation for being the cleanest city in the United States. I use "clean" in the underworld sense, that is, free from crime. And yet for more than two decades it was the rendezvous for safe-crackers, bank-burglars, and hold-up men who operated through all the Middle Western States. Now it may be that Toledo owed a duty to the rest of the country, a duty that was not fulfilled. But the fact remained that it was one city that had no trouble with crooks. There was an unwritten law among us all that no jobs of any kind were to be staged in Toledo.

But one night a slightly inebriated brother cracksman violated this law. He cracked a safe in a store and walked out with several thousand dollars. When we ascertained his identity we haled him

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into a kangaroo court as any detective might hale one of us into a court for trial. The brother was fined the amount of his haul plus the cost of a new safe, and stripped of his tools and chased out of Toledo. Later we reimbursed the merchant he robbed.

Then one day the city installed a new police commissioner, an ex-army officer, who had heard that the town was a haven for notorious crooks. He called in the chief of detectives to learn why he permitted well-known criminals to remain in the city.

"We never bother them because they never bother us," the chief said.

"Well," said the commissioner, "I'm going to bother them plenty. Out with them. Clean up the city."

The chief dick protested against such a measure, but to no avail.

"Clean up the city, quick," said the commissioner, "or I'll clean you out of your job."

So the drive began. There was retaliation from the enraged crooks. Safes began to pop open like fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. Hold-ups became common occurrences. Cops shot crooks and crooks shot cops. There was hell to pay for a time, but the commissioner stood by his guns until he had driven all the buzzards into parts unknown. And thereafter Toledo received frequent visits from safe-crackers, bank-burglars, hold-up men, forgers, and blackmailers.

Driving criminals out of one city into another accomplishes nothing toward a real solution of the crime problem.

Prohibition wiped out all those memorable places of the big cities where crooks lived and made merry within the shadow of prison walls. The crook vanished into hidden places where, for five years, from 1919 to 1923, only the man who knew his way about in their own dark world could find his way. It took the cops five years to fathom the new underworld that Prohibition created.

In this new underworld the crook is here, there, everywhere. He may, for all you know, be your next-door neighbor. He may be living in that nice house across the street. To-day the marauders do their drinking and carousing in their own apartments. Occasionally you may see them in one of the gaudier night clubs, conducted by some old comrade of the crime world, but in the hole-in-the-wall speakeasies very seldom.

It is worth while, then, to discover how all this affects the business of crime detection. Let's take a specific case and see what might have occurred under the old order of things. Every one will probably recall the $2,000,000 mail-robbery in New York City seven years ago by Gerald Chapman, Dutch Anderson, and William Lorber. Both local and federal investigators were baffled. They had nowhere to turn for clews as in the old days of the saloon. They had to dig up their clews now. There were no dives in which to plant stool-pigeons to obtain information. Two months passed, three, and then eight. I talked with a central-office man about the mail-robbery five or six months after it had been pulled off.

"What's the matter, George," I asked him; "why don't you fellows get the boys that knocked off that mail-truck?"

"It ain't so easy any more, Roscoe," he said; "we used to know where to look for them, but now they're needles in a haystack since Prohibition closed up all the old joints."

A year elapsed, but Uncle Sam never gave up the hunt for Anderson, Chapman, and Lorber. Then the detectives fell right on a clew, stumbled across it in fact. Mr. Lorber ran true to crook form. He got drunk one night and talked too freely to a moll who knew a detective. The moll lost no time connecting with her friend the sleuth to tell him

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what Lorber, in his cups, had told her about the mail-robbery. Then it was discovered that the gang had been living only a few miles away from the scene of the crime, in a luxurious apartment in the Gramercy Park section of Manhattan. Apparently they were as secure from detection there as though they had fled thousands of miles.

A different story would have been told, I think, if the mail-robbery had occurred in the days when Billy Barton, Chi Tom, and Red Gilhooley were running their saloons. They catered exclusively to fellows like Dutch Anderson and Gerald Chapman. No big-time crook ever visited New York without calling at one of the three joints. And no crook ever stuck his head in the doors of these places that the information didn't go straight to Inspector Jimmy McCafferty at Police Headquarters. McCafferty was a realistic thinker. He knew his business was catching crooks and that his reputation depended on his ability to locate them. So, when new arrivals were reported, no detectives were sent to get them. McCafferty simply filed the information. Then if a robbery occurred he went looking for the visitors. If they had suddenly left town, it was easy to put two and two together. An alarm went out immediately over the country with the names of the suspects appended.

That was the theory under which the police of the old days worked. They recognized the hang-outs as invaluable assets in the business of crime-detection. In point of fact they were the foundation of all police methods. There was less of the Sherlock Holmes technic than even the cynically minded imagine. Deduction and induction were and are bosh. The detective without a stool-pigeon is helpless. These methods grew up about the gregarious habits of criminals, and were founded upon watchfulness, supervision of dives, and the stool-pigeon system. Look at what happened when Prohibition eliminated the dives and the stool-pigeon system. You had crime waves galore during the first five years of Prohibition. Your police had no success fighting the new alignment of crime until they adopted new methods —a new stool-pigeon system, new stool-pigeons. They had no success until they organized a secret-service force. To-day the police are running the crooks ragged. They have discovered the apartment-house rendezvous in which they reside and the better-type night clubs in which they spend their moments of leisure.

I estimate that approximately 20,000 crooks deserted their respective rackets for the bootlegging game. Burglars of all kinds, dips, con men, forgers, sure-thing gamblers, blackmailers, and stone-getters (diamond-thieves), switched to the booze business when they learned that they could make big money without jeopardizing their liberty.

I think it must be apparent to every clear-thinking man and woman that, when all these criminals quit their rackets, there must of necessity have been a marked depreciation in crime. Take 20,000 men out of any field of endeavor, and production in that field automatically decreases. And please remember that bank-burglary, post-office burglary, forging, and con are not rackets that any ham-and-egg crook can adopt at a moment's notice. These crooks do not spring up overnight as hold-up men and other petty-larceny bums do.

I dwell upon this migration of skilled crooks to the bootlegging game chiefly because I have heard wet propagandists circulate considerable nonsense about it. If one tells a wet propagandist, as I frequently have done, that there must have been a substantial decrease in bank-burglary, post-office burglary, forging, and

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con games when thousands of bank-burglars, post-office burglars, forgers, and con men turned bootleggers he invariably replies:

"Well, what of it? When they quit, thousands of others took their places."

These birds think a guy can rob a bank as easily as he can steal a door-mat. Of course an old safe-cracker like me who started out as a door-mat thief knows better. It requires years of training to become an efficient bank-burglar, a con man, a forger, or an "obey" (post-office) cracksman or a high-grade blackmailer.

It has been argued that, since daylight hold-ups were few and far between prior to Prohibition and thick as measles after Prohibition, the conclusion is inevitable that Prohibition is responsible for the increase.

This, I confess, is not a bad argument. I mean it's not a bad argument to offer to Mr. Average Citizen. But it gives a big laugh to the man who knows his underworld.

My conclusions on how Prohibition has affected the underworld are based on contact with the underworld. Therefore I protest that they are incomparably more accurate than the conclusions of pseudocriminologists and axe-grinding politicians who have had no contact with the underworld. My only ambition is to state the truth as I know it, while they distort facts in an effort to make a case against Prohibition. Here is the story of the daylight bandit of to-day.

Between 1860 and 1885 the conventional underworld method of obtaining a bank roll was the stick-up of trains, stage-coaches, and gambling-houses throughout the Middle and Far Western country.

After the fall of the notorious bandit clans of Jesse James, Black Bart, the Dalton boys, the Younger brothers, and many others too numerous to mention, daylight banditry became a lost underworld art. Hold-ups may have occurred now and then, but certainly not with the regularity that they did between 1860 and 1885. Not until twenty-nine years later, mark you—in 1914—did the daylight bandit appear upon the highways of the big cities, or any other part of the country. I am supported in this statement by the records of the American Bankers Association. They tell me that there is no record of a daylight hold-up of a bank between 1885 and 1914. But between 1914 and 1928 there were 1,121 banks held up in broad daylight.

Now why did daylight banditry cease for twenty-nine years and then suddenly flare up again? You can't charge it up against Prohibition, because it resumed five years before Prohibition arrived. Was it an accident? Was it something that just happened in the natural course of events? I've never been able to "get" that natural-course-of-events stuff. I've read too much of Herbert Spencer to fall for that "just-happened" alibi. Nothing ever "just happens" in this old world. There is a cause for everything that happens—and an effect. And so there was a cause for the cessation of banditry in 1885 and for its resumption in 1914.

Three factors contributed to its elimination between 1885 and 1914. First, there were the vigilante organizations who dogged bandits to death with ropes and guns. The fall of the James boys, the Daltons, and many other bandit gangs of the early West was due to the efforts of these courageous, straight-shooting champions of law and order. Imagine a Pat Garrett, conqueror of the killer "Billy The Kid," on the trail of some of the coke-fiend bandits of to-day!

The second factor which contributed to the elimination of the daylight bandit was the steadily increasing population of the West. This made escape difficult after train and stage-coach robberies.

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Third, and most important of all, was the ever-present factor of underworld evolution. This is something which *all* "criminologists" and wet propagandists overlook when trying to explain crime waves.

The daylight bandit of the early West was the first criminal of any importance to operate in this country. He was followed by the safe-cracker. The first safe-cracker was "Nevada Mike," who operated throughout Montana, Colorado, Texas, and Wyoming. He was a miner before he laid aside the pick and shovel for drills and jimmies. Between 1860 and 1885 the safe-cracker had begun to attack country banks with signal success. He got dollars where the bandits got cents. So, when the vigilantes and the steadily increasing population made train and stage-coach robberies more difficult than before, all the bandits turned safe-crackers. They soon learned that "blowing petes" was a less hazardous and infinitely more remunerative profession than sticking up trains and stage-coaches. Further, a safe-robbery did not alarm the natives as banditry did. And there was seldom any occasion for shooting.

As safe-robberies became more frequent, the safe-makers began to improve their product. This started the conflict between safe-makers and safe-blowers which was to bring back the daylight bandit.

It may be said that this conflict began with the robbery of the Concord, Mass., First National Bank, on September 25, 1865. Langdon W. Moore and "Nevada Mike" were the cracksmen who staged the job. The standard safe of that period was the key-locking safe. The cracksmen beat the Concord "jug" with skeleton keys.

The safe-makers met this advance by designing the first combination-locked safe. It was a front-lock safe—that is to say, the lock was installed behind the first sheeting in the door. The cracksmen beat the combination front-locker by resorting to the use of drills and powder. Whereupon the safe-makers shifted the lock from the front of the safe to the last sheeting on the door. The cracksmen then had extensions put on their drills, so that they could drill through to the last sheeting on the door.

The next product of the safe-makers' genius was a "pete" that resisted drills, a chilled-steel affair that baffled the burglars and which brought the night-time masked bandit into being. These fellows, all of whom were cracksmen, would descend upon the home of the banker or the cashier or whoever else carried the combination of the vault and safe, and torture them until they revealed the combination. Many bank employees forfeited their lives for their fidelity to their trust. For a time all bank employees lived in a state of constant terror of a visit from masked bandits. This sad state of affairs was eliminated when the firm of Sargent & Greenleaf designed a time-lock. Strange to relate, the bankers did not take to the time-lock when it was first presented to them. They didn't relish the idea of installing a lock on their safes and vaults that prevented them from opening either the safe or vault until the time set for the opening arrived. Mr. Sargent had a hard time selling the idea that was destined to revolutionize protective methods in banks, but, fortunately for the bankers, he eventually sold them.

The time-locking, chilled-steel, drill-proof safe put the cracksmen out of business until they learned how to use nitroglycerine. Thereafter the time-lockers were no longer burglar-proof.

Thus the conflict raged for twenty-five years, until the screw-door safe appeared, which created unemployment in the underworld of the cracksmen. The screw-door safe was a formidable-look-

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ing object. Burglar-proof, figuratively speaking, was written all over it. It was made of a steel so hard that it could not be drilled and so tough that it resisted explosives of every kind. The door-jambs were so finely machined that if one laid a cigarette-paper between them the door couldn't be closed or locked. I was operating when the screw-door safe came on the market. I worked on one of them in a Southern bank one night for four solid hours and when I left the funds were still intact. There was no possible way to get nitroglycerine behind those door-jambs.

There was a weeping and wailing and a gnashing of teeth throughout our ranks when the screw-door "pete" resisted nitroglycerine. It threw several hundred first-class cracksmen out of work. This occurred around 1910. Within four years almost every bank in the country had installed a screw-door safe, so we tried to make a living robbing post-offices, express-offices, and big mercantile houses, but the pickings were so unsatisfactory that we resolved to turn daylight bandits.

"If we can't take these banks at night," we swore, "we'll take them in broad daylight."

We hit the highways in the fall of 1914 making the front pages of all the newspapers with two, four, and not infrequently six column head-lines. We were food for the newspaper gods, better news than the man who bit the dog. The gangster element of the cities was attracted by the stories of our success, so they entered the field. Then we returned to the bank business to beat the screw-door safe with the torch that had been discovered by "Oakland Eddie." Our success with the torch, however, was short-lived. The safe-makers became "hep" to its terrifying possibilities and designed a torch-proof safe. So once again there was unemployment in the underworld of the bank-burglar and immediately thereafter we all turned bootleggers. Neither Prohibition nor the war played any part in the resumption of daylight banditry regardless of what anybody says. It was, as I have shown, nothing more or less than underworld evolution! The criminal foiled in one line of criminality instinctively turns to another.

Another absurd argument advanced by the wets is that when Prohibition gave the crooks a contact with society, through the bootlegger, it remedied his greatest weakness—an ignorance of where the big loot lay. To-day, they say, *all* crooks know what they're going to get before they go out to get it.

This argument requires qualification. Only two classes of criminals have profited by the social contact which Prohibition gave the underworld: the moll-buzzing jewel-thieves of the night clubs —crooks who rob women—and house-burglars like "Boston Billy" Monahan, who robbed the Long Island home of a well-known Wall Street man. The tip on this robbery came from a night-club owner, an ex-burglar, who knew Billy Monahan.

Bank-burglars, hold-up men, dips, forgers, and con men obtain no information to-day that they couldn't obtain prior to Prohibition. I have in mind two cases, both gigantic robberies, which will illustrate how the moll-buzzing jewel-thieves of the night clubs and the house-burglars have profited by the social contact that Prohibition gave the underworld.

The first concerns "Dayton Danny," a house-burglar who got his start in the booze business by cleaning out a distillery. He was a good-looking young Irishman who had educated himself by extensive reading while serving prison terms. He made his headquarters in a good-sized Southern city where he made

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connections with a banker who financed him in the purchase of several vessels with which he ran liquor from the Bahamas.

Through his ally, who had no knowledge of his criminal antecedents, "Dayton Danny" met many prominent citizens of the city. He was certified to them as the banker's partner in various promotions, and only to the two of them was his rum-running enterprise known. One night Danny played host to a party. Present was the daughter of a jeweller who, after a few drinks, began to discuss a well-known society woman that had purchased a diamond lavallière from her father's store. Another woman joined the conversation. Yes, she had seen Mrs. Todd's lavallière. How many lovely things she owned, she and her husband! There were, for instance, his paintings —Monets, a Gainsborough, a Whistler, an Israel. "Dayton Danny" listened attentively, smiling and courteous. He bade his guests a most gentlemanly good night. Next day he sent for Skinny Freeman, one of the cleverest house-burglars who ever went up, or down, a rain-spout. A night or two later Freeman looted the Todd home of its pictures and its jewels. The haul was valued at $400,000.

The police, of course, were baffled. They said it was an inside job and for weeks they pounded away at the Todd servants to make them tell what they did with the swag. Time passed. Danny settled down to the cultured life. He married a charming girl from among his new friends. The news of the marriage reached the underworld and then, abruptly, there came checkmate. The "moll" he had "ditched" when he essayed society via the Prohibition route suddenly appeared at his home and interviewed the bride. She retailed the story of "Dayton Danny's" past and told in particular about a little shooting affair in Michigan where he had killed a policeman. Danny is now serving a life sentence in the Michigan State Prison.

The second case concerns the moll-buzzing jewel-thieves of the night clubs. During a visit to New York the wife of an up-State power millionaire made the acquaintance of a café gigolo. She liked his youth and looks. Ultimately she hired him as a dancing companion and escort for her excursions along Broadway after dark. It was one night when he took her to a cabaret owned by a former crook that the underworld sighted her. She was wearing jewels worth $40,000 at the time.

Over in a corner the cabaret bootlegger, also an ex-crook, saw her enter. He made inquiries. When the wife of the millionaire left the cabaret with her escort, she was trailed by two well-known moll-buzzers. They saw her enter the Ritz, trailed the escort back to his apartment, and then sauntered back to the cabaret to discuss their plans for "taking" the lady. A friend of the gigolo was now drawn into the conspiracy. He said blackmail was out of the question, since the woman's husband knew of her Broadway exploits. Robbery was the only alternative, and it would have to be done without the aid of the gigolo, "because he'll never stand for the job."

The three crooks rented the apartment beneath the one occupied by the gigolo. New Year's eve came and the latter gave a party in his patroness's honor. The new friend, now an accomplice of the criminals, attended. Down below the wolves waited. At nine o'clock the friend reported that the millionaire's wife was present and "loaded to the guards with slum" (covered with jewelry). The waiting marauders grew impatient. At eleven o'clock one of them was bold enough to crash the party. He wanted to be sure the diamonds were not paste. Entering the apartment up-stairs he waved

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a bottle of champagne at the guests and wished them New Year's greetings. Would they "kill the bottle with him"? Sure!

Before the wine was gone the visitor had satisfied himself about the jewels. They were real. He went down-stairs and the vigil continued. Midnight passed and early morning came. Most of the guests had departed. Now the crooks waited for the agreed-upon dramatics. The accomplice engaged his gigolo friend in an argument; soon they were fighting on the floor above. Frightened, the heiress put on her cloak and left the apartment. As she came down the stairs the three crooks waited in the darkness. They seized the woman, stripped her of her jewels, and escaped. Their loot was $325,000. The gentleman who organized this job, Eugene Moran, was killed in a gang war but a few months ago!

And now, in conclusion, we come to the most absurd of all the arguments advanced by wet propagandists for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Eradicate the social contact that Prohibition has given the underworld," they say, "and gang wars, the corruption of public officials, and crime in general will hit the toboggan."

What nonsense! Repeal will only eradicate the grifters' contact with society, not the gangsters'. Gangsters always have had this contact by virtue of their relations with crooked politicians. These wet propagandists don't seem to realize, as I have already indicated, that there are, and always have been, two underworlds—that of the grifter and that of the gangster. Bank-burglars, post-office burglars, con men, dips, forgers, house-burglars, and blackmailers are nomadic, while the gangster, a product of the city, never leaves the city. Prior to Prohibition grifters never remained in one place long enough to establish contacts with society. And even though they had camped in the cities they never could have established the contacts with society they now enjoy. The crooked politician never hesitated to do business with his home-town boys, the dope-merchants, the white-slave merchants, and the various other racketeers, but when it came to doing business with bank-burglars, post-office burglars, forgers, prowlers, blackmailers, and other hustlers—that was something else. He could always explain the delinquencies of the home-town boy to some friendly judge, but a bank-burglar? No, the politician knew his onions!

Now, does anybody believe that these thugs who have been shooting each other in the back, when one invades the other's territory with a load of booze, will discontinue shooting each other in the back when they return to the dope traffic, the white-slave traffic, the gambling-house racket, the labor racket (in which they organize strikes and then break them), and the various other rackets in which they have indulged for years? Perish the thought! You can't teach an old dog new tricks!

And will your corrupt politicians discontinue selling protection to racketeers when you outlaw the booze business?

And will those 20,000 crooks who have been living the life of Reilly for the past ten years all turn to honest labor when you drive them out of the liquor business?

Well, personally, I don't think so. I think that when Prohibition no longer holds the attention of the high-class crooks, they are going right back to their old racket, and then we'll see crime that is crime.

"Glorifying the Criminal," by Malcolm Logan, in which a newspaperman tells how criminals are "built up," will appear in an early number.

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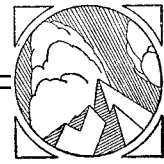

If Only—

By JOHN PEALE BISHOP

A story of post-war Virginia by the author of "Many Thousands Gone," one of the Prize Contest novels

It was not until after the war that the Sabines moved into Mordington. The farm, always lonely, had become impossible after their father's death, for their brothers were dead, the mother blind. Remote, the stone farmhouse was set on a gusty hill and hidden from all roads by woodland. After the war they were always afraid. In the orchards the apples ripened and, unpicked, fell, or rotted on the branch; rank with weeds the rolling fields went down to the Shenandoah; their gardens were stolen. Once a week perhaps they heard a rickety wagon crawl down a lane. It called at the ferry, and after a long time the answering halloo would come across the water. The long flat-bottomed boat was poled by a grizzled black who had been their slave. Beyond the river were the mountains. In the slave quarters a few negroes stayed on.

They were young then, Ellen and Lou, and at night alone but for an old woman whose tears still gathered under blinded eyelids. At night the doors slammed up-stairs where there was no one. Their mother sat with hands held straight on the worn arms of her chair and cried without meaning.

She who had lost three sons had cried her eyes out, they said, weeping for one. Old Sabine was a Unionist. When the first two boys fell in battles that went to the Confederates, she was sarcastic and proud. When Jimmy, in the last month of the war, sank wearily, exhausted by dysentery, she could only weep. The father was silent; he had paid for his sons' uniforms and known they were ashamed of him. He walked awkwardly about the house, his shoulders lowered like a bull's. He could not speak without bringing on reproaches which ended still in tears. Jimmy was the youngest of the boys—younger than either of the girls.

Mordington is a small county-seat at the end of the Valley of the Shenandoah. From a distance, lost in leaves, nothing of the town appears but the spires of churches and the court-house clocks. They came in from the country to find the town already abandoned by time and, since the war, no longer in Virginia. But this the Sabines did not recognize. Congress might admit the treacherous western counties as a State. They could not. So for them there was no West Virginia. They continued having their mail sent to Mordington, Virginia, and when their letters were delayed felt they had their private revenge on Abraham Lincoln, Lord John Rus-

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sell, and Napoleon III—all three at once—for not having recognized the Confederacy.

They were well off, for their father in his obstinacy had saved them from the common poverty of the time. They lived comfortably and admitted nothing that touched their pride.

The town they accepted with all its past, and each year it seemed to them a little grander. Great men had lived there, and more than once Mordington had altered the history of the country. The jail is the usual one of bricks painted a brighter red; on summer evenings the jailer's daughters sit on the narrow porch with palm-leaf fans. The court-house lifts its cupola above a cloud of trees to show a clock-face to every quarter of the town; under the columns of the portico—colored a dirty serviceable yellow—the pavement is spattered with the droppings of hundreds of blackbirds that nightly roost in the yard. Yet the jail had once held a fatal prisoner, in the court-house a decision had been made that had sundered the republic. The Sabines did not forget it, nor that afterward, because of the old murderer whom the North had made a martyr, the town had suffered much and was poor.

I

They came down that morning to find the kitchen dark, the shutters closed, and no one there. Beside the sink, on the draining-board, the cold dishes of the night's supper were stacked, scraped, but not washed. And they knew their cook was gone.

(When this was cannot be said, for the Sabines themselves could never remember—but it was on a Monday, and when Ellen had thrown back the shutters the morning was warm, with murmurs of summer and the scattered shadows of leaves on the sunlit sill.)

After breakfast, they explored, timidly, knowing what they would find. Dust was everywhere. On top of the cupboard, it lay in a winter's thickness. The closets gave up more unwashed dishes and stale ends of food, chunks of suet, crusts of bread, a shrivelled ham bone, and old biscuits which the mice had not only nibbled but completely digested. It was disgusting! From the lower doors of the cupboard, pots and skillets tumbled out, sad-irons and waffle-irons, kettles and griddles—a black and greasy confusion. They were amazed. They had not believed such filth could be in their kitchen! There were brooms worn to stubs—but not, it would seem, with sweeping—and rags that might have been used for scouring came out of strange hiding-places, wadded in dirt and showing still the imprint of Selly's wet fingers. In the corner under the sink, cockroaches had made themselves familiar.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Ellen. "I'm tired of Selly. I'm tired of her trifling ways." But she looked dismayed.

"But Ellen—Selly's our nigger!" Lou sat down.

"She's our cook," said Ellen, "but she's not our nigger."

"But she should have been. By rights, all the Hannions should have been our niggers! If only——"

"And a dirty, trifling lot they were too, those Hannions. Look at this!" Ellen had found the table drawer. "We'll have to clean the kitchen. I can't have anybody else coming in here after Selly."

They cleaned. As usual, after Selly's summer departure, they cleaned. For four days they swept, they scraped; they scoured with soap and polished with pumice. And Lou talked while she worked, helping Ellen with suggestions.

Four days they cleaned, and both felt the unaccustomed labor. They had little

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to eat, for when Ellen was tired not much cooking was done. Both drank more coffee than was good for them. But at the end of the day Lou had still the strength to go driving. The weather continued fine and every evening George Hite came for her. They drove off in the yellow varnished dog-cart behind the docked bays, and Ellen was left alone in the kitchen. Darkness fell while she washed the dishes.

Friday morning she did not come down-stairs. She had found her only retreat from her sister's sweet insistence and kept her bed with a sick headache.

Lou was late with the breakfast. Ellen brought up her drawn cheeks from the pillow.

"Don't you want the shade up?" Lou suggested.

"Leave it the way it is," moaned Ellen. "I've fixed it."

"But, Ellen, I was only trying to make you comfortable!"

"How can I be comfortable with a sick headache?" The voice from the coverlets screamed faintly, like a parrot irritable behind its wires. She turned her face, from which all color was drawn, to the green-darkened window. It made her look quite ill.

"Oh, very well!" said Lou. She caught her breath and held it between parted teeth. Ellen's bed was wide. The posts were not high and the top of each was a crude pine-cone cut from cherry wood. On this bed their mother had died.

Lou closed the door softly and tiptoed along the corridor, down the stairs, leaning so hard against the balustrade that it creaked. In the lower hall she let her breath come again.

She too was tired. She had dressed slowly that morning and with care, and moving through the empty rooms Lou was white and flimsy with ruffles. The loneliness was oppressing; she came into the parlor, but not even the long mirror consoled her. She saw the black moiré ribbon at her throat and dangling from her ears tiny baskets of fruit, cut from coral, and thought how she had given her youth to her mother, who had taken ten years to die. She let her fingers run along the table; picked up a book which she did not read. Nothing had been touched for days, nothing was changed. Only on the surface of walnut and rosewood, in the crevices of roses carved on the backs of chairs, dust had gathered.

"What we need," she said, "is a man. I've always thought it." And she went to the porch repeating "What we need in this house is a man."

II

When she went back to the kitchen, he was there. A fine, tall, black, handsome nigger sat at the table peeling potatoes, dropping them one by one into the water of an earthenware bowl. But Lou did not at once see him. His fine bony black head was held sidewise, as with an expert knife he curled a long peeling from a potato and chuckling dropped it into the water. Lou started.

Smiling, he stood up and wiped his hands on a cloth. "This is Miss Louisa, ain't it?" She saw his knife flash in the sunlight.

"Who are you?"

"I'm the new cook. I come this morning." Again he smiled and his voice was so polite and pleasant that she liked him at once. "I don't know whether I put the dishes away right. If you'd look, Miss Lou——"

"Where do you come from?"

"Oh, most everwhere. I been all up and down. You can 'quire 'bout me anywhere from here on goin' south. My name's Bones."

"Bones?"

"Yes'm. They most and generally calls me Bones, nobody can't remember my

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Christian name, so they just calls me Bones."

"I've always wanted a man," she thought. And it was true. She looked at the cupboard and saw that all was clean and ordered.

"I'll have to ask my sister," she said aloud.

"Oh, you can tell Miss Ellen it'll be all right, not to worry, jes' to rest herself good and stay in bed. We got lots of time, you tell her we got lots of time."

Lou hurried up-stairs.

"Ellen—" She shut the door on the darkened bedroom. "I've got a man!"

On the bed the pale face was exposed between strands of hair. "What did you say?"

"I've got one, he's in the kitchen now, and he has very nice manners and he's getting dinner."

Ellen sat up. "Did you ask him where he'd worked before? What's his name?"

"Bones!"

"I don't know any Bones niggers. But it might be a Tidewater name."

"He's very aristocratic-looking," said Lou.

"I'm getting up," said Ellen.

"But your headache?"

"It's better."

Ellen was curious about the new Negro. But she too was impressed by Bones. And the days that followed deepened the impression that here was a godsend. It was agreed that men were desirable, but Bones was a rarity among males. Every morning brought out new accomplishments; he seemed to have worked only in the very best families. He mentioned names, the oldest and the best, but it was his manners that proved him. In the kitchen he was easy and polite, grand in the dining-room. He shone as a polisher; mahogany acquired a shimmering magnificence, floors were waxed till they were perilous, cherry wood soon looked dark and rich as though it had grown in Campeche. Under his hand silver and gilt and glass were restored to a before-the-war splendor. They found when they came down in the morning the lower rooms aired and perfect, when they went up at night to their beds all was in order for sleeping, with a single light and, if the nights were cool, fires laid in the grates. They had never known anything like it. "It's just like the old days," said Lou, "when Mrs. Dancy had six servants for her town house and one that did nothing but shine brasses."

It was Bones's cooking that most amazed them. Under his long bony fingers all the savors of the old South revived in their kitchen: Maryland chicken, Kentucky corn-dodgers, Virginia hams picked with cloves and spotted with peppers like leopards; ducks from the Carolinas, savory messes from Louisiana with odors of thyme, marjoram, and sassafras. He baked sweet potatoes with chestnuts as in Tennessee, his corn puddings were grated and thickened with eggs as in Alabama. He gave them shad from the Chesapeake, bass from the Shenandoah, and even made an effort to import shrimps from Barataria. Game appeared on their table for the first time in years, pheasants and partridges, once a wild turkey from the Blue Ridge. And even the ordinary and familiar dishes suddenly discovered the most unexpected qualities, due, so Bones explained, to their being prepared in the traditional manner. He could not put down an apple pie without saying that its spiciness was, in the first instance, Martha Washington's, a cream tart but he claimed that Mrs. Tyler had ordered it always done this way for the White House. All his recipes were old, secret, and derived from aristocratic kitchens; so at all events he said and proved it to the satisfaction of everybody who tasted the concoctions.

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Accustomed for years to the meagre diet of the genteel, the Sabines suffered somewhat from this new and prodigal table. They were often unpleasantly reminded of dinner about three o'clock, they frequently lay awake half the night forgetting Bones's suppers. The aftertaste of the Old South was acrid and distressing. They could only suffer in silence, they could neither refuse nor complain. Proudly they recalled that Jefferson Davis had also been a sufferer from dyspepsia.

Bones was by now installed in the house. He had begun by asking for a room to change his clothes in, and Lou had seen no reason why he should not be given the spare bedroom on the alley. Within a week he was sleeping there—if indeed he slept! For at night, long after they had retired, they would hear him prowling, shuffling along the corridor or in the lower hall, trying the locks, sliding the bolts on the door. It gave them a feeling of security—Bones was so careful. And sometimes when supper lay heavy and they stifled in the night without sleeping, there was heard from window to window the faint playing of a banjo, alone in the bedroom on the alley. Bones was awake. Yet in the morning it was clear he had risen at dawn, had cleaned and dusted while they lay sound in their sheets.

He was really a marvel—so clean, so temperate! Moreover, he was an Episcopalian. They could ask nothing more. To be sure, he was extravagant.

"But then," said Ellen after her first consternation, "we've never lived so well before."

"It's worth it," said Lou. "It's the way I've always wanted to live."

"If only we can afford it," Ellen sighed.

Bones was worth it. They had lived so long in a dream that it was sweet now to taste the reality. With this one tall, black, jovial Negro in the house it was as though the war had never been or, having been fought, had turned to a triumph for the South. The old moulds were restored. It was indeed as though dead bones were alive again. And they were content. Or almost——

"If only—" said Ellen, "brother Jimmy were here!"

"Yes," said Lou. "How he would enjoy it."

III

Snow had fallen some days before, so that when the Sabines looked out of their windows it was over ledges deeply white and into a world of winter. The lawns were snow; the dark-burdened pine-trees held their branches like the claws of dead birds. Days passed under one cloud.

But on Sunday all was changed. They woke to see trees brittle with light, intricately overarching the street with crystal. Morning rising unclouded after a night of sleet had cased each tiny twig in brilliant ice. The snow shone—to venture out was perilous. In that sun the air was hard and cold; the branches, glittering, sagged and crashed though there was no wind. To walk was to go upon flawed mirrors. Ellen came down dressed for church a little before eleven.

Lou waited for her at the foot of the stairs. "I'm not going," she announced. "In the first place, it's too slippery."

"Not with an umbrella," Ellen said.

"Besides, I've been thinking." In the drafty hall the little Confederate flags faintly stirred. Lou looked hard at her sister. "I know now what was the matter with General Lee."

"General Lee?" Ellen turned and was astonished at Lou's excitement. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I do! I do! Lee was a Christian gentleman."

"But of course," said Ellen.

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"That's just it!" Lou's voice rose and shivered in the chilly hall. "It tamed him. He was too kind, too considerate of others. And it lost him the war! If only he'd shot Longstreet——"

Ellen sought her umbrella behind the door. "There's one thing," she said, "and that is, Lee never failed in his duty. Are you going to church?"

Lou did not at once answer. Then she said: "I think I know my duty."

"Very well," said Ellen. "Then please let me go. I'm late as it is. And I hope you'll be in a better state when I get back."

"I'll be just what I am now."

Ellen looked at her hopelessly. She was wrapped in sealskin and veiled in green against the cold. "Then you ought to apologize." Lou pouted. "I don't mean to me, I mean to General Lee." The gust of her departure swept around Lou and she was left standing alone under the portrait of "Lighthorse Harry's" son.

I do not know just when this was, or how long it had been since first black Bones took shape in the Sabine household. It may have been the winter after his coming, it may have been a year or more later. I do not know.

It is so difficult to tell time in the case of those who ignored it. It was not simply that as maiden ladies the Sabines were skittish at the mention of years. Both had a memory for dates and could tell you to the hour of the day or night when every shot was fired, every skirmish fought, at Mordington. Twenty battles are recorded under its name and they could tell you all. Then, too, they were susceptible to the spring, serious when the earth was cold, for they remarked the seasons to whom time brought no other change.

So, though I know the cold into which Ellen stepped that Sunday morning, veiled and huddled in sealskin, I cannot tell its date, nor even for certain in what decade it fell.

The gust from the closing door as Ellen departed fluttered the flags in the hallway. Lou stood under the engraving of the Confederate general and bit her lip. Ellen annoyed her; she had not understood, she had not even tried to understand, what she was saying.

She was still excited—it was the excitement that sent her—when she hurried up-stairs to the bathroom. She opened the door and for a second saw only the little window with frosted pane, saw it (she had just come from the dusky corridor) as a white glare in which slowly the forms of frost unfolded like submarine foliage. On the floor was a strip of rag carpet plaited of many colors. She saw it so distinctly that afterward she could recall the coarse white threads stitching together the strands of faded red and blue and gray. Then she saw Bones.

Bones was playing some sort of game with himself. Quite naked, he stood in the tub, laughing, flicking a wet towel out and back. Terrible and tall he stood, and very black; each time that his long right arm shot out he held his breath. He watched it, his wrist turned and the towel came back slapping loud and wet on his bright black body. And he chuckled. Bones stood there, all a Negro, not obscured by the mists that rose from the water. He chuckled all over. Once he winked at Lou, but did not stop his game. She shut her eyes and could not move; she heard the swishing Negro and the slap and the loud blind chuckling.

How she found her way out, how she groped her way down the stairs and waited, one hand on the knob of the front door, for Ellen, how she poured out the whole excited tale to her sister and again waited trembling while Ellen

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went up-stairs and into the dusky corridor to see for herself what had happened—until Ellen came slowly down and gravely stopped on the last step to say in a troubled whisper that the door was closed but there was no sound from the bathroom—all that hour and the next hour were for Lou terror and confusion. She did not know how she lived through it. One thing only was clear: she had shut her eyes and behind them there was still the sight of the black man in the white glare, standing in the tub, tall and so naked, chuckling, under his ribs, chuckling.

They sat on the parlor haircloth, thinking what to do. And Lou in the mirror saw the door open and Bones enter, an impeccable reflection, in white jacket and black trousers. She heard him say that dinner was ready. Then he went out, disappearing through a door in the long glass. She turned and saw the door into the dining-room just closing.

"We can't, we can't!" She held her face crying: "I can't go in there!"

"We must," said Ellen. "It's best not to anger him. I've always heard that was the only thing with crazy people, not to cross them."

They sat stiffly, and Bones brought in the painted soup-tureen, put it down before Ellen, and proudly uncovered a steaming fragrance. Its heat was comforting, the dinner that followed so calm and excellent that they lost something of terror. Whatever Bones might be, the cooking was not insane. Ellen could even whisper as they left the room, leaning toward Lou: "You're sure you saw him?"

Lou was astonished that any one could doubt her vision. "But, Ellen," she said, "I saw everything. I even saw the threads in the carpet. It was all so clear."

"Then I don't know what we'll do," said Ellen. "We'll have to do something, but I don't know what."

In Ellen's high bedroom, with the doors locked, they consulted. Both whispered "What can we do?" until the white glare was gone and the dark gathered, falling first in the room. They were imprisoned by winter, all their windows barred with snow. If they went out, it would only be to come back again in the night over pavements of ice. They were held. Lou suggested that they write a note and throw it down and wait for some one to pick it up. But to whom? To Mr. Hite? To the police? They saw a colored boy who stooped and picked the folded paper from the snow; he looked at it and, seeing it had no address, tossed it away again. Besides, it was already so dim that he could hardly have seen it even if it had been there. There was nothing to do but to let night come and hope for Mr. Hite.

In the night the snow again fell. Under the street-lamps they saw it falling and waited for the ringing of the bell that would tell them Mr. Hite was at the door.

He came, as usual, for Sunday-night supper. Ellen and Lou were surprised to see him, they had waited so long upstairs behind the locked doors. He stood in the hall, red and puffing, wrapped to the nose; his eyes were watery in the light, and on the lashes tiny beads. He had left his galoshes outside, and for some minutes walked stiffly and strangely. But he got them through supper, and afterward Ellen carefully shut the doors on the parlor and waited for Lou's confidences. Their chairs were drawn close to the grate. Mr. Hite moved more easily; he watched the flames some minutes, then straightened and, as though it were a formal bouquet in lace paper, presented his gossip. So-and-so was sick, somebody else was thought to be dying; he offered illness for violets, misfortunes for jonquils, and in the centre a corpse (old Mrs. Hunter from Summit Point)

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like a white rose. His listeners were not depressed, though their voices were serious, for this is the usual conversation in a country town when the weather is bad.

At ten o'clock he was gone. They bolted the door and Ellen turned to Lou in amazement.

"But you didn't say a word! Why didn't you? I was waiting all evening."

"But, Ellen, how could I? I couldn't tell Mr. Hite I saw a man naked."

"No, I suppose not. And it would be worse with the police."

"Oh, much worse! I couldn't do it."

Lou fluttered. As quickly as possible and with as little noise they reached Ellen's bedroom. Bones had not been there. When Ellen leaned from the window to close the frozen shutters, the snow was still falling. They barricaded the doors. Lou was first into bed in a borrowed nightgown. Ellen left the lamp burning. They lay in the great bed in which their mother had died, and at last, in the silence of snow, slept. Impossible phantoms pursued Lou, and among them the great Lee, untamed and all a general, his eyes not on her but fixed afar in the very ecstasy of battle. She lost him and he came again, with drawn sword, naked steel; he did not see her, but she saw that his eyes were pale and the lashes frozen.

IV

Bones stayed on. Something of their terror communicated itself to the town, but the Sabines did nothing. They had never been able to dismiss Selly; they could hardly think of dismissing a servant so grand as Bones.

His manner was grander than ever. When the time for spring cleaning came, he rearranged the whole house; they would not have believed their furniture could seem so elegant. When he had done, the rooms were a little bare down-stairs and the attic was littered with rubbish. Ellen wept when she saw her mother's sad rocking-chair, its arms worn where her hands had rubbed them, relegated to the refuse under the eaves. But they had to approve, for they saw that Bones had added almost a century to the house. Once you had entered the front door, it had an air and discomfort that was almost colonial.

Bones stayed on. And life was once more ordered to the calm of the past. Yet, they were not easy; those prowlings at night which once made them feel the more secure now seemed unnatural. A thing that slept so little could hardly be a man. They heard him trying the bolts and creaking along the staircase with apprehension. They slept often together, but not well. Nervousness brought loss of appetite; Ellen could not open a letter without fraying the edges, Lou started at every knock on the door and was not quite reassured when she saw who it was. Both looked like women who expected calamity and heard in every sound its coming.

It was almost with relief that Ellen, coming into her room in the dead hour of the midsummer's afternoon, found the long Negro asleep on her bed. His mouth was open, and except for his breath, which was heavy, he might have been dead. Mr. Hite when he came—they sent for him at once—thought he might have been dead drunk. Ellen said no, and Lou insisted that Bones never touched a drop. Happily, the sleeper was clothed, so they could speak of having seen him. And Ellen took Mr. Hite to her bedroom to show him the black smudge on the counterpane left by his shoes.

"Well," said Mr. Hite, "he buys a lot of liquor. I've known that for some time. I've been meaning to speak of it."

"We know," said Ellen.

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"It all goes into the cooking." Lou was emphatic. "I've seen it."

"All?" asked Mr. Hite. "Anyhow, I think you better let me get rid of him for you."

"I don't think," said Ellen, "he'll go."

"He'll never go," Lou agreed.

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Hite. "If I tell him to go, he'll skedaddle. Let me see him."

And before they could halt him, he had gone toward the kitchen.

"We'll never get anybody else like Bones," said Lou.

"Yes," said Ellen, "and there's the garden. Without Bones, we'll never get anything done the way he wants it."

"It's all right!" Mr. Hite shut the door behind him and looked at them beaming. "He'll leave in the morning."

Bones came in the next morning and Ellen sat at the high secretary and went over the accounts. He was, as always, calm, polite, and ready with suggestions. But when his money had been handed to him, his eyes filled with tears. He quite broke down. He had considered them as his ladies, and then, too, Mr. Hite, he had always thought him such a nice white gentleman. Then Lou began weeping, and in the sadness of disappointment Bones went off to pack.

No one ate any dinner. The sun was half-way down the sky when, surrounded by his belongings, he settled himself in the ramshackle old trap, which Ellen had had brought from the livery-stable, and gave the word to start. His long legs were opened and bent about his trunk, propped between the two seats. He leaned back and, smiling, ran his fingers along the fringe of the black, moth-eaten top. Beside him, in the hired hack, were his banjo and a slanting pile of leathery books.

"Those are our books!" screamed Lou. The sisters were peering from an upper window, each from one side of the drawn blind.

But the coachman had already bent over the dashboard to crack his whip. The bony sorrel broke into a trot, and the last the Sabines saw as the carriage disappeared in a golden light under distant trees was Bones leaning forward to try the driver's hat on his own head.

That night they heard the banjo's tinkling begin in the bedroom on the back corridor, very softly and behind closed doors. Then it must have been that the window was opened, for the sound suddenly increased and in a moment they heard the familiar voice in wild hilarity singing

> My head got wet with the morning dew,
> And the morning star was a witness too.

Half the night he sang (though it was rather shouting than singing), the banjo twanged, and his mirth was wild. But when he stopped and there was an interval when they heard only the leaves, the break brought such a sense of melancholy that both the listeners trembled. And they waited for Bones and his twining strings again to begin, as he always did, with a little chuckle before each song.

"Bones," said Ellen at breakfast, "you made a great deal of noise last night. Neither I nor Miss Lou could sleep."

"Yes'm," Bones agreed. "But then I just had to do something to keep my heart up."

"You're back?" Lou asked.

"Oh, yes'm. I'se back. I just had to come back. There ain't nobody else can look after you two ladies like I can. Miss Lou here, she don't eat more'n enough to keep a bird alive. What'd she do if I wasn't here to make these nice corn-cakes for her? . . . Then," he said, "I just had to come back to see 'bout my garden. I'm starting in the mornin' on my maze."

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"Your what?"

"Didn't you-all know you was going to have a maze? Just like the one at Mount Vernon. I got it all here—" He pointed a bony finger to his forehead. "It'll be 'bout twenty years before I gets it out there." He chuckled. "Boxwood grows awful slow."

"I'll have to have some more coffee," said Ellen. She scattered her plate and felt faint.

"Yes'm," said Bones.

"In some ways, he's a great comfort," said Lou. She did not look up, and both shuddered as the door on the kitchen closed. They knew Bones was there to stay.

They knew the prowling nights that were before them, the bolts that would slide, the pantings up and down the dark corridor. The nights would be worse, but the days, too, would be afraid. They would live in terror, but in the tradition.

"I can't dismiss him," said Ellen. And Bones could not be confined. He had been their intimate so long, they could not reasonably place him in a lunatic cell. They would feel themselves mad. Above all, they could not have him mad in West Virginia. As Ellen said: "A nice Virginia prison, I shouldn't mind. But, as it is, it's impossible." He would stay.

"I almost think I'm glad," said Lou.

"Yes," said Ellen, but she trembled.

Their nerves were frayed, their digestions destroyed, but something was saved. They were like that valley in which they had been born, and which they loved, and which as it lies between two ridges of intensely blue hills is a country to be loved. The soil owes its richness to a slow disintegration; water has worn the rocks, noiselessly as time, and underneath all the dark is hollow. The Sabines were slowly discomposed—like the limestone which, arched and caverned, underlies the long valley and, worried by water, minutely decays. With Bones there, they could forget the hollowness underground. He intimidated them less than time.

They would soon be old. But with Bones there, they could stand it. They at least would not be simply two old maids like any others in the town. He would keep them in pride. He came, bringing the coffee, and they nodded gratefully. He would stay, they knew now, to the end. They would hold him, as it were a dear obsession, until they were dead. Ellen smiled.

Slowly

By Charles Hanson Towne

There was no sudden moment when we said,
"Come! light the tapers, for our love is dead."

But gradually, through the slow and blundering years,
Unguessed of us, save for our casual tears,

Love wasted, like an invalid in a room,
Half hidden in the hushed and curtained gloom.

Prolonged that fluttering life, that ebbing breath.
And then, one day, we looked dry-eyed on death;

And since it came at last so unawares,
Frightened, we tiptoed down the darkened stairs.

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European Music in Decay

By PAUL ROSENFELD

With especial reference to Mr. Strawinsky and his leadership in the world of music

We are confronted with a decadence in European music. It is no longer possible to disregard the drought in the ancient well-head, disagreeable as the event may prove to us who have taken unspeakable refreshment at its source! But the music of the great donors was not cerebral, and superior carpentry. Whatever the origin of its elements, whether natural or acquired, these crystallized below the level of consciousness, in the region of the mind uncontrolled by personal interests. When they appeared in consciousness, they appeared there integrally, in the shape of a theme, a musical idea or melodic fragment implying its own development and form, and immediately infective with some feeling of the whole of life. The old music refreshed us by communicating a living impulse, bringing the unknown into consciousness and creating a relation between the unknown and the known. By and large, however, the music of present Europe is cut off from the unconscious. Learned and brittle, it seems excessively calculated. In any case, it no longer offers us great cordial draughts of life.

A decade and a half ago, the spring that poured forth the music of Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, was still full. Post-Wagnerian music, it is true, was strongly dramatic and descriptive. Purists found it compromised with literature, dependent for effect on the concrete ideas and images with which composers such as Debussy and Strauss, Bloch and Mahler, associated their sonorous conceptions. This stricture must be allowed regarding the works of Strauss and Mahler. Much of the brilliant and vigorous if common music of the former composer illustrates the programmes and stories with which it is allied, and is almost uninteresting when divorced from them. The symphonic music of Mahler is equally dependent on extra-musical conceptions. In short, the work of these two composers is somewhat brain-spun, and unspontaneous; and its origin is betrayed by the hybridity of its style. The music of Debussy, Bloch, and the early Ravel, however, has the integrity which the work of their German contemporaries lacks. If, like Wagner's, it is frequently dramatic and descriptive, it is none the less genuinely creative. That is, it is spontaneous, instinctive, projected as under the stress of necessity, from the quick of life. Strong or weak, racy or dreamy, its mysterious source persists in it as wetness, freshness, an indefinable glamour and grace. The nature of these late-French productions is dualistic, that is

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all; and, bound up with extra-musical ideas though it is, the musical part exists quite as firmly in its own right, and as independently, as one of twins. A new sensuous language appeared to be in process of development, a new expression of the life of nature, and the nervous, questioning, modern man.

The situation around 1910 was particularly promising. All the arts stirred in those years. Painting was touching the roots of things under the star of cubism. So, too, poetry, in the form of the still insufficiently accredited imagistic movement. From an instrument of superficial record, the camera was developing into an instrument of expression. And a new generation of composers, in its van a young Russian named Igor Strawinsky, offered to continue the production of a new contemporary music. This new generation attracted immediate attention to itself through its nonchalant disregard for the old distinctions of tonality. Its music was either atonal or polytonal. Our newcomers felt, or seemed to feel, that, under the stress of emotional necessity, any two notes were confederable. The attention, however, was justified. Strawinsky and his coevals were producing music which was novel in quality and feeling, and exquisitely contemporary: particularly the young Russian himself, since that of his chief rival, the Viennese Schoenberg, remained for all its innovations, in the Wagnerian tradition of an elevated, refined, possibly erotic style. Strawinsky music, however, was startlingly hard-boiled, and as such in violent contrast to that of his predecessors and most of his contemporaries. The music of Debussy's group verged on the precious and the dreamy. That of Strauss and Mahler was inclined to magniloquence and pompousness. Beside it, Strawinsky's sonorities seemed robust to the point of rawness. They were indeed brusque, decided, categorical as commands. Composed in two ballet scores, "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," they placed their author in the front rank of living composers.

To hear these flights of the young Strawinsky is still to thrill with the wild, keen feeling they communicated in tone. Life remains as potent in them as when the abrupt, jagged rhythms, the stubbly iterative phrases, the piercingly brilliant orchestration first ravished and assailed the ears. This does not mean that either of them offers great gouts and waves of music in the manner of the masterworks. These first expressions of Strawinsky's manifest anything but a free and resourceful musicality. Neither score is genuinely symphonic. Music for the theatre, both works are made up of relatively short episodes, many of them intrinsically magnificent, but bare of developments. While both possess some cumulative effect, it is not achieved by the evolution and extension of the musical ideas proper. Important thematic and melodic invention is equally lacking in these scores. The composer is plainly embarrassed in expressions of feeling, in the sort of lyricism that makes for melodic flow; and at home only in oblique and non-committal expression. "Petrushka" is full of quotations, ranging from folk-tunes to more or less ironically cited barrel-organ gallops and waltzes. True, "Le Sacre du Printemps" is free of this sort of indirection. The prelude and opening of the second scene, with its horns and trumpets in minor thirds, is a broad and songlike passage. Still, this page stands alone in the score. Most of it is blunter, deliberately inarticulate and held in; and in its fashion exhibits a tendency, doubtless unconscious, to quotation. The initial phrase for bassoon is curiously reminiscent of the opening measures of Gritzko's air in "The Fair at Sorotchinski,"

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by Moussorgsky, leader of the Russian national school to which Strawinsky first adhered. The influence of another Russian nationalist, Rimsky-Korsakoff, at one time Strawinsky's master, is even more obvious.

None the less, both ballets have a strongly musical interest. They are brilliant in color, the one with its spirit and quality of the gingerbread fair in which the action is laid, the other with its dark and ferocious atmosphere of primitive rites. Strawinsky, indeed, is one of the pre-eminent musical colorists, as extraordinary in his own way as Berlioz in his. He possesses all the orchestral alchemy of his school and nation, plus a daring and freedom in his combination and isolation of instrumental timbres exceeding even the old wizard Rimsky-Korsakoff's; an original sense of orchestral balance, sonority, and proportion practically epoch-making. Even more impressive than the color of "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre" is the rhythmic pulse of them. This is of a prodigious spontaneity, as from the roots of things. Rhythms of a snap and liveliness comparable to these of the young Strawinsky have not appeared in European music since Schumann's days, perhaps not since Beethoven's. They are dance-rhythms of a wonderful unconventionality, intensity, and wildness; and the irregular balance of their accents and time intervals give them a well-nigh melodic quality and effect.

Besides, both scores are permeated with world feeling; not of the most developed sort, perhaps, but still consistent. The first bubbling of the flutes beginning "Petrushka" introduces us immediately into a mechanistic world. The entire wild and burlesque little score is filled with the poetry of automata. The dolls and barrel-organs appearing on the stage with their mechanical gestures and accents have their counterpart in the music with its precise and iterative rhythms, its puppetlike, rigid, and angular phrases. The passages for the piano and the other instruments accompanying the scene of the solitary Petrushka in his box constitute a strange music of little things, a composition of whirring, purling, creaking sonorities delicately, humorously related to the noise of intricate mechanisms, watches, metres, tickers, dolls, and other devices.

And, though no automata invade the stage during "Le Sacre," and the score is bare of the clockwork music of its companion, it, too, makes us at home in a mechanistic order of things, embodying as it does an intuition of mechanism in the human being. This ballet is a representation of instinctive and unconscious action. Its subject is the vernal rite of man before individuality began, when he was still the herd animal, the will-less cell of a larger organism. The weird and powerful music embodies the blind pressure of instinct, the harsh urgence of overmastering natural forces, the mournful, voluptuous bath of blind desire. The first sinewy, stuttering measures give the feeling of thrusting force, of things swelling with sap,

"The green vine angering for life,"

some old animal, vegetal, biological pulsation. The rhythmic accents go with a pistonlike iterativeness and drive. The melodic phrases have a curious toughness. The whole piece is full of the feeling of slow-moving, dumb, irresistible mass.

Nor were these two revelations of the hour just before the war solitary events. True, Europe did not proliferate musical masterpieces in those years. Still, in comparison with the product of the last decade, thin as a hillside trickle in high summer, the stream of excellent compositions then brought to birth resembles the Trevi Fountain or some other abun-

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dant source. Together with "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre" those exciting years gave us the last Images and Preludes and the sonatas of Debussy; the best of Ravel's work; "Dreimal Sieben Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire" of Schoenberg; the last sonatas and poems of Scriàbine; the "Jewish music" of Bloch, and several other equally capital pieces. To-day, the composers of these pieces are either dead or failing in mid-life. In place of "Gaspard de la Nuit" and the quartet and sonatine, Ravel gives us show pieces, the "Bolero," "Tzigane," and the rest. Schoenberg, always somewhat overtheoretical, has grown tediously so, excessively scholastic. Bloch's creative period has been succeeded by the temporizing mood productive of the Concert Grosso and "America." Single creations like the Bartok Piano Concerto do not compensate for the disappointments due so many waning powers; and the interesting newcomers—Hindemith, Milhaud, Roussel, Berg and Webern—have as yet failed to contribute fresh idioms and conceptions. And Strawinsky? Before examining his fortunes, let us for a minute look more closely at the state of the music of which he is still the chief protagonist.

On the surface, it blooms. Of the making many pieces there is now no visible end. Innumerable concerts, music festivals, critiques, reviews present and explain it to the public. It is widely and thoroughly discussed: for each piece of Strawinsky's there are several inspired interpretations and at least three new æsthetics. The compositions themselves are most ambitious. Their manner may be offhand, their spirit farcical. Their aim, none the less, is serious. It is nothing short of classicism. Practically all of Europe is classicizing. After a century of romantic music, with its descriptive and literary tendencies, we are to be treated to a new absolute music, free of pictorial intentions, conscious "expressivity," and metaphysical connections. The new classical music purports to be thoroughly spontaneous, naïve, unconsciously impelled, uninduced; form, not expression; melody, not literature. It is actually polyphonic, contrapuntal, formalistic. Its composers would prefer the stake to the shame of confessing that they had something in their minds, when they wrote, other than the sheer musical interest and possibilities of their themes and melodic fragments.

Unfortunately, their procedure is anything but naïve, spontaneous, and uninduced. It is decidedly rationalistic—moralistic even; a circumstance not at all indicative of any intellectual or moral superiority in the composers as individuals, and merely of the superficiality and externality of their impulsion. We find them struggling to adjust it to standards of excellence arrived at by reflection and comparison, not implicit and projected from within; to conform it to the authority not of their own spirit but of past ages and past experience. This is not intelligence co-operating with instinct, adjusting the dark insurgent forces to the world, orienting man in revealing the titanic elements that toss him like a ball on their billows. This is rationalism, an effort of reason to deny the instincts, the unconscious, and the passions, and to usurp the creative rôle.

Their neo-classicism is not classicism. It is not a search for form and style. The form and style of music inheres in the musical germ, the theme, idea, suggestion which enters the composer's consciousness. Composition at its best is but an unfolding of this latency, a realization of the possibilities of the material at hand. If Bach's conceptions took the form of fugues and *concerti-grossi,* and Beethoven's those of sonatas, it was only because those moulds were subjectively conditioned and bound up with their

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themes, in the manner of unconscious principles and traditions. Neither composer adhered rigorously to his own formula. Each experimented constantly, developing and recasting his form, and turning again and again to new and untried ones. Neo-classicism, however, abandons this process in an attempt to rehabilitate old eighteenth-century formulas and sequences. The entire movement is archaistic, harking back to Bach, to Handel, to Clementi, to Mozart, to Chopin; latterly to Liszt and Tchaikowsky as well. The approximation is not only to the old forms and proportions, necessary and pertinent to their time, and part of the personalities of the men who found them. It is to their styles and mannerisms as well; and present European music is full of direct quotations from the old masters, and of music made not from life itself but from knowledge and from other musical works.

And the air is full of principles. These composers are not innocent; they talk too much of their lofty motives. They act on principles, they tell us, and ask us to judge their work on the basis of the principle to which it conforms: objectivity, humanism, impersonality, classicism, monumentalism, ritualism, and the rest. And the principle invariably justifies the work. No poverty, thinness, failure that it does not erect into a virtue. Does Guggolino's work bore you and leave you cold? Oh, my good friend, it does not represent his feelings, but the "thing in itself"; and what more could one ask? Is Ritzelputzl's sonata an adaptation of Chopin's nocturne style? Perhaps; but then it is a classical chain of moments, whereas Debussy is only "the moment." You say Chosette's song sounds like Schumann? That is only because he writes melodies, the way Schumann did. Quite true that certain parts of Pantofsky's opera-oratorio "Philoctetes," written in French by Cocteau "after Sophocles" and translated into Greek by Jonsmith of the Sorbonne, "in order to achieve impersonality," are pure steals from Donizetti. But, then, the old Italian operatists had the pure style of vocal writing. Besides, they were not subjective as Wagner and Debussy were. Yes, Wurst's thinly Bach-like themes are used in the manner of Bach: they have no emotional significance for the composer. They are pure sonority. If the music of Fleurette sounds to you the way that cheap perfumery smells, it is for the reason that he is so exquisitely French that no one not a Frenchman can appreciate him. The excellence of the modern Roman school of composition resides in the fact that its work is based on principles antedating the individualism of the Renaissance. Blueprinz has invented a new counterpoint; you can read it upside down, or set on end.

But no more: the tragedy of the decadence is that it has cost us Strawinsky; and there is no surer way of feeling its extent than by tracing the course of his development. After all, he was the young hope of European music in his period. As a composer he is exquisitely representative of our time, partly through temperament, partly through a certain occasionalism in his conceptions ("Renard" being something of a satire of the Gallic Cock, "L'histoire du soldat" an expression of post-war disillusion, "Œdipus Rex" a representation of the fall of "eminent personages"). Hence, to study his work is to study the general course of things.

We left Strawinsky on the eve of the war, impressionistic but creative. Those of his compositions which strike us as interesting but decided derelictions are largely productions of the years since the armistice; but their prelude is to be found in the compositions successive to

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"Petrushka" and "Le Sacre," and written during the war. These pieces, "Renard," "L'histoire du soldat," "Les Noces," and the Symphonies for Wind Instruments, remain some of the most satisfactory of all Strawinsky's. If they want the inspiration, the urgent movement as out of the pressure of unknown forces, the rhythmic and coloristic invention, of their predecessors, they exhibit a developed control. The ballet music of "Renard" and "Les Noces" is more symphonic than that of the episodic "Sacre" and "Petrushka"; more a movement initiated by the first measures of the scores, and uniformly and homogeneously worked up to logical culminations. It is far less descriptive and dependent on the stage. Besides, the writing has a subtlety and elegance not previously exhibited by Strawinsky. The rhythms of "L'histoire du soldat" are lighter but more intricate than those of "Petrushka"; and the number called "Grand Chorale" is a telling instance of the contrapuntal writing characteristic of the later works. The sonorities of all four pieces are equally novel and delightful. "Renard" employs the human voice in a daring buffo style, "Les Noces" in a strange and effective liturgical chant. The instrumentation of this last piece is particularly attractive. The orchestra of four pianos and percussion produces a frosty, silvery, hard sonority, cleverly varied by passages of cloudier, softer sound. The piece is quite as rich as "Le Sacre," and less raw, more homogeneous and fluid.

The feeling of these pieces is also somewhat more satisfactory than that of the earlier pair; more savage and less fatalistic. The universe implied is a harsh, brute, almost indifferent one; still, it is no completely mechanistic affair, and man is not passive in it; no mere instrument of forces making rigid gestures through him. The peasant protagonists in "Les Noces" may not be entirely unrelated to the human pistons and bacteria who dance and die in "Le Sacre." Yet they exercise choice; and the music is full of the heart of decision. "Renard" and "L'histoire du soldat" are ironisms like "Petrushka," and farcical, burlesque, and bitter. Still neither exhibits helpless mockery and its converse of self-pity. "Renard" is savage but good-humored. "L'histoire" is weary, but comic without satiricality.

At the same time, these pieces reveal the limitation of Strawinsky's musical gift, exhibited in a certain monotony of theme and idea. One feels a fund of experience somehow not added to and developed in intricacy and inclusiveness. The composer has become a self-conscious artist, we observe. His style has grown individually rigid: the Egyptian angularity and stiffness of the Symphonies, devoid of all oriental sinuosity, almost marking the commencement of a new conception of musical writing. The dynamic changes in this piece are reduced to alternations of simple *fortes* and *pianos;* and, in place of the orchestral pedal underlying the orchestration of the entire romantic period, we are offered a far thinner sonority, a contrast of timbres in various groupings. Only, the impulse at work with this instrument is no longer quite ardent; the invention not very active. In "Les Noces," for example, one hears little besides rhythm.

The recent, post-bellum, neo-classical works show an impulse pretty thoroughly compromised. It is as though poor Strawinsky had lost contact with the quick of things; lost some certainty of feeling and sense of direction he once possessed. Pieces like the "Octett" and the "Concerto," the opera-oratorio "Œdipus Rex" and the ballet "Apollon Musagetes," contain memorable pages: notably the chorale in the "Octett," the choruses in "Œdipus," the finale and

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apotheosis in the ballet. On the whole, they are amiable, interesting, pleasant; with much to recommend them to musicians. But the idiom is curiously synthetic and stale. We seem previously to have experienced it. It has Strawinsky's characteristic harshness and imperiousness. But it is hybrid, full of classical, eighteenth-century turns and phrases. It practically embodies Handel, Bach, Rameau, Clementi; and the most recent of Strawinsky's works, "Le Baiser de la Fée" and the "Capriccio," include what to all purposes are direct quotations of Tchaikowsky and Liszt. Besides we touch nothing live and new in it; no grand circumjacent reality, no coursing stream of things. It is all too deliberate, cerebral, and disinfected. What we feel are systems, æsthetics, points of view, illustrated by the various works: catholicism, classicism, royalism, and all the rest of the shibboleths of polite, reactionary Europe. And then, this perpetual theorizing, rationalizing, self-justification!

The author of these pieces remains an eminent musician; undoubtedly a most ingenious one. Not a creative one, nevertheless. As the years pass and one mixture succeeds another and neo-classicism offers to make way for neo-romanticism, and that, in the words of a bright young friend of ours, for neo-modernism, Strawinsky's final place seems ever nearer that of Berlioz, of Richard Strauss, and of the other virtuosi, and ever farther from the seats of the great artists he once auspiciously approached.

It is not permissible to consider this adventure of Strawinsky's strictly personal. Doubtless, it has an individual cast, a specific pivot. Strawinsky was never a man of strong feeling. He commenced as a decided fatalist, conscious of the dominance of instinct; and it is with a perfect logic that his nature has sought to balance itself in developing a rationalistic tendency denying the passions a creative rôle. True, he had a moment of harmony, of integration, symbolized by "Les Noces." Then the Russian Revolution intervened and destroyed the balance. For Strawinsky began as a nationalist. And the unhappy event which made a spiritual exile of him, developed in him the conflicts and intellectualism familiar to Americans in the figures of their own expatriates.

Still, the particular form of Strawinsky's misadventure is to be thought of not so much as a cause as an effect. It is too evidently a part of the general failure of impulse in luckless Europe. The drought is thoroughgoing, and pervades many fields besides the musical. For the time, the mother has nothing new to give the world. We must bear this fact in mind, painful as it may prove to us who have received so much from her. But we must protect ourselves. We have something growing and new. The American arts are in bud again; how deliciously, is unknown even to America, to say nothing of Europe. For the first time we have some great musical potentialities. And standing waters breed poisons; and our young things are still in the tender, uncertain stages where toxins can affect them, and the spirit blowing in just such works as the latter Strawinsky's prove a fatal blight.

Is the torch passing to America? Mr. Rosenfeld will discuss "The New American Music" in an early number of SCRIBNER'S.

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Is America a Menace?

By CARLETON BEALS

Is the American dollar for peace or war? Elements in many countries denounce America as an imperialistic, militaristic nation. An experienced interpreter looks quite honestly at the charges and analyzes the forces in America which make for world disturbance and world stability.

Cartoons are curved mirrors reflecting wide-spread prejudices. In Europe, recently, I picked up a Munich *Simplicissimus* with a cartoon of a loathsome reptile, its tail coiled about the Statue of Liberty, its slimy length looping over the Atlantic Ocean. The serpent's body was daubed with stars and stripes; dollar-signs replaced the eyes; its black-fanged mouth yawned to swallow up a German workman's family. Like any average American with generous feelings toward foreign peoples, including our World War opponents, I was disconcerted to discover the United States in such a monstrous rôle.

Earlier, in Italy, I came across a cartoon in the Florence *Il 420*—"The Map of the World as Uncle Sam Wishes It to Be." Each of the five continents was depicted as the head of our bewhiskered avuncular guardian. *Izvestia* of Moscow contributed black cannon lowering over the Atlantic from a heap of moneybags; on the mouth of largest caliber perched a winsome dove of peace. Under the caption, "America for Itself and Everything for Americans," *Le Petit Provençal* showed a canny, grinning Uncle Sam scooping in Mexico and Central America with a large, bony hand.

Mr. Joad, the English publicist, declares: "At the signing of the armistice the United States was the most popular nation in the world. To-day America is feared and hated." Pertinax, the French journalist, persistently calls America the Pantagruel of the nations, with insatiable appetite to devour the world. The Spanish scholar Madariaga considers the Monroe Doctrine "a charter of American imperialism over the whole continent. . . . It is doubtful whether so far-reaching an operation of imperialism has ever been known in history." Read in Luís Ariquistain's books page after page of bitter denunciation of our supposed imperialism.

Mussolini, shortly before coming into power, blatantly announced to his Black Shirts: "The foreign policy of Italy has fallen into grave error. Even Wilson, that false prophet, instrument of Anglo-Saxon imperialism for the world monopoly of maritime communications, was believed. . . ." The new Napoleon X has since expressed himself similarly, though with more circumspection, for good American dollars have made pos-

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sible much of his cherished Lombard hydroelectric development.

At the time of the Stimson overtures in the Sino-Soviet dispute, Litvinoff brusquely called the State Department's attention to Yankee gunboats on the Yangtse and marine activities in Central America. The *Komsomolskaya* declared:

"'*All Is Calm in Haiti!*' Thus the American press loses no time in reassuring its bourgeois readers by telling them that, as before, American dreadnoughts defend the interests of the gentlemen of Wall Street. This time history has made a laughing-stock of the 'pacifism' of the American bankers, which had been so solemnly announced to the entire world."

Prominent Europeans characterized the Kellogg Paris pact as colossal hypocrisy, for with Kellogg's name had been intimately associated "jingoistic sabre-rattling toward Mexico," battles with Sandino, and the buttressing up of autocratic Latin-American governments by exaggerated loans. The European press pointed out that the Paris concordat took the teeth out of Briand's carefully considered original plan (for which Kellogg received final credit), that the new pact provided less moral and political force to sustain it, was less precise in its outlawry of war, than the existing Covenant of the League of Nations. Tongue in cheek, the Soviet Union adhered promptly, but the kept press of that country called the pact "a new coalition of capitalist powers against the Bolshevik Government."

The Latin-American complaint against us has been more persistent. Several decades ago Rodo's *Ariel* conceived us as a Caliban stamping out all cultural values in our southern neighbors and enslaving them to our own base materialistic needs. Fabela of Mexico, Ugarte and Palacios of Argentine, Fombona of Venezuela, De la Torre of Peru, García Monge of Costa Rica, and other writers have kept up an incessant barrage of denunciation of the "Colossus of the North." Organizations such as Apra, Ucsaya, and the Liga Anti-imperialista propagandize against us. Students have demonstrated. Boycotts have been called. Largely as a counterpoise to the Washington-controlled Pan-American Union, various South American countries have joined the League of Nations; at least sixteen countries have entered the Latin Union, avowedly "anti-Anglo-Saxon." At the last Pan-American congress in Havana, the press, from Mexico to Buenos Aires, heralded the fact that our protestations of friendship coincided with our bloodiest battles in Nicaragua and our continued occupation of Haiti. And Sandino's name has bagged more public plazas, squares, streets, and buildings in Latin America than its owner has bagged marines.

Of course, these exacerbated opinions can be countered by more friendly utterances. Paul Morand, the genial Frenchman who draws royalties from these shores, believes America the only civilized land; in Europe he now feels himself among barbarians. The Swedish guardians of the prize funds of Alfred Nobel, the ex-prophet of dynamite and peace, consider Mr. Kellogg brighter than he has been painted by neighbors irritated by burdensome debt payments. The Soviet authorities, though they decry our social system, are obliged to pay homage to our industrial superiority, to subsidize the capitalism they deplore, and to help solve their unemployment problem by buying hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of machinery and paying American technicians dizzy salaries to make their knowledge flower on the steppes and the slopes of the Urals. Partly Morrow's visit to Mexico, partly hope of financial assistance,

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makes President Ortíz Rubio enthusiastic about all things American. Ex-President Leguía, the late dictator of Peru, declared the Fourth of July a national holiday and sent President Hoover the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sun, with diamonds, and Stimson the Grand Cross, without diamonds—on discovering our generosity ran into hundreds of millions of dollars. And quite disinterested Latin-American friends not only admire our technical organizing genius but observe in us isolated symptoms other than crass materialism, and they stand up for us against the general tide of Latin-American vilification. To millions of humble in Europe the United States remains a symbol of new, untrammelled life, the golden land of opportunity.

Yet a large bloc of sincere opinion in all countries brands us as aggressive, militaristic, imperialistic—a menace to the world. Part of this opinion is reflex resentment at heavy war burdens and debts owed America. The picture of a Shylock with mean motives suggests that we will back up our money claims with armed force. Many Europeans condemn us for meddling in European affairs, while refusing to shoulder responsibilities: they conclude our isolationist policy is really watchful waiting to seize the best advantages and extend our financial overlordship. Europe is alarmed at our growing financial strength, and bewildered with conjectures as to our possible use of it. On Europe's horizon rise two great giants—the United States and Communist Russia; both are problems for the future; both are feared.

Part of this picture of a malevolent Uncle Sam has been deliberately painted by interested propaganda, the rationalization of countries themselves armed to the teeth, the governments of which, to convince their people of the need to maintain staggering war equipments, must conjure up demons of danger from every quarter in a world soon to be torn asunder by universal strife. Probably every European political leader believes his country will have to fight for its life within the next ten years. The European insists he is preparing to fight for elementary survival; but the United States must be preparing to extend present supremacy. Much ill feeling is a projection of this fear-mania.

Some of the Latin-American hostility is due to trade rivalry. English and German competitors impress upon southern customers that they are not only getting better bargains but are rendering patriotic service by boycotting imperialistic "made-in-America" goods and helping to check our triumphant march south to Tierra del Fuego. Much anti-imperialist propaganda has also been carried on by the Moscow Comintern.

II

These explanations do not by any means account for all existing anti-Americanism. Few of us are so smug as to ascribe all this antipathy to the known trait of curs snarling at the mastiff on top of the heap. Where there is smoke, there is fire. However much we disclaim aggressive intentions, our navy equals that of Great Britain, and we are likely to be launched on a billion-dollar building programme. The promotion of an innocuous peace pact fades to insignificance alongside this fact. We insist that our actions in Haiti, Panama, and Nicaragua obey more laudable purposes than those of Great Britain in Egypt—yet the world sees in both, imperialistic protection of sea routes vital for trade and war.

Writes Nicholas Murray Butler in his recent "The Path to Peace":

". . . it is a paradox but a truth that, despite the overwhelming [peace] senti-

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ment of the people of the United States, the Government of the United States has for some years past been the chief obstacle to every movement to make war unlikely and to advance the cause of peace."

Are we then unconsciously militaristic and imperialistic? Are we mouthing mere cant when we claim that our control over Porto Rico, our Platt Amendment for Cuba, our Caribbean interventions, our Monroe Doctrine are maintained for the noble uplift of backward peoples? Are we just more hypocritical than other nations?

Mr. Thomas Beer would answer, "No, we are just Americans." England used similar reasoning to justify imperialistic experiments, as Kipling's pregnant phrase, "the white man's burden," eloquently testifies. Peruse French parliamentary debates over Morocco and observe the recurring emphasis on the lofty duty of France to carry civilization in the most perfected form yet known to mankind to the benighted Moors, although the whole world knows quite well that France is primarily interested in developing a Trans-Sahara rail and auto route immune from sea and land attack, which will open up her rich central African colonies, provide tropical products necessary for modern industrial life, and establish an impregnable line over which may be rapidly transported black conscripts in case of another European conflagration. Spain talks in like vein of her own civilizing efforts in Morocco, though apparently Morocco will soon have to civilize Spain.

All countries are piling up armaments greater than before the war to end war and declaring they have no aggressive purposes. The "Preparatory Commission" on disarmament has met seven times with the net result that the military budgets of the five largest powers have increased twenty-seven per cent. Mussolini builds up land, sea, and air forces, rattles his sabre, receives thunderous cheers from his Black Shirts, then with mealy mouth declares Italy will never precipitate another war. France states that its enormous standing army, far in excess of any other country's, is merely for self-protection; but diplomatically she eggs on Poland against Russia and Germany; Rumania against Russia; Jugo-Slavia against Italy; and keeps the Balkans agitated. The Soviet Union stalks ahead with the secret-preparedness end of its Gosplan but insists Communism stands only for peace. Are they all dishonest and we the only honorable ones?

In part, a question of definition. Just what constitutes militarism? A nation is militaristic when its army and navy exercise a preponderant influence on foreign and domestic policies, as did the old Junker group in Germany. From this point of view, Spain, Mexico, and China are three of the most militaristic countries, yet no one fears their aggression. Without French aid Spain could not even have subdued her strip of Morocco. If the test is a large army establishment, then France, Italy, and Soviet Russia must be considered more militaristic than the United States. Almost any European country, outside of Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland, has proportionately larger forces than the United States. Countries like Jugo-Slavia and Poland are sitting on bayonets.

But many non-militaristic nations have acted militaristically. In spirit Great Britain is essentially non-militaristic, yet in every corner of the globe the Union Jack waves even when the sun sleeps. England is head of an empire. England is imperialistic. As a result of the World War, England added vast new areas to her already swollen domin-

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ions: great stretches in Africa and the South Sea Islands, mandates in the Near East. France also extended her domain. So did Italy. The United States, on the other hand, added not a square inch to her existing acquisitions; yet Europe carps at our insistence on partial debt settlement and calls us a menace. Why should we be so soft-hearted—not only to promote territorial expansion of the French and British empires, but also to make possible the continued enlargement of their fighting forces, which at some future date may be used against ourselves?

Yet let us not become self-righteous. In the Caribbean area, in Panama, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, we have resorted to overt military measures. Our rights in Panama were obtained by lesioning the sovereignty of Colombia; our rights in the Nicaraguan canal were obtained at a ridiculous price from a chamber surrounded by American bayonets; and those rights were held to, despite the concerted protests of Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras, and the adverse decision of the international Central American Court of Arbitration we ourselves had established. Our treaty occupations of Nicaragua and Haiti differ little from the French treaty arrangements with the Moroccan sultan or British treaties with various Indian potentates.

Yet verbally we are less imperialistic than in earlier periods. Up to shortly after the Civil War we had official expansionists in the Cabinet; the House and Senate echoed with blatant cries for territorial annexations. On various occasions we manœuvred to get Cuba; and for many decades our diplomatic efforts in Mexico were largely bent on schemes to get hold of the northern states of that country. In recent times only, an Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, once our representative to Díaz, Madero, and Huerta, argued in *The World Outlook* that the only Mexican solution was dismemberment. But, in general, the Civil War closed a swashbuckler epoch, destroyed the South's desire for new slave States, weakened emphasis upon territorial aggrandizement, transferring it to trade and investment. Up to that time the rampant Young America imperialists, the Blue Shirts of the early 'fifties, could shout for the annexation of a continent. President Buchanan's 1858 message declared: "It is, beyond question, the destiny of our race to spread themselves over the continent of North America. . . . The tide of emigrants will flow south, and nothing can eventually arrest its progress." The change is seen in Secretary of State Seward, who wanted "the triumphant annexation of Canada, Mexico and the West Indies," but lived to remark sadly: "We have come to value dollars more and empire less."

Our government to-day consistently disclaims any desire for territorial annexations. President Hoover told President Irigoyen that America would never again intervene in another Latin-American country. We declare we will get out of Haiti by 1935. We got out of Santo Domingo and Cuba and Honduras. We should jolly well like to get out of Nicaragua and the Philippines. In spite of the Soviet spy-glass on our Yangtse gunboats, no one believes we are snooping around for another Hongkong.

Fifteen years ago our Pershing expedition and Vera Cruz occupation in Mexico saw us crouched on the threshold of an intervention which might have carried us into an extended era of conquest on this continent. We drew back, as did the Soviet armies on the threshold of Manchuria, thus indicating that our national life obeys, at least for the time being, some rhythm of development

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other than that of the traditional colonial aggressions of Europe.

III

Karl Bickel, president of the United Press, in his recent "New Empires," probably strikes the typical American attitude:

"Real world conquest is no longer by rifle and battleship. . . . The economic forces of the future will shun war. Their domains will be purely economic. The creators of these great modern business empires have discovered the senselessness of attempting to impose an always unpopular and always expensive political government over an area in order to obtain economic domination. That was the old and stupid method, the way that led inevitably to war . . . to a dull bureaucracy and ultimate stagnation."

Unlike the various European Powers in the nineteenth century, who set out barefacedly to grab colonies by gunboat and rifle, we refrain from political conquest, but our business men are creating an economic empire. Does our financial expansion constitute imperialism?

Three noteworthy treatises on the theory and practice of imperialism have been written—by a Russian, an Englishman, and an American: Lenin, Hobson, Parker Moon. The Lenin doctrine, based on Marxianism, contends that capitalist societies are driven to seek foreign markets to dump excess supplies which their workers, not having received the full product of their labor, are unable to purchase. As the tempo of internal-capital reinversion slows up, entrepreneurs more and more are obliged to seek foreign fields. This leads to trade conflicts, spheres of influence, wars, colonial conquest. The damning account, according to Lenin, and hence to the Kremlin, is economic penetration. Political imperialism is incidental, an inevitable outgrowth of economic expansion.

All three works show indisputably that in the past economic control has led directly to colonial subjugation—to protect established interests, shut out other imperial competitors, monopolize trade. The annexation of India was antedated by the East India Company. Cecil Rhodes built up economic power in South Africa prior to British absorption. French, German, and Portuguese expansions were preceded by the activities of incorporated trading companies. In olden times, and even to-day, such resultant empires have striven to become self-sufficient economic and political units, through Colbert trade acts, laws of the Indies, English navigation acts, tariffs, armed defense.

Yet, in spite of high customs and political restrictions, American trade of the twentieth century has won its way into remote corners. Our commerce with Australia, India, and other parts of the British Empire has increasingly pushed aside established British business. In French Morocco tin Vacuum Oil signs crackle in the wind; Harold Lloyd grins from tea-leaf Arabic; and Mr. Wrigley's green simpering gnomes pry open Berber jaws with the traditional double-headed arrow. In Central Africa President Hoover might pass uncheered by the natives, but Mr. Gillette's mustache and bat-wing tie would be gleefully identified from the Congo to Madagascar.

If, as Parker Moon suggests, our Caribbean holdings, dependencies, and protectorates constitute an empire, that empire has greater commercial value than any other except Great Britain's. Yet this business would have flowed in our direction whatever the political relationship. Mexico, for two decades torn by nationalistic revolution, long bitterly hostile to the United States, has seen ex-

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port and import trade with us increase during that time in volume, value, and percentage of total.

If we can bring Mexico to terms by systematic diplomatic pressure, if England will pay for army upkeep in India while we capture the trade, we can well afford to laugh at old-style imperial crudities. Wave aside the Lenin definition, and we can honestly claim we are not imperialistic, that we have no territorial ambitions, that peace is more profitable to us than war.

Nor does the Lenin dictum that, having conquered economically, we will proceed inevitably to political conquest, necessarily follow. No one to-day doubts the greater profits of peaceful penetration; colonial wars are costly and bunglesome. Colonial conquest is faced with new opposing factors. National consciousness is more developed in the few remaining unsubjugated colonial areas; and most existing dependencies are on the move toward freedom. The rights of small nations, however violated at times, have more validity than during the last century. World publicity is better organized; the acts of invading armies are more closely scrutinized and criticised. World sentiment is more definitely marshalled against colonial conquest.

But peaceful penetration has its drawbacks. Profits and investments can be wiped out overnight by unfavorable legislation or revolution. Mexico has offered us a picture of possible tribulations for venturesome American capital. During the revolutionary disturbances many American companies lost property through confiscations and radical legislation. Our government was faced with the alternative of precipitating intervention or depending upon diplomatic pressure. The latter was only partially successful in averting losses, but the United States as a whole undoubtedly gained by this restraint, for intervention would have cost more than the total value of our investments. But in the future Latin-American and other governments are apt to take similar short-cut punitive measures to seize national control over their resources, and losses will be occasioned which mere diplomatic pressure can only partially mitigate.

IV

Unwittingly we have forced most Latin-American countries into industrial activities contributing to our own needs but reducing them to one-product regions to the detriment of any rounded national economy. The constant demand of our factories for raw materials, monopolistic control by American capital, and the industrial backwardness of the affected countries have subordinated their productive life almost as effectively as though we ruled them by bayonets and viceroys and had invoked exclusive navigation acts, imperial tariffs, and other restraints, and had proscribed the manufacture of goods competing with our own. The prosperity of such countries is thus made dependent upon price fluctuations and taxation of a few given products; government is dominated by the capital operating the leading industry and is corrupted by loans, loans oppressive to the population if paid; representing appreciable loss to unwary American bond-holders if unpaid.

And so, to support our financial and industrial expansion, to guarantee the steady flow of raw materials and interest payments, and prevent "Mexican episodes," our State Department has seized upon the slogan "Stability at any price." This and loans have buttressed up such iniquitous dictators as Leguía in Peru, Ibañez in Chile, Gómez in Venezuela, Siles in Bolivia, Machado in Cuba, etc. —a short-sighted policy, for to freeze Latin-American political life in feudal

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agrarian moulds prevents normal evolution toward a modern economy, limits the buying capacity of the poverty-stricken inhabitants for our own products, and intensifies resultant revolutions.

In the Caribbean this policy has been made iron-clad—what might be termed a Pan-Canal Zone policy. For this area European loans are taboo. Concessions to Europeans are vigorously opposed. European mediation between countries is forbidden. Governments are obliged to keep their finances in order or suffer unpleasant consequences. Governments installed by revolution are not recognized. The threat of armed intervention is a constant club.

Toward Mexico and South American countries, because larger or more remote and politically conscious, these policies are less thoroughly enforced; but we maintain and have had recognized by the League of Nations an exclusive Monroe Doctrine—a typical sphere of influence camouflaged by the noble aim of protecting the Americas against European imperialism. So far as possible we exclude European capital, and in the matter of government loans attempt to maintain a closed door (such as we protested against in China—on purely libertarian grounds, of course); we bar certain types of concessions (such as the Lower California land-grant to Japanese, and oil and other leases to British capital in Colombia near the canal); we weigh down Latin-American peoples with oppressive bond-issues (such as those for Bolivia, Peru, and Brazil); we attempt to exclude all European mediation in New World international disputes; we try to shape the character of internal government by intervention, diplomatic pressure, withholding recognition, and by threats, loans and other favors. This fencing off a portion of the world's surface to further our own interests is closely akin to imperialism. As a result, the greater part of Latin America, except for corrupt cliques squandering loans and public moneys, considers us a menace.

Some might say the answer is—"Keep out." King Canute told the sea to stand still. Not only does Latin America need capital, but the world cannot await too leisurely development of backward regions. For us this is an inexorable process. Consider the effect upon American industry if our rubber supply were cut off for two months. Nearly every business in this country would be paralyzed. The flow of such raw materials must not be interrupted. The War Department, for instance, has listed twenty-six "strategic products" not found in this country in sufficient quantities, but absolutely essential for the march of industry and for national defense. A highly industrialized United States, suddenly turned Communist, would have to seek these supplies with as much insistence, mayhap ruthlessness, as any other type of government.

Our present Latin-American policy, one foot in imperialism, the other in altruism, is not entirely hypocritical. It is compromise. It is a halting, sometimes intelligent, sometimes stupid, sometimes enlightened, sometimes brutal attempt to meet a new twentieth-century situation. We may be drawn more and more into dictating Latin America's internal affairs; or we can still back off from further armed interventions. We can increasingly respect Latin-American sovereignty and gradually substitute the Monroe Doctrine with bona-fide political co-operation. We can still regulate our economic expansion and prevent the unloading upon the American public of unsound, ill-advised government loans; we can seek to stimulate more rounded economic development in the countries involved, help promote education, and

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improve living standards for the sake of future markets now non-existent.

V

A danger for ourselves and for the world is the possibility that, as our stake increases, our foreign policies will be less and less dictated by international justice but subordinated to financial self-interest. Already we have come to use recognition as a weapon to dictate the internal affairs of other countries. Nor is debt-payment a proper yard-stick for the recognition of revolutionary governments. We should be wary, also, of using our financial leverage on the world to dictate political policies, as France has done in Poland and Jugo-Slavia, as Italy has done in Albania, as England has done many times in the Near East.

The last, in part, explains Europe's fear of us. We can, if we choose, outdistance her in the wrong use of imperial finance. Europe does not fear us in the way that Latin America does. She does not believe that we will settle her domestic affairs by armed intervention or that we seek territorial expansion in Europe, Africa, or the Orient. Europe is alarmed because of our wealth and power and because of her uncertainty regarding how our new strength will ultimately be used.

Europe, as well as Latin America, resents the increasing ownership of vast home industries by American capital, not to mention the debts. Much as European countries need and seek our financial co-operation, it is galling to see national resources pass into the hands of foreigners, and profits go, not to enriching the homeland but to alien bondholders. And so European countries are in a quandary. One moment they enact legislation to thwart our penetration; the next they scramble for our financial assistance to help them over the bumps.

For Europe is sick. It was sick before the World War. Giosue Carducci, the post-unification poet of Italy, regarded Europe as an old and rotting harridan, covering her wrinkles with meretricious cosmetics. The thin veneer of political democracy, laid upon the European wardrobe of feudal and aristocratic cracks, racial and class worm-holes, and bourgeois warping, to make it look good as new, merely served to conceal impending World War collapse. The factory system, more and more, is world-wide in its ramifications; Europe was and is jarringly national. The Versailles treaties heaped up old animosities, made new frontiers, in some ways more absurd than previous ones, put racial minorities where they did not belong. Instead of barriers being broken down to contribute to economic health, the barriers grow higher—tariffs, national jealousies, armed force.

Europe, less self-sufficient than the United States, can no longer expand a system created for expansion; and the Continent, where population increased so rapidly during the past few centuries, now is faced with lowering standards of living. Europe must seek a new political and industrial technic or gradually sink to a semicolonial status. It must seek a new centralization, a freer mobilization of its resources, a unification of its distributing machinery, if it wishes to compete with American and Soviet mass-production. This demands a new style of living which is unappetizing to a Europe cherishing old individualisms and a long-standing enjoyment of a once superior cultural heritage.

Many European thinkers see the dilemma clearly—a united Europe, a Europe held to American financial bondage, or a Communist Europe. Briand's solution is perhaps the only road to health; but traditional national hatreds make his project Utopian.

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Thus Europe becomes the battle-ground for the establishment of a new producing technic expressed by two conflicting social tendencies—American and Russian. Europe fears Communism and it fears the Soviet state. The Soviet Government, exploiting superior resources, centralizing control of foreign commerce, is able to direct that commerce largely where it wills; and, if its industrial programme works out, will be able temporarily to sell the output of any one industry below cost by placing the burden on other industries—a ruinous competition no other European state would be able to meet. And, even if the form of government in Russia alters, the problem for Europe will ultimately be only partially changed.

The United States would be the only nation with sufficient capital surplus and sufficient industrial efficiency to stand such a shock and perhaps buttress up Europe's industrial and credit system while successively modifying it. But Europe does not enjoy the prospect of subordinating her economic life to American capital and American technical genius. A devil-deep-sea choice is not a pleasant one.

For other reasons Europe scans us with anxious eyes. In case of war we are likely to be drawn into any decisive world struggle, and our participation would probably determine, as before, the final turn of events. But, since our friendship cannot be gained in the old manner of secret diplomacy, we remain an *x* quantity in international relations. Various countries have endeavored to compromise us with future political commitments to break down our aloofness, but without success. And so our financial control, our increasing ownership of Europe's resources, and our unoriented strength arouse apprehension as to how our new might will be used in the next world crisis. And if, as a result of such a crisis, Europe does not fall into the abyss of violent revolutions, she is apt to emerge more indebted to us than before.

This very fear helps keep Europe in order, however much she may blame us for her own deficiencies. In many ways we are preserving European peace, despite Mr. Butler's pessimistic picture of our refusal to co-operate in schemes of armed enforcement. Our investments are so catholicly placed in so many countries that inevitably we are more interested in the status quo than in armed conflict. We wish Europe to plunge neither into war nor into revolutions. For us stability is worth making sacrifices to attain; and, far from being a military menace, we are more likely than most European countries to prevent as far as possible any overturn of the European apple-cart. We have already mitigated the rigors of the Versailles settlement through the Dawes and Young debt reductions. We celebrate no entangling alliances and avoid all direct political responsibility, yet every dollar sent abroad creates an entangling economic alliance, not with any one country or clique of countries, but with Europe as a whole. Our biggest stake of all is—European peace.

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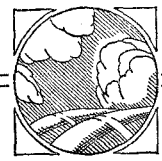

The Westernizing of China

WHAT THE CHINESE ARE DOING

By GROVER CLARK

War-lords come and go in China and their alliances shift with amazing rapidity, but Western ideas are pouring into China in a steady and ever-increasing flood. Mr. Clark reveals, in the first of two articles, that Westerners themselves are no longer the principal factors in the advance of Western ideas. The dangers and the benefits of the new era are pointed out.

Almost every summer, somewhere on the flat plains of central China, a flooded river rises against its mud dikes, breaks through, spreads across the fields, fills the road through a village of mud houses, and gnaws ravenously at the bases of the mud walls until these crumble. Then, when the flood subsides, the villagers return to their homes, patch up the dike, gather together the timbers from their collapsed houses, scrape mud together, and rebuild their habitations. I have seen all this happen.

The destruction and rebuilding have been repeated hundreds of times in the long centuries of China's history. In these more recent years, however, a new factor has been introduced, tending toward permanent ending of the periodical destruction. Dikes are being reinforced with stone and concrete. Here and there houses are being built of material more substantial than mud or sun-dried brick. Proper channels for draining off flood waters are being dug. Here a little, there a little, is being done toward creating a new way of living, safe from the floods—and it is being done with ideas and methods and materials learned or imported from the modern West. These new practices also I have seen.

The flooding and rebuilding of these villages is symbolical of what has been happening to China's ancient civilization since the stream of Western ideas and ways began to pour into that country a century and a half ago and as that stream swelled into a flood—a flood which is still rising. The old civilization of China has disintegrated, like the mud walls of the houses. But the materials are still there, and new materials are at hand. In due course a different and perhaps more substantial civilization will be built—a civilization in which the old from China's past will be combined with the new from the modern West. Something of this remaking of a civilization, I have seen.

Confusion is inevitable in such a process—civil wars, rapid political changes, labor disturbances, ill-considered agita-

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tion on this or that half-understood ground, and similar white crests breaking on the surface as the deeper currents swirl and clash. These incidents of the change necessarily form the raw material of the "news" for they are the conspicuous features of the process. But they are by no means the whole picture, of course.

II

Fifty, twenty-five, even ten, years ago Westerners led in the Westernizing of China. They still play an important part —that story is to be told later. But the day of the foreigner imposing his will, his religion, or his goods on China is gone; the Chinese have taken control of affairs in their own country, for good or ill.

Gone, too, is the day of the old men looking backward to China's ancient glories. To an amazing extent, China's leaders to-day are young and deeply influenced by the modern West. And behind the prominent figures are thousands upon thousands who in one way or another have been touched to the quick in their ideas and ways by Western influences—through studying or working outside of China, or attending missionary schools, or working for or with foreign business men or missionaries, or reading the scores of translations which have been made of the principal literary, philosophical, scientific, social, and political writings of the West, or seeing Western movies, or reading news of the West in the papers.

Through such channels as these a flood from the West directly, or indirectly through Japan, is and has been sweeping over the communities in the great port cities and along the trade routes. It has spread out over the whole land, the rivulets penetrating into the farthest corners. How many Chinese in all have been affected more or less vitally by Western influences, it would be impossible to say. The total unquestionably is a large proportion of the Chinese people. Here and there some old scholar still remains scornful of all the new, but even he finds himself compelled to know something of that new in order to express his scorn in terms which his hearers will understand. The mass of the people still follow in the main the round of life and duty trodden by their generations of ancestors, but they are using new things in new ways in that round. The cigarette—introduced from the West only thirty years ago—has almost completely replaced the old water-pipe even on the far borders of Tibet. Kerosene from the West, instead of vegetable oils or fats, lights even tiny hovels in remote Kansu. Wrist-watches are on sale along the foot-hills of the Himalayas. And no peasant, driven to banditry by famine or oppression, would dream of using the old-fashioned spear instead of the modern rifle—if he could get a rifle. Small matters these, perhaps, but every carton of cigarettes or tin of oil or watch or cartridge is packed with an "invisible cargo" of new points of view, and the fact that such modern things have penetrated so deeply into the country suggests something of the way the new ideas also have filtered through.

III

So much, in fact, has the tide of ideas and ways from the West permeated Chinese life, especially the life of the leading classes, that it now is virtually impossible for any man to achieve influence without a measure of working familiarity with Western thought and methods. And the old acceptance of age as a necessary qualification for leadership has passed with the old unquestioning respect for the classics.

Some indication of how the leader-

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ship has passed to those under fifty who have Western training is furnished by a check of such a list as that given in the "Who's Who" section of the China Year Book for 1929–30. This list by no means includes all the men of prominence or influence; it is particularly incomplete outside the political and military fields; it is, however, reasonably representative.

Something over six hundred persons are listed. For a few, no data are given as to year of birth or education. Omitting these, the record is:

EDUCATED IN	BORN BEFORE 1880	BORN 1880–89	BORN 1890 OR SINCE	TOTAL
China	121	74	45	240
United States	24	79	59	162
Japan	25	84	18	127
Great Britain	7	29	10	46
Elsewhere abroad	7	27	15	49
Total	184	293	147	624

Or, to put it differently: Of the leaders, 47 per cent are between forty and fifty; 70 per cent are under fifty; 38 per cent were educated in China, 26 per cent in the United States, and 22 per cent in Japan.

The leaders under fifty were educated as follows: 27 per cent in China and 73 per cent abroad; 31 per cent in the United States; 23 per cent in Japan; 9 per cent in Great Britain; 10 per cent elsewhere abroad.

These figures, while only approximately indicative, suggest something of the extraordinary degree to which men who have been abroad to study, and men who still are in the prime of life, are occupying the places of power in China to-day. Even of the 38 per cent who are not listed as having studied abroad, it probably is safe to say that three-quarters at least (certainly practically all of those fifty years old or less) have had close contact with foreigners in various capacities and have devoted considerable time to studying things Western.

Even those who have had no opportunity to go abroad to study are reaching out for Western contacts. There is, for example, Y. W. Wong. He still is only forty-three, but for ten years he has been editor-in-chief for the largest publishing house in the Far East—the purely Chinese Commercial Press. He had never been abroad until last spring, but he studied English, French, and several other languages and mastered them as a means of keeping in touch with the West. And there is Chiang Kia-ngau, only forty-two now but for nine years the active head of the Bank of China. He had a year or so of study in Japan as a very young man, but that was his only experience outside of China until he went, last spring, to attend the international bankers' meeting in Holland. Yet he has learned English, French, and German—and has been the outstanding leader in the building up of modern banks in China on Western models. The list might be prolonged almost indefinitely—men in business, men in politics, men in education, men in religion; men who for one reason or another had missed the chance of much study in the West during their school-days but who have filled the gap since, and now, holding positions of much influence, have a working knowledge of what is going on in Western countries, and are taking the lead in remaking their own country on Western lines.

Incidentally, this point is interesting: practically all of the military men who now hold, or have held in recent years, positions of prominence received their early military training in Japan. The few exceptions—such as the former Manchurian chieftain, Chang Tso-lin—had close associations at one time or another with Japanese military organiza-

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tion. In the past few years, Germany and Russia have contributed to military training in China, but Japan has been the chief teacher—and Japan learned from Germany forty years ago. On the other hand, most of the civilian leaders trained abroad got their education in the United States, but while a large number of Chinese students still are coming to this country, even more have begun going to France in the last two or three years.

IV

Even ten years ago the balance of control was still with the men of an older generation, men reared in the main in the old traditions. As long as such men were dominant, there was little real likelihood of sound reconstruction along lines involving the incorporation into the new China of the very important suggestions as to technic and attitude which profitably could be borrowed from the West. Now the balance has shifted. Men who were boys when the Republic was started in 1911—boys filled with enthusiasm but without practical political experience; boys who have grown up in the new atmosphere and have had twenty years of ripening—have come into control. That is one of the several profoundly significant aspects of the situation in China which easily is overlooked in the hurly-burly of the politico-military confusion.

The change, however, has been accompanied by dangers. The break-down of old standards and customs, for example, is coming faster than the firm establishment of new. Consequently, there is what seems at times a painful lack of standards of any sort. Young men and women by the thousands are putting into practice all sorts of declarations of independence—from their families, from school authorities, from old traditions of decorum—and in many cases are simply running wild, like rudderless ships in a storm. When the girls bob their hair as a symbol of their "new freedom," no very great breach is made in the foundations of the Chinese social system. But when boys and girls by the hundreds decide that they will disregard completely the wishes of the families on both sides and get married simply by advertising in the newspapers that they are living together, the desire to be "free" on "Western" lines has created a serious menace to the stability of Chinese society. In this as in similar examples which might be cited, the difficulty is simply that the old standards are being swept away before new ones have been set up and firmly established.

Another danger is that in the confusion of the present period of change, and because Western ideas and ways are so much sought after, much that is of great value from China's long past will be lost. China can learn from the West to considerable advantage. But for her own sake, that learning should be in the form of grafting onto the main trunk of Chinese civilization, not of cutting down the old tree and planting an imported sapling in its place.

Fortunately, both of these dangers are beginning to be realized in China. The students are less chaotically self-assertive and more ready to attend to their studies than they were a few years ago. Bobbed hair and marriage by advertisement have lost some of the appeal of novelty and are becoming less "the thing." Increasingly one hears leaders in various fields urging the necessity of adapting to Chinese conditions what is taken from the West instead of uncritically adopting Western ways in place of Chinese. And, not least important, each year that goes by brings added experience and maturity to the present and rising leaders. By the time the chief figures are between fifty and sixty years old, instead

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of between forty and fifty, as they are now, the pressure for stability will be enormously increased.

V

A "Republic" came in China in 1911 chiefly because the old and degenerate Manchu dynasty crumbled before the flood of Western ideas. China was not ready for a modern democracy—she is not yet ready. But attempts to remodel the old forms so as to adapt them to the new ideas failed in 1898 and again in 1908. The old was too inflexible; the tide of the new was too strong. The structure collapsed—and whatever political habitation the Chinese may build for themselves in the future, one thing is certain: it will not be the old backward-looking absolute monarchy. The new will have built into it much from the West—as all of the Chinese civilization which is in the making will have.

Neither will the new be a mere copy of the latest from the West, as the enthusiastic youths and their inexperienced leaders tried to make the Republic in 1911–12. Sun Yat-sen—American and British educated—and his associates then drew up a constitution based on the newest in the West, that of France. They thought that to get a paper form of the right sort would suffice. Many well-wishers told them it would not—including Doctor Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University, who, in his capacity as adviser to the Chinese Government, said that a monarchy seemed more adapted to conditions in China. The paper constitution did not bring the millennium—as Sun and others found in the years which followed.

Experience and maturity changed their ideas. Before he died, in 1925, Sun had committed himself to a form of government based essentially on the old Chinese system of administration of the guilds—the committee system. The constitution adopted in 1928, after the Nationalist authority had been established (nominally) over the whole country, shows the effects of the more realistic political thinking of the men who now are experienced leaders but who in 1911–12 were enthusiastic youngsters. It frankly recognizes that China is not ready for a democracy, creates a party dictatorship, scraps republican forms, and sets up an administrative system based partly on the old Chinese guilds and partly on the latest devices developed in Russia and Italy. It is a combination, that is, of the old and the new, and is more or less adapted to the realities of the situation as it actually exists—in both respects being different from any of the previous constitutions.

Chiang Kai-shek, head of this administration, is typical of the new leaders. He is forty-three. He studied some in Japan. He shared as a young man in the immature enthusiasms of 1911–12. He worked in Shanghai, breathing the atmosphere of a Western-administered treaty port. He was associated with Sun Yat-sen, drinking in ideas which the "Father of the Republic" had imbibed during his own studies in Western schools. He utilized what the West, through Russians, had to offer in military science to create the core and organization of the Nationalist armies which swept from Canton to Peking in 1926–28. He looks on Mussolini and Napoleon, rather than any Chinese leaders of the past, as examples to follow. After reaching prominence, he divorced his old-fashioned Chinese wife and married a charming graduate of Wellesley College—and began to study English seriously.

C. T. Wang, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is more specifically Westernized. He graduated from Yale, went into Y. M. C. A. work in China, was made

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vice-president of the senate at the start of the Republic (when he was twenty-five and had had no political experience), has been prominent in China's foreign affairs for fifteen years, and to-day, at forty-five, is a seasoned veteran in politics and diplomacy, urging that haste be made slowly in readjusting China's treaty relations with the foreign powers and in remaking China.

Then there is T. V. Soong, of Harvard and Wall Street, still under forty but for five years the dominant financial figure in Nationalist affairs. He has achieved a double distinction, unique in political history in China for many decades—though he is Minister of Finance, he actually holds the confidence and goodwill of the Chinese bankers, and this makes his position in the government so strong that to a marked degree he dictates to the military chiefs instead of simply submitting to their orders. And he presses hard for the reorganization of China's whole financial structure on Western lines; he got a special commission of American financial experts, headed by Doctor Kemmerer, to go to China to advise what should be done.

The list might be continued. Of the twenty-three different individuals who were members of the State Council or who held the rank of Minister in the government at Nanking on June 30, 1930, only four were over fifty. Twenty-one had studied abroad, and the other two had been abroad for considerable periods. As of the same date, forty-four different individuals were listed as members of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang or as in the group just mentioned. Of these, no data as to age or training is given for five. Of the remaining thirty-nine, only five are over fifty. Thirty-five of the thirty-nine—including all of those over fifty—studied abroad. The other four have been abroad at various times. This amazing preponderance of young men who have had first-hand contact with other nations than their own continues through the lower ranks of officialdom at Nanking and, to a somewhat but not greatly lesser degree throughout the country.

VI

Formerly there was no public education as such in China. All the teaching was in the form of tutoring in the classics, arranged for privately—except the specialized technical training provided by the guilds and temples. The object was to pass the old examinations. Then, in 1905, an Imperial decree abolished this examination system, and Chinese education turned its face forward instead of backward. The Westernizing process has gone forward, with the changes chiefly following American lines because most of the leaders were American educated.

Various shifts have been made in the groupings of the school years. To-day this grouping is as in most American schools, in the official system—lower and higher primary, junior and senior "middle school," college. The National Educational Association has worked out a system of uniform text-books for the primary grades throughout the country—text-books which deal with arithmetic, geography, hygiene, and world history, among other things, instead of the ideas of Confucius alone. These books are compulsory for all primary schools, by order of the Ministry of Education—which also has ruled that "mandarin" Chinese shall be the dialect spoken and taught in all the primary schools so as to end the confusion of many tongues.

Science teaching—of a sort—has been started in the middle schools. Special colleges are devoted to law, agriculture, technical training, medicine, in various parts of the country, and the whole

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range of "arts" subjects is covered in the regular colleges, nominally at least.

Much remains to be done, of course. In fact, school facilities in China are wofully short of the need, and what schools, especially government schools, there are, frequently fall very far below any high standards. Politico-military disturbances, and the consequent shortage of funds, seriously interfere with the school work; so seriously that the standards to-day probably are lower than they were ten years ago. Nevertheless, in 1920 there were not more than 6,000,000 in more or less modernized schools in China, and to-day there are about twice that number. (Both figures based on estimates from the sale of text-books, the only even approximately adequate means of getting at figures on this subject.)

Missionary schools formerly led in educational reform, and even now the missionary universities are, as a whole, the best. American educators visiting China also have given much impetus toward the change. In recent years, however, "returned students," chiefly from the United States, have taken over the task of remaking Chinese education.

Chiang Mon-lin (Columbia) carried the National University at Peking through long, stormy years, and with a number of Western-trained associates made it the fountain-head of the reviving intellectual life of China; and subsequently, as Minister of Education, he has pushed forward the modernization of Chinese education as part of the work of the Nationalist government. American-trained Chang Po-lin has built up one of the two or three best universities in China—Nankai, at Tientsin; a private and purely Chinese institution. "Jimmie" Yen (Yale and Princeton) fathered the "mass-education" movement and by it has made reading a reality for millions of China's former illiterates. Hu Shih (Cornell and Columbia) and his associates trained in the United States and France have put through a "literary revolution" of incalculably great significance, bringing about the use for all writing, even of official government documents, of the current spoken language instead of the dead classical forms—a change comparable to that achieved by Chaucer and Wycliffe in making English instead of Latin a reputable literary medium. Y. T. Tsur (Yale and Wisconsin) and H. C. Zen (Cornell and Columbia), as successive Directors of the China Foundation, have made education in science the beginning of a reality in the Chinese schools. J. Heng Liu (Harvard), F. C. Yen (Yale), W. S. New (Harvard), and Robert Lim (Edinburgh) are leading in modernizing medical practice, substituting modern science for the ancient hit-or-miss methods.

As yet these men—all well under fifty—and their hundreds of compatriots who are hard at work in the educational field have been able to do little more than scratch the surface. Most of the youths of China still get no schooling, and the government and private schools still are far too few and too poor. But in spite of civil wars, a start is being made. Young men, trained abroad and now possessed of some years of experience, are driving hard at the job of giving China a modern and adequate education system—though one reads little of them or their doings in the newspapers, even in China, principally because, as one of them said to me: "We are so busy working we haven't time to write about what we are doing."

VII

Twenty years ago there were only seven modern-style Chinese banks in China. The total paid-in capital was less

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than $15,000,000. To-day there are over two hundred such banks, with paid-in capital of over $135,000,000.

Cotton-mills were virtually unknown in China at the turn of the century. Most of the cloth which the people wore was woven on hand-looms by the peasants for their own use; the rest was imported. Foreigners built some spinning-mills. They were hugely successful. Now, of the 3,613,000 spindles in operation in China, 2,099,000 are in Chinese-owned mills, and the Chinese have $130,000,000 invested in this business.

Department stores of the modern sort did not exist in China when the Republic began, though a few foreign firms maintained "shops." Now Shanghai has two big purely Chinese department stores, comparable with almost any in the West (Wing On's and Sincere's, with branches in other cities), and the foreign firms are having a hard time meeting the competition.

The Chinese invented printing, but Westerners brought modern printing methods and machinery to China. Now the purely Chinese Commercial Press is easily the largest publishing and printing house in the Far East, and one of the largest in the world. It does work in practically all languages—and it is getting most of their business away from its foreign rivals.

So it goes. In all its phases, Chinese economic life is being remodelled along Western lines—and the Chinese are proving that they can become serious rivals of their teachers. Many mistakes are being made. The technic of large-scale organization still scarcely has begun to be understood, and modern financing methods and standards still are far from being thoroughly grasped. Yet there are striking exceptions, among individuals and firms. T. V. Soong and Y. W. Wong have been mentioned, as have some of the big Chinese firms, though not, by name, the heads of these firms who, mostly still comparatively young men, have successfully studied Western methods in order to apply them in China. W. W. Yen (University of Virginia), to cite another example, after a distinguished and honorable political career, two years ago (when he was forty-seven) became head of a newly organized trading company in Tientsin. With a capital of $100,000, that firm last year, while the foreign firms were complaining that the disturbed conditions had ruined business, had a turnover of $1,500,000 and made gross profits of a quarter of a million.

VIII

China is being Westernized—at an amazing speed when seen in the perspective of Europe's history as well as her own. The newspapers report the striking incidents of the inevitable confusion. These are real. Equally real and perhaps more significant are the less spectacular transformations. Foreigners have contributed and are contributing to the change, in ways to be discussed in another article. But to-day the Chinese have taken control of China—and the leadership is in the hands of men still young who have been very largely influenced by the West.

Mr. Clark's second article on the westernizing of China, "Foreign Activities and the Future," dealing with the effect of Western ideas on China and the possibilities of industrialization, will appear in an early number.

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Portuguese North

By MORRIS GILBERT

A story of love tested by an ocean voyage

She came swinging around the footpath into the sun-drenched Alameda precisely at eleven o'clock, and even though that was the hour and the very minute which had been agreed upon a fortnight earlier, Macklin found himself bewildered to see her. As he got up from his bench and moved forward, he realized that he had never believed she would come, to live with him, even for the ten days they had agreed upon.

The plan, made in Paris, seemed even more improbable in its actual working out than it had seemed in prospect. True, he had followed his part of it meticulously, all the way down to Valencia. He had carried out every detail to the last, which was to take reservations on the little Dutch freighter. He had even ordered flowers for her cabin.

But to find that she too had done her share, down to the final essential step of appearing punctually and indubitably in the flesh at eleven o'clock of a spring morning in the Alameda of the Sun Coast city suddenly passed reality. It was miraculous, like the appearance of the little stab of light which marks, from the deck of a liner, the landfall at night after a long, stormy, sunless Atlantic crossing. More miraculous, indeed. For the landfall is, after all, patiently and firmly expected. While this, Macklin was finding out as she approached, had not been expected at all! Yet there she was!

She was exquisite to look at, more exquisite under the Spanish sun than he remembered her in the foggy northern capital. Her costume was, as always, effective, a tweedish thing fit for travelling, which nevertheless managed to be womanly, youthful, and seductive. With a tingle Macklin knew how that effect could be, for once he had been privileged to know for an intimate hour that body which carried the cloth so swimmingly. That had been in Paris. And here, so far away, she was bringing herself to him again. She was smiling.

"Here you are!" said Macklin. The pressure of her gloved hand had an electric, a secret, pleasure in it. Their hands were sharing excitement. "On time too! I had no chance to worry."

"Would you rather I was coquettish?"

Macklin shook his head. "No. Impatience has been enough without that. I would have soured with waiting, and that would have been bad for our test!"

"Yes," she said. "It's worth working at."

"You think so!" His voice was joyous. She made a little gesture, hands open.

"Here I am!"

At close range he took in again her

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features, the long-lidded gray eyes with their look of understanding, courage, and clarity; the slender nose with its slight arch which gave her face such a suggestion of breeding; the resolution of her lips softened by their chiselled curves; all set in a delicate frame of brow, cheeks, and chin.

"My luggage is on board," he said. "Yours——"

"Is at the Messageries quay, as we planned."

He chuckled. "You kept the plan?"

"Exactly."

"You left Paris nine days after I did?"

"From the Gare de Lyon."

"Reached Marseilles that night?"

She nodded again. "Yes, and took ship for Valencia next afternoon, getting here two hours ago. Just as you planned. You would be a wonderful courier!"

He laughed. "How do you know I'm not—or haven't been?"

She glanced at him, realizing for the hundredth time how little she knew this man. "Your manners are too assured," she said, "and you don't use pomade on your hair." It was nice hair, she noted, crisp in the sunlight, and very gray. She didn't even know his age, but it would not be much less than forty. Well, there was gray in her hair too!

Had they been each ten years younger, Joanna Keye decided, they would have cleared up all those unessentials in ten minutes. She would have known where he had been "raised" in the States, whom he had married (if anybody), and where she might be at the moment —dead, a divorcée, or back home; what he "did," and how well. . . . He would have had all the corresponding facts about her. . . . But a certain reticence grows up with time. When this "test" had logically occurred to them as not too mad, they had casually agreed that they were probably the only people in the world who could make it; because of the absence of "entanglements." The word was his. This would involve nobody but themselves, nobody on earth, not even their friends.

As Macklin pointed out, it was none of their friends' business, and they would set about keeping it secret by the carefully elaborated schedule which brought him to Valencia by way of Biarritz and sent her ostensibly for a solitary promenade on the Riviera. . . . It was "safer," they agreed, than staying in Paris. For clearly they were avid for each other—Joanna Keye was frank enough to admit it. That was settled. As for the rest, the test would tell.

"We sail this afternoon," said Macklin. "We are the only passengers. The *Anna van Borsselen* is our private yacht! And"—his eyes were sparkling—"we have the run of the bridge!"

He looked to see how she would take this information. Her face had not lighted in response, so he added an explanation of his own delight. "You see, I was at sea during the war. Since that time I've made only casual voyages as a passenger. I've never been able to look forward from a bridge since. Never got an unobstructed view of horizons, picked out shipping, watched with a seaman's endless curiosity everything that stirs in the deep, caught lights at night, taken interminable bearings, known the routine of a ship at sea. You have no idea what it means to me, to taste that life again, almost as if I were part of it! . . ."

They didn't sail, however, until ten that night. Lighters piled high with crates of oranges clung to the *Anna van Borsselen's* sides long after dark. The winches rumbled and clattered, and the gangs in the holds worked by brilliant light clusters. Joanna Keye and Macklin had lunched ashore and came on board at three o'clock. The mess-boy, a blond young north Hollander, showed them

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their cabins. Hers, on the starboard side under the bridge, was roomy, with a big divan. His, on the opposite forward corner of the middle house, less large.

"How luxurious," she said. "Oak-panelled walls, plenty of space. It's nicer than a transatlantic liner." She sat on the divan. The mess-boy went away.

Macklin sat beside her. "This is better than Paris," he said. The light streamed in through a big oblong port. He got up and pulled the curtains close. Then he was beside her again, and he had her hand at his lips.

"I must unpack," she said.

"There's no hurry."

"I——"

She couldn't continue her words, because he was kissing her. Slowly she turned toward him. Her arm went around his neck. "My hat," she managed to say. He gently pushed it off her forehead, off her head, his lips not leaving hers. Then swiftly he got to his feet, reached the door in two paces, and turned the key in the lock.

Joanna and Peter Macklin had met at one of those odd inconglomerate gatherings of American expatriates which take place in Paris most any afternoon in the year. Their nucleus is some stray manless woman with plenty of money and too many years, in search of excitement or position. The first she achieves by consuming bad cocktails, the second she seeks by entertaining various persons whom she fatuously believes can give it to her. Dowdy women with obscure titles and knuckles dirtied by the hard Paris water, bad artists who are better scavengers, drifting opportunists of all sorts gather under such roofs—and once in a while a woman like Joanna Keye and a man like Macklin.

Their eyes had met through the cigarette-smoke in the apartment of a decrepit creature whom everybody called "Agnes," thus flattering her with the twin deception that she was young and that she was popular. Actually, her cocktails were famous for their quantity, not their quality. But she had been known to forget her purse, stuffed with thousand-franc notes, in public places such as restaurants and bars, and never remembered how much had been in it when it was returned to her. And she generously patronized shops which clever friends recommended (these collecting from the proprietors 10 per cent of the amount of her purchases).

"How did you get here?" his eyes said, and her glance thrust the query back at him. . . . She remembered his name when his card came up to her next afternoon, and was glad to see him.

It was weeks later that he broached the "test."

Agnes had just rolled past them in the Bois.

"That woman's an omen," Joanna said. "She might have seen us."

"For us to be riding together in a fiacre is innocent enough," he answered, "but I understand what you mean. How rotten it would be to have your name bandied all about this city from the Rue de la Pompe to the Ile Saint Louis."

She turned her level glance to him.

"It's not that I mind our names being coupled, dear," she said. "It's just that there are so many tawdry people whose lips smear any name."

"Exactly. That's why I want us to get away."

"To get away?"

"Yes. Let's give each other a chance. Let's find out how this thing of ours works in practice."

"Companionate marriage!" Her laugh went high.

"That's for school-children who can't afford babies. This is different."

"How different?"

"In the first place, we can afford 'em.

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In the second place, we know—I'll speak frankly—how a certain kind of love works in us."

He turned to her to watch how she took the audacity of his words. She did not expostulate.

"It's something else we need to know about each other," he went on. "How we get along, say, at ten o'clock in the morning. How we like our tea or our newspaper. How our little characteristic habits work on each other's nerves. All that's much more important than the other."

She was smiling. They had already talked of marriage.

"We could find out all those exasperating things which people don't usually know about one another until after they're married. And then—we'll know what to do next. It's plausible, isn't it?"

"It's plausible," she answered.

"Besides, you've been talking about leaving Paris for a while. It'll be all the nicer when you get back." He was very persuasive. His serious air made her smile again.

"And how do you propose," she demanded, "making this test?" . . .

And so the cruise on the little Dutch freighter was planned. The craft, leaving Valencia, would coast southward to Gibraltar, go out through the straits, thence north all the way to Rotterdam. Six days at sea.

The last crates of oranges had come aboard and been trundled into the hold. The clatter of the winches had stopped, and the stevedores were lugging hatch-covers into place. Joanna and Peter stood on the deck below the bridge looking down at the forward well-deck.

"The pilot's aboard," said Peter. They heard the clangor of the standby bell in the engine-room, heard the wires that worked it rattling in their conduit from the bridge. Then their ears were stunned by the blast of the whistle.

"Good-by, Valencia!" said Peter. "This is a funny port to get out of. It's crowded. Let's watch this manœuvre."

"I think I'll go in," she answered. "It's too dark to see anything and I'm a little cold."

"You don't mind if I stay here a while?"

"Of course not."

It was an hour later when he knocked at her door. His hair was ruffled, and he was almost boyishly excited. It seemed a little incongruous to Joanna, in a man whose hair was so gray.

"We had a good job getting out," he cried. "You see, with all this shipping lined up, stern to the quay, it's ticklish. What we did was to heave in on both anchors forward, which pulled us ahead. Then while one anchor was still on bottom we went full speed astern with the propeller, which naturally shoved us completely around to port, pointing us for the harbor mouth. We shot through and headed for the outer roads. Just abeam the lighthouse was a schooner, three-masted, coming in with everything set. She fooled me for a while with her red light."

He stopped. She was sitting, legs crossed, in a deep wicker chair. Her negligée was modish. "Here's a cigarette," she said, passing him the box. There was an inscrutable smile on her lips. "I hear what you say, but I don't understand a word of it. Does a red light mean fire?"

"I've been babbling," he murmured. "Forgive me."

"All this time getting out of Valencia? It's simpler on a train, isn't it?" Then her smile broke into a laugh.

"There was so much to see!" he apologized. "The pilot leaving—all the other shipping—the lights—one of them's an occulting, not a flashing, light." He blinked. "By George, you're stunning!" he cried. He wondered a little why she was laughing so hard. . . .

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They had the Spanish coast with them all next day. They passed Cartagena early, guarded by Cape Palos. The curious Spanish mountains, designed and colored by some colossal romantic, took the sun's light, and hour by hour transformed it into new lavenders, dun and ochre.

Comfortable in wicker chairs on the boat-deck, Joanna and Peter watched the panorama, indolently content in the warmth. Hours they sat there. But occasionally Peter would climb the companionway to the bridge.

"Cape da Gata's ahead," he reported. "We change our course there southwest for Gib."

He took her hand for an instant as he sat down. "Well?" he demanded.

She smiled. "Are you in love with me," she asked, "or this ship?" He kissed her hand.

That night they learned that they would reach Gibraltar by eight the next morning. But it was the ungodly hour of six when he thundered at her door.

"Come up on the bridge," he called. "You can make out Gib. You mustn't miss it."

She appeared an hour later, still in time. The air was crisp, since the sun was new, and she shivered. By the time they were abeam the big rock she was thoroughly cold and bored. . . . All day they moved through the strait. They passed Tarifa, and then Trafalgar. Off to port was Africa, the Atlas Mountains hazy in the sky. Cape Spartel showed for an hour. "We'll reach Saint Vincent some time after midnight," Peter said, "and then we plug along north for the rest of the voyage."

Early that morning, heads together at the port of her cabin, they saw the vicious double flash of the wheeling light at Cape Saint Vincent, quick and compelling. He threw a coat over his pajamas and went on deck to watch the change of course. As she lay dozing, she realized that something was happening to the vessel. She could hear a creaking, as if the craft were buckling itself together, tautening up for some harder enterprise. The *Anna van Borsselen* shivered a little as she mounted a swell, and a new sound came to Joanna's ears, the whistling of wind in the rigging. The craft's nose went down heavily, and Joanna could feel the propeller race as it came out of water.

In this small vessel, Joanna suddenly was made aware of the power of the sea, a fact which had never occurred to her on many Atlantic crossings. Another fact too came to her mind—the realization that she was the only feminine creature in all that world bounded by the dark horizon. The graceless cargo craft was a heavy masculine affair of ponderous steel, constructed to obey masculine laws and to conquer that other masculine power, the sea. Even the china on which they ate was heavy, quite unfeminine. Even the ship's tiger kitten was a tom, a very young tom, to be sure, but definitely male, with bulging jowls, big shoulders and slender neat waist and hips.

"A little wind," Macklin said when he stepped over the sill, "and a little sea running. We're out from under the lee of the peninsula."

"I think I'll go to sleep now," she said. "You don't mind this pitching?"

She gave him a quick glance. "No," she said. "Good night."

But she did. She had a hard time sleeping. The *Anna van Borsselen's* thousand tons seemed very small to her, as she felt the craft lift and descend in the seaway. The wind strummed in the standing rigging a minor chord that never resolved. There was a small block on a slender pipelike boom upright beside the foremast. The boom was one which could be rigged out to carry a lamp cluster, so

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that loading-gangs could work at night. The block was loose, and it clanged incessantly against the metal of the boom, with a sound that was almost, not quite, a note. It got to be irritating, because it kept no time. When Joanna finally slept, she heard the flat clanging in her dreams. She woke unrested, because the muscles of her body were unused to riding the changing planes of the vessel's pitch.

At breakfast that morning, the captain asked her how she had slept. "We have bad luck," he said. "I hoped we would make this voyage before the Portuguese North set in. But she's early this year."

"The Portuguese North!" Peter cried. "What a corking name!"

"What a disagreeable fact," she said. "Just what is the Portuguese North, captain?"

"It's a north wind that blows five or six months on this coast," he told her. "It begins in the spring and blows all summer hard. The hot sun on the Sahara makes it."

"I see," Peter broke in. "The sun heats up the air on the desert, and the hot air rises, and so the cooler air to the north comes flowing down to fill in! How simple! How lucid!"

"How exasperating!" she interposed. "It might have waited one trip more." . . .

It was curious that day, the high wind, the rising sea, and the clear sunny sky. Joanna and Peter walked for exercise on the after shelter-deck, but the wind found them, nipping, dry and irritating. It never let up.

"It cuts our speed down, too," said Peter. He was cheerful.

"How long will we be in this?" she demanded.

"Until past Finisterre, anyhow. And if we have no storm to hold us back, that will be two days."

"No storm! What do you call this?"

A particularly big sea pushed the *Anna van Borsselen's* nose skyward, then set it down with a poke, and Joanna heard the interminable racing thud of the exposed propeller. She looked at her companion with curiosity. It didn't seem possible that anybody could enjoy this, yet he seemed to do so.

The blond north Holland mess-boy came up. The captain had seen them from the bridge. It was best that they shouldn't promenade on the after-deck. A sea might sweep it. Already the sea was rising forward. They climbed to the boat-deck.

The cabin teetered. Joanna, bracing herself in the wicker chair, felt as if she were in a box, roomy enough, but dangling in some queer medium which changed its planes at every moment. The curtains on the ports flopped first forward, then back, then stood out from the walls with a listless air that was very purposeful but secretive. Little things like a tooth-brush, a comb, became animate and slid through small tangents, faintly clicking. A drinking-glass tinkled interminably in a loose bracket. At intervals could be heard the inane tap-tap of the small block on the little boom alongside the foremast.

It was the second day of the Portuguese North. The barometer was high, the captain had told her, and that augured well for the Bay of Biscay. This wind off Portugal was just what anybody could expect, he said. It had worked up to force 8, which was close to a gale, to be sure, but even that was not abnormal. The *Anna van Borsselen* danced a bit—but why shouldn't she, being such a small thing in a sea which was heavy if not stormy? Meanwhile, it was slow going. They would lose a day, possibly two.

The continuous change of position was fatiguing. Joanna's muscles ached. She was forced moment after moment

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to prop herself in the chair against the repetitious shifts of equilibrium. She moved the chair, but that did not help. . . .

Joanna threw on her coat and a tight little beret. Macklin was expecting her on deck. She realized that she had not meant to keep him waiting, that she was sorry to have done so. She had just fallen into a brooding spell. . . . The wind hit her hard when she got out from under the lee of the cabin. He was waiting on the deck beneath the bridge, sheltered by the wide steel plate which enclosed the corner. There was a square-window port set in the plate so that one could see forward.

"It's getting up to a real gale," he shouted.

The *Anna van Borsselen's* fo'c'sle head plunged merrily downward, with a crash and a shudder that reached far aft. The spray went high. Seconds later it dashed against the glass where they watched. Then a big comber came on, before the nose could rise. It was a little off the port bow, and it swept the fo'c'sle head. As the craft surged into it, the wave found the low bulwarks of the well-deck and flooded over it, four feet of surging green water. Slowly and laboriously, the bows came up, shaking off the heavy sea, and the ocean poured, white and creaming, outboard through hawse-pipes and clapping gunwale vents.

Overhead the sky was sunny, and that somehow seemed to Joanna improper. There were a few thin white feathery wind-clouds, dainty as plumes, but otherwise all was blue. A storm, she pondered, should be black and dismal, not like this. . . . But this was not a storm, she remembered. This was the Portuguese North, a seasonal wind which blew with regularity for five months of the year, and was caused by certain activities of the sun in mid-Sahara. . . . Again the green water creamed on the well-deck below, a surging, violent flood out of which the *Anna van Borsselen* seemed to lift herself with labor.

"Anything adrift down there," said Macklin, his lips close to her ear, "would catch hell. I saw a ship's carpenter break both legs and an arm in just such a sea once." She nodded, thinking of something else.

"Is this," she cried, "part of the test?"

He looked at her afresh. There was a warmth, an intimacy in her glance which put them more than ever in a unique world, bounded not only by sea and wind but by each other.

"Perhaps it turns out that way," he answered.

She was smiling, very sure of herself, in her smart clothes of a wealthy woman, her well-bred elegance.

"You know," she said, "as far as I am concerned—there never has been a test!"

His face took on a slightly bewildered look.

"As far as I am concerned," she went on, and he noted how clearly her voice carried through the racket of the wind and the plunging ship, "if there had been need of a test, I wouldn't have come. I would never have put myself in such a situation as this with a man I hadn't already thoroughly—tested!" Her smile was on her lips now as well as in her eyes. "Dear old Peter!" she cried. "What a child you are!"

"What about ten o'clock in the morning?" he yelled.

She shuddered. "I'd never think of seeing a husband at that unspeakable hour!"

"What about how a husband takes his coffee?"

She shuddered again. "I'd never know! A husband breakfasts alone!"

He threw back his head to laugh, but his answer did not follow. The door to the fo'c'sle on the port side had opened,

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and they saw a face peer through. It was one of the crew, evidently about to chance a sprint across the well-deck. Joanna and Macklin watched the man, and saw him start when the *Anna van Borsselen,* lifting from a plunge, gave him a moment's opportunity. He ran.

His teeth flashed in a wide smile as he sped toward them across the deck just below. Once he slipped on the plates but recovered. In another instant he had gained the ladder that led to their deck. He passed them close by, as the craft's nose buried itself once more, demurely wiping off his grin when he beheld the passengers.

"Damn bad sailor," said Macklin. "He left that door to the fo'c'sle open. They'll get a bath down there."

Joanna idly glanced at it, saw it sway wider with a lurch of the vessel. Then she started, heard Macklin swear. A small head was protruding from the companionway, a tigerish furry head with big ears and whiskers on a gray inquisitive neck.

"By God, it's Adam, the kitten!" Macklin yelled.

Composedly, with the restrained proud manners of a cat five times its size, the little animal stepped forth onto the wet well-deck, made a spring at a stray rope end, caught a glimpse of his own tail and spun joyously backward to the new attack. In an instant he changed his mind and leaped up to the tarpaulin hatch-cover, an excellent playground.

The bow of the *Anna van Borsselen* was dizzily high, and the whole craft seemed poised for an endless dive. Joanna screamed, and clutched at Macklin's sleeve. "Don't!" she cried. "Don't!"

He was already far from her, half-way down the ladder to the deck below. She screamed again. They were falling, the whole vessel was falling, dizzily over a comber-precipice, and straight ahead loomed a huge graybeard sea. The shudder when keel and bow crashed down to the trough went through the craft, and Joanna saw Macklin, scrambling across the hatch, leap forward asprawl.

Adam, suddenly aware of strange noises, strange movement, straddled on four legs, immovable, fur ruffling in the wind. He blinked in happy anticipation of a romp with the man-figure looming close. He twitched his tail and dodged away, a feathery ball of wind-blown fluff. Once off the hatch he made a sideways prance, four legs stiff, back arched. It was a good game, his whiskers announced. Time to dodge again. . . . The sea lipped mountainously at the bulwarks. Green water swallowed all.

Quietly, Joanna entered Macklin's cabin. Her lips were tight and she experienced a curious resistance to normal breathing. This was because she kept remembering a welter of ocean on a deck, seething and boiling; a sprawling human mass buffeted dimly under the green; finally, as the water spilled away, a form once more lifelike staggering up from the starboard gunwale with a spongy, bedraggled, clawing little creature clutched triumphantly in one fist.

"A couple of ribs cracked," the captain said, and with the mate's help strapped Macklin up. Complete rest, he ordered. The kitten Adam was banished to the galley to dry. Almost at the same instant the sea began to abate. "We've got Finisterre abeam," the captain said. "The Portuguese North will leave us soon. Now for an easy run to Ushant."

Macklin opened his eyes, saw the tight lips bending over him.

"How do you feel?" she demanded.

"Great! Never better!"

Then he noticed the blaze in her eyes, the vertical creases in her brow.

"You had no right to do that," she cried. "No right!"

Macklin's eyes expanded.

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Her voice was sharp, her speech rapid. "To risk your life for that miserable little cat! It was indecent. Did you pause to consider what would have happened to me had you been drowned or broken your neck? Did you think of the publicity, the scandal? Did you think of that?"

He tried to sit up. She pushed him back firmly. Her voice was higher. "I've been sitting in my cabin ever since," she went on swiftly. "Horrified. Wretched. And—bored to death! Whatever possessed you to think of this test?" She breathed the word with utter scorn. "I wanted no test! I wanted you! There was no *need* of a test. I should never have agreed to it!"

Her face was convulsed. She breathed deeply three or four times, as if the air in the cabin had no life in it. Then she was in tears. Then she was out of her chair, kneeling by the bed, then her sobs were unrestrained.

"I only came because you wanted me to. It was madness. I hate this ship. I hate the food. I hate the rocking. I hate the whole silly business. There was no need of it. There was no need of this test."

Macklin stared straight at the ceiling. His face was drawn.

If she had waited for him to speak, she ignored his silence now. "How could you have done it!" she cried again. She lifted her head and her eyes narrowed as they sought his face. "It was a mad, an unchivalrous, an unspeakable thing to do—to run down there after that paltry cat!" Her hands clutched the coverlet. She tugged at his arms. "I tell you, Peter," she cried, "I never wanted this test. It's nonsense!"

There was silence for some time in the cabin before he spoke. When he did so, his voice was gentle.

"You forget, Joanna," he said, "that, after all, it was I, not you, who wanted it." Then, after a pause, he added softly: "I'm very sorry."

The cabin was quiet after she was gone. Macklin could hear the wind strumming in the forward rigging, and the tap-tap of the little block beside the foremast. He closed his eyes. . . .

They said good-by at Rotterdam.

"This taxi will take you to the station," Macklin said. "You'll be in time to catch the 9.53 for Paris."

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by, Joanna." The cab swung. As it did so, he caught a glimpse of a smart little hat, the elegant turn of a tailored shoulder. A puff of cigarette-smoke fluttered back through the open taxi window like the fluttering of a filmy scarf waved in farewell.

"You little beast!" said Macklin loudly, "you little vicious devil! I'll teach you to behave!"

He was speaking to a small tiger kitten who was turning somersaults in the spacious pocket of his polo coat.

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Return

By STRUTHERS BURT

I THOUGHT I had forgot the hills,
I did not care,
No longer the mountains could take me unaware,
But I came back to them by late afternoon,
With the level light falling,
And the dusk coming soon,
And I knew that I would do for them whatever they might bid,
For my heart had turned over in the way it always did.

I said I am sick of them,
The magic's worn,
Mountains are for young men before their hearts are torn,
They were never meant for older men who dawn and dusk must ride,
Ever and forever,
With the dead at their side.
It's youth they are happy with before their canyons fill
With the echo of young voices the years have made still.

In winter the snow is cold,
They are unkind,
A man lies awake at night listening to the wind,
And the still wide world is as naked as a star
Save for the writhing mists
Where the black rivers are:
I have seen a furry thing caught by the paw,
While my mind turned red with the white death I saw.

In summer the sun is hot,
The dust is deep,
A man is troubled by thunder in his sleep
And when the marching rain comes down with spears across the night,
The ghost-clouds hurrying
Are charioteers in flight.
When a man has had enough of them, if wise, he'll let them lie,
And live with people for awhile, watch people passing by.

That's a dull man talking . . .!
The dawn is clear,
Where a man out riding finds the day star near,
Where the noon is lovely with a hundred smells,
And the evening blanched
With the sego bells,
And the silver night, it is warm and glad—
Ah, my heart turned over as it always had!

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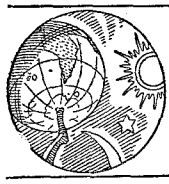
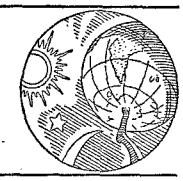


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



The Challenge of the New Paganism

By ALBERT GUERARD

Would the heavens fall, if we calmly admitted that we are pagans?

WHEN Louis XVI was told that the mob had stormed the Bastille, he exclaimed: "But then it is a riot?" and was answered: "No, sire; it is a revolution." What is the present turmoil of ideals—a riot or a revolution? Will the old ethical order, permanent not merely in its own conceit, but founded upon the Eternal Verities, manage to restore itself to authority, full and unquestioned? Will our moral unrest pass away, a mere crisis, the brief fever of an overwrought generation, like the Restoration in England or the Directoire in France? Or is it not at least conceivable that historians will note the decade following the Great War as marking a decisive defeat of the ascetic by the æsthetic, of Hebraic righteousness by Hellenic harmony; as the triumph of the World and the Flesh over the fear of the Devil; as the substitution of the Holiness of Beauty for the Beauty of Holiness; as the passing of Puritanism, the resurrection of the Gods, the return to a Pagan view of life?

Certain it is that the quest for pleasure has never been so frank and so universal. It sweeps so triumphantly onward that it has lost almost all traces of cynicism, and is acquiring a new innocency. The rising generation is not furtive, and finds the innuendoes of Cabell a quaint Victorian survival. The clear-eyed nymphs of Waikiki Beach, clad in sun-tan and little else, are far less meretricious than their furbelowed sisters of the "Yellow Nineties." As physical health is felt to be the prime condition of pleasure, so is moral health. The cult of beauty is now plainly divorced from morbidity and decadentism. The fairest flowers are not the flowers of evil; Baudelaire and Wilde are men who made an inartistic mess of their lives. So beauty-worship, once a menace, becomes a way of salvation. For undisciplined pleasure may be degrading: whilst *Beauty is the sign and the promise of those pleasures which are enduring and refined.*

"Righteousness," suffering from evil associations, has become a word of doubtful repute. Science is spiritually bankrupt in the midst of its material triumph; for Science lends her services to the warmonger, the racketeer, the concocter of fiendish drugs, as serenely as to the humanitarian. We have reasons to question whether "the Good," in its traditional form, be invariably true; we are pretty certain that "the True" is frequently not good at all. Will "the Beautiful" give us the vision for lack of which the people perish? "He that keepeth the law, happy is he": could that law which promises happiness be the law of art?

II

The supremacy of art would be a revolution indeed; for even in the ages of its greatest splendor, art has never ruled the world. The supreme flower of the Hellenic genius, Plato, banished poets from his Republic. In matters of deepest import, art was held to be, not merely futile, but sacrilegious. Boileau, the representative of classical sanity, was too good a Christian to tolerate a mixture of Christianity and literature. "The awe-inspiring mysteries of our faith," he said, "are incompatible with pleasing ornaments." And the same spirit breathes in the latest prophet of Israel, Ludwig Lewisohn: "As time goes on, I care less for art in its more abstract forms, and more

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and more for life. . . . It is the remediable moral suffering in the world that crowds my vision." In times of stress, whoever toys with the arts is fiddling whilst Rome is ablaze.

Practical men, scientists, scholars, statesmen, are willing to tolerate art within its own sphere, and even to offer it their cordial patronage. But it is distinctly understood that art, for them, is simply a form of entertainment, respectable only in so far as it is difficult and expensive. As a recreation, it is far less healthful than golf, and far less exciting than cards. Art is at best a hobby with a high degree of social prestige; more generally, it is the chance companion of an idle hour, an acquaintance picked up on boat or train and not destined to ripen into intimacy. Especially in the Anglo-Saxon world, this attitude of secret contempt can be felt, even among the most cultured of our leaders; just as an insult to womanhood is lurking under the elaborate courtesy of a professed Don Juan. In a life of earnestness, art can only be a mere pastime; hence the love of our strenuous magnates for the romances of Dumas, for detective stories, for musical comedies; there is no nonsense of serious purpose about them: they are frankly *mere*.

Until now, art, with the rarest exceptions, meekly accepted this subordinate place. Old Malherbe, the *Dictator of Parnassus* under Louis XIII, opined that a good poet was of no more use to the state than a good ninepin player; not a few modern Malherbes prize Babe Ruth far above Edwin Arlington Robinson. The proudest artists were satisfied with a refusal to serve; they did not claim, they did not want, to rule. Art desired autonomy, not authority. Oscar Wilde, chief apostle of the artistic gospel, sought and attained the position of a society pet, a privileged jester. Artists and Philistines found it easy to agree on a basis of comfortable mutual contempt. "Give us food, leisure, freedom from hard work and from responsibility; we shall gladly let you govern the practical world." The poet is the cat by the fireside: petted by the women, tolerated by the men in moments of relaxation, shooed off by the virile bread-winner when a sterner mood is upon him. When the storm is over, Art settles luxuriously again in its *mereness* as upon a soft cushion.

But what if Art, like Mr. Salteena in "The Young Visiters," were not forever content to be so *mere?* What if it claimed to be no longer the ornament of life, but its essence? What if, in presence of thing, deed, or thought, it bade us inquire no longer, "Is it *useful?* Is it *true?* Is it *good?*" but, first of all, "Is it *beautiful?*"

III

Such a doctrine, in its uncompromising aggressiveness, has been maintained by a few, especially in the nineteenth century. There are Utopias which are based on the æsthetic revaluation of all values. Of these, the best is probably Anatole France's "Red Lily": the most convincing because it is the least obtrusive, the most Utopian because it seems the most realistic. France, in that book, does not preach, does not even dream of preaching; he assumes the artistic view as a matter of course. For his heroes, taste takes the place of conscience, and art supersedes morality.

But conservatives consistently refuse to take such a challenge very seriously. The ancient hierarchy, according to which the Beautiful is but a secondary quality of the True, and the True but a minor aspect of the Good, represents in their minds the very nature of things, and must prevail, world without end. "Revaluation" indeed! Paradox would be too mild a term; Topsyturvydom and Perversity would be nearer the mark. The antics of a few self-confessed decadents, wielding their bauble as though it were a sceptre, could only reassure the defenders of the existing order.

Yet it might be unwise to assume, in an age which has witnessed so many revolutions, the perennity of any régime. Few of us, in ante-bellum days, expected to see the tumbling down of Kaiser, Tsar, and Sultan. Fewer still anticipated that Newton and Euclid would be challenged by reasonable men. Culture is learning from industry the economic wisdom of "scrapping" and "junking." It takes an effort to remember the days when doubt was a torment and a sin. Now we consider doubt as the first step in honest thinking, the sole avenue to valid conviction. We are following at last Descartes's injunction: Doubt till you can doubt no more. From the worst of temptations, doubt has become the most stringent of intellectual duties: this is "revaluation" with a vengeance! The times prophesied by Samuel Butler, when sickness is a punishable offense, and sin a disease to be cured, are looming strangely near: "revaluation" again! No idol, be it ever so hoary, can bar our progress. Standpattism is crumbling away, and with it its Nemesis, rebellion.

For destruction no longer is our immediate task: the fight for freedom is won, and youth has a free field. Indeed, the time is fast approaching when the defenders of antiquated codes should be protected with loving care, as the vanishing specimens of a once-mighty

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race. Our work is not to reconstruct either: I can see no "devastated regions" in the soul of modern youth. Our duty is to *reinterpret*. The æsthetic hypothesis may give a more intelligible meaning to our lives. It may prove to be a will o' the wisp; at any rate, we cannot afford to miss the chance.

If the religion of Beauty is to be considered at all, it should be considered fairly, on its own merits, and should not be condemned a priori in the name of the elder creeds. It should be protected against the most insidious form of unfairness, pseudo-liberalism. The "Liberal" in ethics or religion starts with a fine flourish of independence—never doubting for a moment but he will restore the old order in its entirety, with the veneer of a modern phraseology. Your "freedom of interpretation" is unchecked—if only you get back to the appointed road. Let us give the æsthetic gospel a full chance. If it should break down, let it be on account of some inner flaw, and not because of our camouflaged prejudices.

IV

We are familiar enough with the experimental method in science; but timid souls shudder at the thought that it might be applied to ethical problems. They fear that, if we challenge the traditional hierarchy of values, chaos will prevail. No revolution, however gradual, is free from discomforts and perils; and the most inevitable progress involves a sacrifice. But between the normal dangers of life and the threats of catastrophe there is a radical difference. The one great menace to moral values is not revolution, but listlessness. Goethe said that no man died except by his own consent: no régime has ever been overthrown, unless it had already lost its hold on life. The "Passing of Puritanism" has been repeatedly announced in the press without causing a flutter on the Stock Exchange. To be sure, the protest invariably followed: "News of my death greatly exaggerated": but when that protest grows fainter and ceases altogether, the world will not be shaken to its foundations.

There is no greater fallacy than the assertion that the whole tenor of our lives depends upon a single set of dogmas. Society is far more complex than any philosophy or theology. Many years ago, at Williams College, Professor Morton wanted to turn his attic into a studio, and suggested removing an awkwardly located pillar. "But the whole roof rests upon it!" he was told. On closer inspection, it was found that the pillar had been lifted two inches from its base, and was held suspended by the roof. There are many such pillars in the world to-day. The same fallacy was unwittingly but conclusively exposed in a religious romance which once enjoyed wide popularity: "When It Was Dark." It sought to demonstrate that a single change in recorded history—the Resurrection proved false—would destroy the whole fabric of civilization. The book was fascinating, but absurd: the Balaam-like author made it plain that, if all the world were turned into Voltaires, Huxleys, and Menckens, there need not be any sensational increase in parricide or cannibalism. Civilization is composed of a thousand strands; some may wear out and snap, whilst others are woven into the fabric.

This implies no radical scepticism, no weary *"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!"* no disenchanted "There is nothing new under the sun." This dismal gospel of universal futility may tempt old bachelors and very young cynics: it has no permanent appeal. Life is ever new, history never repeats itself, ideas *are* forces, and *do* matter. But there never is as total, as sudden, a change in life as there is in thought; particularly in the thought of one individual. A man may lose his faith overnight, like Jouffroy; in the morning, he will have to attend to innumerable duties which the collapse of his spiritual universe has left unchanged. Supposing we admitted that we are now living under the Neo-Pagan dispensation: we should not turn suddenly into monsters of iniquity; we should dress as usual, go to our offices, pay our just debts, be civil to our friends, enjoy very much the same pleasures, be bored by exactly the same unwelcome obligations.

V

Yet, *if the hypothesis did work*, there would be a difference. Much wasteful strife, against others and within ourselves, would be eliminated. What a relief it would be if we could leave Puritanism in peace—the peace of eternal repose! Would it not be well if the fog through which we are uneasily groping would lift? At present our daily lives and our principles are at odds. We profess an ascetic, otherworldly religion: we practise an intelligent epicureanism. The result is muddle-headedness, which is felt all the way from bewildered philosophies to puzzling politics, chaotic city planning, business anarchy. *We are afraid to think*, realizing obscurely that clear thinking must condemn either our beliefs or our actions. If we restored the proper adjustment be-

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tween our thought and our experience, the road ahead would become far plainer.

Especially, the æsthetic hypothesis might enable us to reconquer the waning sense of willing discipline. For art is not caprice: art is essentially organization and order, under the name of "pattern," "rhythm," or "harmony." So far men have assumed that their choice lay between a materialistic synthesis—a world ruled by science and industry, the ideal of New York and Moscow alike—and a mystic-ascetic synthesis in the name of ancient dogma. We shudder at the first: we can no longer pledge our unqualified loyalty to the second. The artistic synthesis offers a way of escape from both materialism and asceticism. It might be well for us to consider it with sympathy.

I Come to New York

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

I BELONG to the generation which spent the last of the war years in college. At graduation we launched ourselves into the world grimly determined to remake it nearer to our hearts' desire. Like many who had gone before, we were rather smug idealists. Our younger brothers and sisters, perhaps made desperate by our noble example, got into the tabloids for so-called post-war recklessness and will be known to history as the lost generation.

I was abnormally unsophisticated and serious even for my time. That was partly because I had to work my way through the State university. Even with the inclination, I should have had no time to acquire any gay sophistication that the university might have supplied outside of class hours.

My early training had not taught me much about real life, either. Born on a lonely prairie farm, my best friends in childhood were people in the books loaned by a grandfather who, from the time I was five, taught me Latin poetry and encouraged in me an ambition to write.

My religious training was typical of the community except that in addition to the usual instruction I was greatly influenced by the piety of still another grandfather, a minister. I went to church and Sunday-school every Sunday from the time I was four, was baptized and signed the temperance pledge at nine. When I was ten I had measles and steadfastly refused to swallow a whiskey toddy ordered by our family doctor to make the spots pop out.

My mother begged me to take the whiskey, explaining that you were not breaking your pledge if you used liquor as a medicine. But I refused even her. My recovery without the toddy was regarded as a triumph of righteousness.

Nobody knew that I, in my childish way, was keeping faith not only with the temperance pledge but with my minister grandfather. It was he who had convinced me of the evils of drunkenness, but my chief sense of obligation came from the fact that I believed I owed him my life. The year before, when I had been at death's door with an illness, he had prayed God to spare me and allow him to die in my stead. He and I believed that my recovery after the doctors had given me up was the answer to his prayer.

This conviction of mine for years influenced everything I did. I felt that I must be good out of gratitude, and I built up for myself a strange secret life of taboos and denials.

All the while my hunger for books grew and with it the determination to become a writer. I was sure I could write, though it was the only thing I was at all confident about.

Both my grandfathers died before I was twelve, but their teachings persisted. When it came time to go to State university and there was no money to go on, I got a job and worked my way because I imagined that a writer had to have a college education.

The university town was only a few hours from my home, so that when I was graduated and ready to seek my fortune in the city, I had never been beyond the limits of my native State and had never slept on a train. I was so

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diffident and self-conscious that I worried myself almost sick wondering about the etiquette of a Pullman. And I would not ask advice for fear of being laughed at.

The journey was made miserable by these fears, and arrival brought little reassurance. I knew nobody and I had very little money. I had, however, one comfort—the conviction that I was going to be a great writer!

I got a publicity job, overcame some of my timidity, and began to meet a few people. When the first job led to another on a newspaper, I was overjoyed. It was a start toward the achievement of my ambition.

In my simplicity, I had thought that work was all I should want, but I was young and very human in spite of my priggishness, and the glimpses I got of the brilliant city were tantalizing.

I didn't really expect talented people to notice me—didn't even expect fame and fortune to descend immediately, sure though I was that they were in the offing. But all the same, I secretly longed to be part of the life I saw from a distance—to know the writers and artists so lightly mentioned by the columnists, to attend first nights, be recognized at night clubs, speak with easy familiarity of famous stage folk.

I envied the talented and sophisticated, and whenever I met any of these gay, casual creatures felt like apologizing for my crudeness and lack of poise.

In truth, I might as well have been a South Sea Islander come among them for all I knew of them and their ways. Even the superficialities—their manners, their customs of eating, drinking, and speaking—were strange.

If that had been all, of course, my problem might have been comparatively simple, but the real difference was in moral standards. Black had always been black, white irrevocably white, to me. Right and wrong ran in widely separated parallel lines and never the twain could meet. But no one in the city seemed to care about right and wrong as I knew them. These people used a different yardstick.

The result was that in spite of my longing to make friends, my first reaction was to classify most of those I met, even the ones I admired for other qualities, as downright wicked, even depraved. Yet, astonishingly enough, on a little further acquaintance they proved to be amiable, decent, kindly, apparently not weighed down by consciousness of sin. It was very puzzling.

And the men! City men from seventeen to seventy were a completely different species from those back home.

Painful months passed before I could take city gallantries as casually as they were meant—before I could learn that a man may be eager to monopolize a girl for pleasant evenings at theatres or dances and still be indifferent to the idea of making her his life partner.

A man's initial notice usually meant only that he liked my looks and was not ashamed to be seen taking me about. But I found he expected a good deal in the way of appearance and ability to entertain. It was expensive living up to him.

Of course the adaptable girl who dances well, talks amusingly but not too sensibly, and is reasonably good-looking, can by a little ingenuity contrive to get most of her luncheons and dinners free. But in the long run it would be cheaper to buy her own meals, for the rôle of little pal to the big city man requires a great many clothes, manicures, and marcels. And the worst of it is that the cavalier's object is so seldom matrimony that a girl cannot look upon this outlay as an investment for the future.

Not that the city man's intentions are always dishonorable. Only, he is a canny creature with his way to make, and, when he marries, means to try to advance himself thereby. He is not so crude as to marry solely for money or social opportunity, but he is careful to love wisely. And obscure young Juliets from out of the West with dowries of ambitions and little else do not often satisfy the not too romantic dreams of such Romeos.

Sometimes a more distressing complication enters—one's city Romeo proves to be already married. The first man I went about with in New York was a bright young editorial writer to whom a friend in the office introduced me. We discovered identical tastes in food and books and were at the stage of dining together almost every evening when I heard that he had a perfectly good wife in the Village.

He was pained and surprised when I told him we must stop seeing each other.

"My wife and I live apart," he admitted, "but what of it? I thought you knew, but what's the difference? My wife is free to do as she likes. Why shouldn't I be? She wants me to amuse myself. Neither of us believes in irrational taboos."

"Well, why not?" exclaimed the friend, also of Western origin, to whom I told this, to me, dreadful story.

"I've been here five years and nearly all my best men friends are married. I'm friendly

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with some of their wives, too. Of course I thought it a little odd at first, but after all there's no harm in it. A husband and wife may like each other well enough and still need a little variety in the way of dinner companions! Believe me, you aren't hurting his wife. If she's like the others, she is probably enjoying herself, too!"

Coming from a community where husbands and wives were seated beside each other at dinner-parties, such an attitude seemed—well, loose! I knew quite well that a woman who was known to "run around" with another woman's husband back home would suffer complete ostracism or worse, and I had always agreed with the home-town point of view. Indeed, it had been so much part of me that I never before had tried to analyze it.

After a long period of contact with these different standards, I began, almost subconsciously, to look upon my old beliefs as a little severe. Why, sooner or later some of those married men and women were bound to fall in love with each other! My experienced friend had a quick and unconcerned solution ready for that dilemma. They could divorce and remarry, she proposed calmly.

I thought such a notion absolutely immoral. Later, when a man proposed marriage and confessed, obviously as an afterthought, that he was a divorcé, I was first stunned, then angry.

He had insulted me! Yet in my mind were marshalled no logical arguments against divorce. I simply felt that it was wrong. My whole family felt so. A divorce among us would have been a permanent scandal and disgrace.

In the back of my mind was the uncomfortable conviction that one of my cousins was not, and never had been, happy with her husband—and that at least two other female relatives had long put up with shocking infidelities. I had watched them weep and pray and suffer. But divorce! None of them had ever thought of such a thing.

I am not sure exactly when I began to change. Probably it was all very gradual, an unconscious, slow breaking down of barriers. Anyway, I was shocked at my own reaction when the best beloved of my new friends sobbed out the bitter story of her husband's cruelty.

"I just can't stand it any longer," she cried.

And I, warmly indignant, said, "You ought to leave him! Why don't you?"

Soon afterward she did leave him and I was glad. I told myself, though, that her case was different, extreme. My stand about her did not mean that I approved of divorce. Oh, no! My taboo system still worked, full force, if rather haphazardly.

I say haphazardly, for the idea of women smoking and drinking was almost as terrible to me as divorce. At home, when I left there, virtually nobody considered seriously that a woman could be "nice" if she smoked cigarettes. Even men were chided for it by lecturers, who unrolled colored charts showing the dreadful pass to which nicotine would bring a naturally sound stomach. As for cocktails, a man who was known to take more than one was surely headed for the Keeley cure, while a woman who drank so much as cherry bounce was beyond the pale.

Imagine my genuine horror, then, to find that nearly all the girls and women I met in the city both smoked and drank. And, what I thought worse, they did it as a matter of course, with no apologies and no indirectness. They even offered them to me!

I refused frigidly, trying energetically to put into my negation all the disgust I felt.

An older woman to whom I at last confided this state of mind merely laughed, did not even bother to argue with me.

"You'll get used to it," she promised comfortably.

I indignantly protested that I never would, but of course I did—in a way. At least I grew accustomed to seeing my women friends through a smoke-screen of their own making and to smelling alcohol on their breaths. Then, inevitably, one day I was induced to try a cigarette on my own account. I think I expected lightning to strike me for the deed, but nothing happened except that the cigarette tasted terrible. I decided that if smoking was sinful, then so far as I was concerned the punishment accompanied the crime.

My feeling went deeper about liquor. The childhood aversion persisted. Nobody could convince me that rum was not a demon. For a long time I was obsessed by a foreboding terror that the young newspaper woman with whom I shared an apartment might some night come home drunk and begin to smash up the furniture for which we were still paying on the instalment plan. The ground for my apprehension was that I occasionally saw her take one cocktail at a party or a little wine at dinner.

There was during this period a memorable occasion when I came home for dinner to find brandied peaches on the table, and in a righteous rage rinsed the brandy off!

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All this while, my self-consciousness was increased by the fact that talk of the frankest nature was eddying about me—at studio parties, in the newspaper office, in the homes of friends. Where I came from, there definitely had been certain subjects considered too indelicate to mention even to father or brother. But in the city I found that women talked freely before, and even with, men on any matter of behavior or sex. The doctrine preached everywhere I went was freedom—freedom from taboos, from old established loyalties such as religion, patriotism, and monogamy. These advocates of freedom were sceptical, analytical, and frank sometimes to coarseness.

I was fascinated and shocked. My first impulse was to bolt out of the room, my second to linger as inconspicuously as possible and hear more of this.

Partly because I yearned to be liked and accepted by these people who seemed so much cleverer than I, and partly to satisfy my curiosity, I ended by lingering. And inevitably I felt more and more inferior. These people knew so much that I didn't and I couldn't help believing they must be right. Yet something inside me said no. I wrestled with this still small voice and sometimes thought I had silenced it, but always it came again. I read the books my new friends liked, saw the plays they recommended, tried to shape my talk and ideas on theirs, but my uneasiness persisted.

I suppose I had a sort of idea that I could take a week off and devote it to the achievement of sophistication. But old scruples, old habits of thought, old teachings cannot be stifled so easily.

Try as I would, instead of growing happier, I grew more and more dissatisfied with myself and with everything and everybody, even these grand new friends. My work lagged, I had morbid fits of crying, and everything anybody said or did hurt my feelings. Worst of all, I lost my guiding star, the conviction that some day I would write something really worth while. That was the last straw. I decided that I didn't even want to live.

A worried friend prevailed upon me to visit a psychiatrist. This learned man found me an interesting case. I've since learned that it's part of the treatment for psychiatrists to find each patient's case interesting, but anyway, after weeks of delving into all my consciousness, this one informed me that I was the victim of a clash between my old and new environments. He warned me that I probably would go on feeling suicidal for some time to come, but assured me that eventually I should "adjust," provided I would try hard to get through the bad time as cheerfully as possible.

However, the unbearable despondency and disgust with myself and life continued until suddenly I realized that I was homesick—that I was longing for a "neater, cleaner land"—that I wanted to go back to the Main Street so familiar to me through all my younger years. Once this idea had occurred to me, I immediately began to find a sort of peace.

Thoughts of the old ways, desire for their simplicity, their charm, their goodness, grew upon me. It was a serious question with me, or at least I thought it was, whether once back I should not settle down in Main Street for good.

So in vacation time I turned toward the old town. Pullmans and the city were old stories now—going home was the adventure this time! All the way I dreamed and planned.

At last I saw again the familiar water-tower on the hill, the ramshackle station. Once more I walked along Main Street through the long lane of elms and maples. It all looked just as I had remembered it. And the people were even better. I had actually forgotten much that was pleasant in small-town life—the great hospitality, the friendly interest, the unaffected neighborliness.

But after I had spent several days in greeting and in being greeted, after I had experienced to the full the joy of being home again, something seemed to happen. The questions, friendly though they were, began to irk me a little. I found it hard to remember that they were prompted by interest, not curiosity.

So long had I lived in the city, where I had scarcely a bowing acquaintance with my neighbors, that the well-meant inquisition made me restless.

Was I making money? Did it cost me a lot to live? Had I any beaux? Wasn't I ever going to get married? What did you have to pay for a dress like that in the city?

I was ashamed to discover the inconsistency which made me resent a little the very warmth I had come so far to find. I tried not to show anything, but some of my answers were stiff, and people must have felt it.

And now, ridiculously enough, I actually began to long for the city and its lack of neighborliness. It would be pleasant, I thought, to be back in a world that neither knew nor cared what I said or did. Cold, hard, even cruel my home friends might call it, but to me, in retrospect at least, it seemed merely restful.

I realized, too, what I had not noticed be-

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fore, that in a small town the range of interest is so limited that the talk occasionally grows ill-natured as well as somewhat repetitional. I suppose any little community naturally becomes ingrown and feeds for excitement upon the private affairs of its members.

The city gossips too, but less personally, and, it seems to me, more interestingly. At the same time, I concede that much of the shop talk of my city friends would bore Main Street as much as some of Main Street's bores me. The city kind is as I have described it—cynical, even scoffing, but usually humorous and varied, and very stimulating. I found myself wanting it.

The home-town people talked about books and theatres, but they were respectful and wondering where I was casual, sometimes contemptuous. For I knew the people they had only read about.

But I never realized the whole truth about the change in myself until one day when a group began to criticise city morals and standards in what I considered an exaggerated manner. Then I, who had come back to Main Street because I disapproved of the city, sprang hotly and annoyingly to the city's defense. The views I attacked had once been mine. Yet now they seemed unbearably narrow. Why was that, I wondered? Did this unexpected stand mean that I had "adjusted" to the city environment, as the psychiatrist had prophesied I would?

I went back to the city determined to put it to the test. And, sure enough, it was evident at once that something had happened to me. For the first time in years I felt myself at home and happy in my environment. My work went better and I was able philosophically to accept the bitter fact that I was not a genius, as well as actually to enjoy my friends without apologizing to myself for finding pleasure in them. An enormous tolerance possessed me. With a great sense of relief I realized that it was not necessary for me to judge people nor even to imitate them.

I could relax, be myself, do whatever I liked. I probably would be—had been—influenced by my new environment, but I did not need to be coerced by it.

Moreover, I viewed with new eyes some of the people I had once thought wonderful, and found them not so very wonderful after all—in fact, some seemed a little cheap and shoddy. The friends I liked best were mostly sane, normal human beings, home-loving and well behaved. The only difference between them and my old conception of righteous folk was that they took life more tolerantly, more easily, demanding less from others.

It is almost a disappointment to realize how good they really are!

Do People Fear Death?

By ARTHUR STYRON

It is safe to assert that every rational human being at one time or another fears death in a more or less active or passive way. Even suicide, except when the act proceeds out of a dementia, is generally the result of a fear of a *worse kind* of death.

There are many proofs of this: the popularity of the hero, who slays the ogre Death by making it insignificant; the wide-spread interest in health cults and mortality statistics and obituary notices, and especially our treatment of the dead themselves wherein we have rationalized the longing for the habitual, life. We speak of the dead in the past tense. We disguise the disagreeable word by such paraphrases as "gone away," "fallen asleep," "departed this life," etc. We observe a formal round of ceremonies that postpones the adjustment of all concerned, the dead as well as the living, by showing them their place. And not only by words and ceremonies do we seek to obscure death's realism, but by such devices as flowers, shaded lights, and—even rouge!

The lower down the scale of life, it seems, the more spontaneous is the love of life and the less the fear of death. Plants, though they

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may be solicitous to avoid death, live entirely and abundantly in the present. Animals, because they suffer physical pain, are higher in life, but they are spared the rational fear of death. Children have not yet acquired the telescope of reason, and so they can only dimly glimpse the far-off star of death. That is why children can like tales of death and violence; these things have no inner reality. But children know that there *is* such a thing as fear of death, and that it torments their elders; and they frequently use this knowledge for revenge.

For the same reasons—a spontaneous concern with living, the remoteness of death, and lack of imagination—healthy adults of the active type think little about their dissolution. Such people love life selfishly. They want to feast a little longer, and then a little longer, and do not mind crowding out the future-born. They are simply insatiable and unconscionable of life. So natural is the fear of death to them that their whole life is but keeping away the thought of it. Or if they think at all, they give the subject but a fleeting and passive speculation. Death is the sort of thing that happens to others, and probably in some miraculous way it will pass them by. Thus, it has for them an objective reality only.

But to the more speculative, death is a condition of reality, and such people fear it because they lack understanding of its significance. It is the undiscovered country they know not of. Even those who have a definite faith in regard to the hereafter—whether that faith be religious or merely a philosophy of annihilation—and do not fear death's reality, do fear the process of dying as a painful mental and physical experience.

So that the fear of death is not, as most people would like to believe, in inverse proportion to the love of life. Generally it is the other way around. Those who have little reason to love life cling to it tenaciously and fear death proportionately. Age and illness and vicissitudes seem to strengthen, rather than weaken, the instinct of self-preservation. The artist or genius whom life serves badly almost always has a morbid fear of the cessation of beloved energies and of the great silence, so that in his imagination he literally dies a thousand deaths. "When I have fears that I shall cease to be," Keats wrote; and the pathetic music of Tchaikovsky and the wistful poetry of Poe record poignantly their despair at watching the golden sands vanishing on a "surf-tormented shore." Doctor Johnson so dreaded the thought of death that his friends took a malicious delight in tormenting him with it. Once when Boswell persisted in persecuting him with the subject, Doctor Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation that he thundered out, "Give us no more of this!" and sternly told the trembling and too-curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!"

At the moment of death mere catabolism may bring a merciful oblivion or indifference; but before that point the reality of death obtrudes itself upon the consciousness with the realization that active life is over. From this realization there is no escape for any human being—neither for children nor for one-dimensional adults.

Who are those, then, who can best face death when there is no longer any chance for evasion? The answer is simpler than would be expected: those who are already acquainted with death! Such people, having lived with death and suffered it in their imagination, find its actuality more bearable than its shadow. Having seen themselves die objectively, they understand its purpose and are reconciled. A king may live magnificently, a "plain man" usefully, and a scientist rationally; but there is in grandeur, utility, and logic little preparation for the final great reality before which the unprepared are weak and ignoble. Clergymen have, for the sake of personal popularity or because of their own secret fears, unfortunately enhanced this illusion that man's primary duty is to live splendidly without following life to its logical conclusion. One of my former rectors, who bore the repute of great forcefulness, once fell into a violent pulpit-rage over the child's prayer, *Now I lay me down . . . If I should die . . .* "Miserable little doggerel!" he shouted. "Filling children's minds with morbid thoughts of—[pause] their dissolution!" (This was a good reason, of course, for the clergyman's fury; but the real reason was disclosed the next day when he was taken, almost in hysterics, to the hospital for a minor operation that he had been told about just two days before.) At the same time I asked a dying girl to whom I was called whether she suffered any pain. "No; I've always prayed that I wouldn't suffer when I died," she answered. Actually, she was in great pain; but it was less than she had prepared for, so it was bearable. Such gentleness has in it a force like that of the sun which, though it disturb not a grain of dust, sustains and vivifies, and utterly conquers darkness.

It is philosophy, recognizing the eternal

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loneliness of the human personality, that enables a man to live with himself; and since life involves death, die with himself—

That death might happy be,
To *live* learned I;
That life might happy be,
I learned to *die!*

There is nothing morbid in reading the letters of life from alpha to omega; and if there is a degree of unpleasantness in contemplating the final letter, it is more than compensated for when the ogre is faced and found to have been exaggerated. Christ suffered less on the cross by having suffered more in the Garden of Gethsemane; and Saint Paul and Saint Francis, both having been "crucified with Christ" so that they bore on their bodies the stigmata, found death relatively kindly and peaceful. Even a philosophy of annihilation is better than none, for such a faith at least enables men to die in peace: at worst they are on the level with beasts who have no fear of death.

But a philosophy of hope makes certain that it is not enough to have lived. Hope is greater than life, for whereas realized life is death, hope extends beyond life itself. I was recently called to a critically ill boy who took the keenest interest in his preparations for death. Would he find in heaven a swimming-pool and trees? Yes. Would he be able to send flowers to his mother and pigeons to his brother? Yes. Then he was eager to be gone.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons critics of religion refer to it as the opium of the people. If so, then surely those who in great pain and suffering have known the blessing of opiates will not object to the designation!

Husbands at Home

By MARK VAN DOREN

I SPEND twice as much time at home as my wife does. She is at her office every day from half past nine until half past five. On the three days I go out I do not leave until half past ten, and I come back, or at any rate am free to come back, at half past three; indeed, on the third day I am frequently home for lunch and a long afternoon. Saturdays and Sundays we both stay in except when a business emergency arises, and then it is she who experiences the emergency; she finds that she must be down at the office early Saturday morning, and she can't say just how long lunch should be kept waiting for her—maybe not at all.

I see twice as much of our two children as their mother does. Twice or three times during the week I can eat with them at midday. In the morning I stand with them at the door to wave good-by to my wife as she goes down the street, and late in the afternoon I wait with them for her return, listening for the opening of the front door and bidding them scamper then to greet her and see what she has brought them—perhaps from the ten-cent store. When they are sick, and the doctor is coming some time during the day, it is I who am telephoned for news of what the diagnosis is, it is I who am told to take their temperatures and keep them quiet until the other parent can get home. Occasionally on a bright afternoon in spring I drive the children down to their mother's office so that we can bring her home with us, hoping as we go that she can leave her desk a half-hour earlier than usual that day. If she cannot we wait down at the curb, or sometimes sit in her office and try not to be distracting as she finishes.

We have a farm in New England where we spend four months every summer—all of us except my wife, who has one month's vacation, though some years she has managed to secure another month without pay. During the two or the three months of her occupation we see her only week-ends; I drive the children into town to meet her as she arrives on the Friday evening train from the city, and we see her off again the last thing Sunday evening. Throughout the week she is in communication with me by telephone, and thus she can give me any advice I seem to need, as well as keep me informed of events in town that are

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likely to be of importance to the family; she has seen our friends, has had dinner with them, has heard the gossip. On a cold Connecticut Wednesday morning, however, it is I whom the nurse must consult about sweaters for the boys; and it is I who must hear the complaints of the cook if there are any that cannot wait until Friday night.

Back in the city for the eight months of winter work, I can call up any one of several friends and invite him over to my house for lunch; or I can drop in on him and share a cold leg of lamb that his wife's cook—or shall I say his cook?—has decided will suffice for the occasion. My friend and I chat at our leisure about our work, our wives, or about nothing at all, and resume our solitude as soon as there is nothing more to say. His wife is at an office too; when she comes home in the evening she will hear, as my wife will hear, of a very agreeable meal in the middle of a relatively uneventful day.

I can remember the time when the middle of the day was spoken of as the woman's hour, or something like that. Years ago, when I was a boy, I was very much impressed by an article I happened to read in a woman's magazine my mother took. It was called "When Father Goes," and it gave a graphic account of the change which takes place in a house once the man of that house is definitely out of it for the day.

The name of the article I am writing is not "When Mother Goes," and even if it were there would be no glee behind the words. This is no lamentation either. I am interested merely in sketching a situation that has importance because it is new, and because it is likely to be with us for a long time to come. Fortunately there is something to be said on both sides of the question. Also—and this may be another fortunate thing—the situation is not now found in a majority of American houses, and doubtless it never will be. Mine is in a sense a special case, or rather I represent a special class of men.

That is to say, I am one of those men who do most of their work at home. Now there always have been such men; there always have been writers, for instance, as I am, and I dare say they have often been the despair of their wives, who because of the arrangement had no part of any day to themselves. The new situation consists of the circumstance that the wife in question is not at home with the husband.

The consciousness of being at home—that is what I have, and in greater degree than my wife has it. The result? Or the moral? There are many of both, and I am not sure but that they cancel one another out quite perfectly. There are aspects of the situation which I do not like, and there are other aspects which I do like very much, but at any rate I am in no hurry to alter the status of my family—assuming that I could merely by deciding to do so. I think I am able to view both the debit and the credit sides of the balance-sheet with becoming equanimity.

First for the disadvantages! There is my frequent regret, for example, that my wife does not see as much of our children as I do. Now I am well aware that there is something irrational in this regret, something that may come for all I know out of my notion of what I ought to feel rather than out of what I do feel, or out of what I see. For what I see is a woman devoted to her children and enjoying their unqualified devotion in return. Their joy at meeting her in the evening or on those occasions when she unexpectedly comes home, and their pleasure in her company on Saturdays and Sundays—these are almost enough. Sometimes indeed they seem to make up a greater sum of devotion than that which I receive as a mere matter of course, being the more familiar figure. And yet I am never wholly free from the regret of which I have spoken. I have been known to express bitter disappointment when my wife did not appear as early in the evening as she was expected; and in general it may be said of me that I have the very feeling toward her that the average wife has toward the husband—a feeling of sorrow that the children are not equally shared between their two parents. Whether I am right or not I shall never know. We can live our lives only once.

It might be supposed that this reversal of the ancient rôles of mother and father would occasionally gall me, and that I would have a sneaking notion that to play the mother as I in a sense do is humiliating. Such a notion I have never entertained so far as I know. I happen to like my children so much that it is impossible to see them too much or too often. In point of fact, they do not depend on me for their entertainment, what with their nursery schools, their nurse at home, and their grandmother. I do not at all mean to convey the impression that I am tied down to them, or that they make a practice of sitting on either side of my typewriter as I work. So there is no drudgery or annoyance to be considered. Yet I give a great deal of time to playing with my boys, and when an emergency calling for the

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presence of a parent arises in the house I am not at all averse to the call of duty. And I have never, I think, decided that my dignity was lowered by the fact that the servants summoned me rather than my wife. Where children are concerned there is no dignity any way. Certainly with them I do not pretend dignity, and I see no reason for pretending it about them. As for the opinion of anybody outside the family, I am not in the least concerned. I like the arrangement so well that my only regret, as I have said, is over my inability to share it equally with one who might be considered to have an equal stake in it. In the summer, on Sunday evenings when my friends and I have seen our wives off on the train for another week's work, I have in common with them expressed this regret. But I have never felt ashamed. Since women will work—or in some cases must—it is to be expected that they will sometimes have harder hours than their husbands, and shorter vacations.

I realize that in speaking of the disadvantages, I have hardly made them out to be disadvantages at all. The only thing I could find was a vague feeling, not always even felt, that the whole scheme was not quite fair to one of the parties concerned. Now the advantages are more concrete than that. I am perfectly sure of them. I am sure, for instance, that the experiment which my wife is conducting is a valuable one, not only for her but for her children and her husband. In common with many women of her generation she is learning a phase of human experience which there was no other way to learn. By playing the ancient and honorable rôle of man-away-from-the-house she is finding out at first hand how the other half of mankind has lived since time immemorial. And the rewards of that life are beginning to be hers. She is not, as she might otherwise have been, ignorant of the great world beyond her front door. She knows it by direct contact, and she brings it home with her to the children—as I do too, of course, for I am no hermit either, and no housewife. Thus she is preparing herself for a relationship with her children which will be positively fruitful for them. She has not abandoned such of the domestic virtues as are worth keeping, yet in addition she has acquired the one virtue necessary for a parent—the virtue of being interesting. She need not look forward to a time when her sons will be forced to dismiss her experience as useless to them. To a degree this will be the case, as it always must be between the generations no matter how they conduct their lives, but at least she will not be one of those pathetic mothers whose sons condescend to them as having no knowledge of the realities. Certainly it is true now, when the sons are only little boys, that her conversation means much to them; and I see no reason why the conditions should not continue. The same goes, of course, for her husband, who likes to realize that she has been somewhere every day, and seen somebody. It is eminently fair that she should have her share in the world that used to be, but is no more, the world of men alone.

The advantages for myself I have left to the very last, partly because I am most sure about them, and partly because I began by describing my life within four walls, and so should end with it. I like it. I like my house as a place to work, but more than that I like the responsibility, the purely domestic responsibility, that has descended upon me. I have learned a great deal by having my children more or less directly under my eye. I know how to play with them in many more ways than the conventional way of the father between six and seven at night; I know what they eat and how to feed it to them upon occasion; I know what bores them and what interests them in the matter of amusement; I know how to dress them and undress them; I know the symptoms of the familiar disorders; I have acquired some of the patience that a mother is supposed to have—that my wife has in fact, and that many women never have. Now all this suits my nature as I know it. I was never one of those fathers who find their children interesting only after they grow up. I like babies and young children, and certainly I have liked my own. I have never had the notion, as perhaps I have already made clear, that it was beneath my dignity to possess such weaknesses. Under any domestic arrangement I should have been the same person. But under the existing one I have undoubtedly advanced further in the lore of infants than I otherwise would have advanced, and I do not hesitate to say that it has been good for me. I shall not be vain enough to say that it has been good for the children; they may want to speak some time for themselves. I have had a good time. And there are other men who would envy me if they were aware of what they had missed or were missing. I recognize man's duty under feminism—the duty of sharing woman's burden even as she has begun to share his. But that is not the final conclusion.

The final conclusion is simply that I like it.

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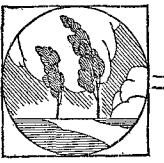

Earth Melody

By CHRISTY MacKAYE

One day I heard a clear untremorous reed
Played by a boy in wheat fields all alone,
Each note upon the air a scarlet bead,
No joy or sorrow, only birds of tone
Pricking the cords of thought until they bleed
And in the heart's deep earth red seed are sown.

And in the quiet after, I heard more
Than skies or meadows ever told before:
Cool consolation and a flock of pities
For hearts that drink the nourishment of pain
In music from the trees' small tongues, and cities
Of busy crickets, and from the tread of rain.

Often I listen to music of man's lore
But seldom pause, as then, on the brink of day
To speak with trees and flowers along the way,
To listen to the sigh of fields, the rune
Of inlets where the waves go plodding through,
The untired birds' small penetrating tune
That winds write on a spider-web with dew,
And the slow footfall of silence through the hours
To make articulate and fitly frame
So clear a springing as the will of flowers
Poured out upon the air to build a name.

The pace of the Bible's great gray language came
From contours of the wind, the sound of flame,
The loneliness we pity the old hills for
Moulding the mind as oceans carve a shore;
But that and these were moulded by much more
Awfully moving among giant powers,
Yet speaking with most purity in flowers
As in that clear, untremorous music blown
From a far reed in wheat fields all alone.

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE chief literary event of the year 1930 was the award of the Nobel Prize in literature to the American novelist, Sinclair Lewis. This is the most famous prize in the world. It is the most famous, not because the Swedish committee of award are any better qualified to select a winner than many other committees. It is the most famous because of its enormous cash value. Whoever receives it receives a fortune. It is probable that if an American multimillionaire had endowed the prize, many foreigners would say that American money was attempting to fix the standards of contemporary literature. I am glad therefore that Alfred B. Nobel, who created the fund of nine million dollars which provides for prizes in sciences and arts, was not an American.

The Nobel prize is exactly as old as the twentieth century, being awarded in literature for the first time in the year 1901. Here is the list of the recipients:

1901. Sully-Prudhomme, French poet.
1902. Mommsen, German historian.
1903. Björnson, Norwegian novelist and dramatist.
1904. Mistral, and Echegaray—Provençal poet, and Spanish playwright.
1905. Sienkiewicz, Polish novelist.
1906. Carducci, Italian poet.
1907. Kipling, English poet and novelist.
1908. Eucken, German philosopher.
1909. Selma Lagerlöf, Swedish novelist.
1910. Heyse, German novelist.
1911. Hauptmann, German dramatist.
1912. Maeterlinck, Belgian dramatist.
1913. Tagore, Indian poet.
1914. No award.
1915. Rolland, French novelist.
1916. Heidenstam, Swedish poet and novelist.
1917. Gjellerup and Pontoppidan, Danish novelists.
1918. No award.
1919. Spitteler, Swiss poet and novelist.
1920. Hamsun, Norwegian novelist.
1921. France, French novelist.
1922. Benavente, Spanish dramatist.
1923. Yeats, Irish poet and dramatist.
1924. Reymont, Polish novelist.
1925. Shaw, Irish dramatist.
1926. Deledda, Italian novelist.
1927. Bergson, French philosopher.
1928. Undset, Norwegian novelist.
1929. Mann, German novelist.
1930. Lewis, American novelist.

If the purpose of the committee were to select the foremost writers of the world, those whose work seemed most likely to last, there are the following conspicuous omissions: Tolstoi, Ibsen, Strindberg, Hardy, Mark Twain, D'Annunzio, Croce, Rostand, Chekhov, Barrie, Housman, Synge, Francis Thompson, William James, Henry James, Conrad, Galsworthy, Wells, Schnitzler, Edith Wharton, Bennett, Chesterton.

But the conditions of the prize call for work of an idealistic tendency, which fact explains why some, though not all, of the above writers were left out. Thousands of people, especially students and graduates of the University of Upsala, were so angry at the omission of Strindberg, the greatest literary genius Sweden has ever produced, that as a rebuke to the committee, they raised a sum of money exactly equivalent to the Nobel sum, and made a public presentation of it to their hero.

In Germany there was consternation when Heyse was chosen instead of Hauptmann; this protest was silenced by the award to Hauptmann the very next year.

Up to the year 1930 only one Englishman has been chosen and no American;

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if I had had a vote, I should have voted for Edith Wharton, our foremost literary artist. But as she did not receive it, I am glad that Sinclair Lewis was chosen, and the award is fully justified.

In "Main Street" and in "Babbitt," Mr. Lewis created two things—a type of small town and a type of business man—that are known in all countries. These two names are immediately understood by Europeans and Asiatics as well as by Americans. Very few writers have ever been able to accomplish this, though millions have tried. Mr. Lewis has added to the population of literary characters.

It is not true that his reputation began in Europe and that we received him at his foreign valuation. His reputation began in the United States; it was the roar of popular applause in America that was heard across the ocean. There are two reasons for his European reputation; over there they like to think that Americans are self-satisfied and ignorant boasters; and they recognized the type both of man and town, because they are just as familiar in every European country as they are here.

I knew a University professor who was born in France but had not seen his native land for many years; he used to declaim constantly against the ignorance, conceit, and vulgarity of Americans. Well, he finally came to a Sabbatical year that he was able to spend abroad. He went to live in a French village within sight of Mont Saint Michel. I found him there, and I found him appalled. He said the ignorance, stupidity, brutality, and complacency of the people in this small French town were so much worse than anything he had ever seen in America, that he was homesick for his adopted country.

The classic Main Street of all time is of course Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Lewis loves the people he attacks; he roars with mirth at Babbitt, but he loves to hear him talk. But Flaubert had nothing for his creations but parching scorn. If any one imagines that the American Main Street carries off the palm for crass stupidity, I counsel him to read "The Breaking Point" by the late Michael Artsybashev. In comparison with that "typical" Russian small town, Gopher Prairie is a hotbed of culture.

When I asked an Indian scholar what he thought of "Mother India," he said that every one who had been born or was living in India ought to read it; but that it should never be read by foreigners. To a less degree, for "Main Street" has nothing so degraded as the scenes in "Mother India," I wish that all Americans would read "Main Street" and that foreigners would read something else. Let the British read "Potterism."

Every committee that awards a prize hopes it will attract as much attention as possible. If the Nobel Prize for 1930 had been given to Galsworthy or to Barrie or to Edith Wharton, it would have attracted comparatively little attention; the recipient would have proceeded to Stockholm, made a quiet and dignified speech; those who were at all interested would have said "That's that," and thought about something else. Even Bernard Shaw, the most conspicuous man of letters in the world, did not begin to attract the world-wide attention gained by Sinclair Lewis. I can think of no speech on literature in my lifetime that had such an audience or stirred up such a rumpus as the acceptance speech of Lewis. Never had a literary man had such an opportunity. The Nobel Committee must have been delighted by the international excitement.

Every reader of books in the world was for one week, anyhow, thinking of the Nobel Prize.

The occasion was greater than the speech; it would take a Daniel Webster

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to rise to such a situation; but the speech was better than many editorials and gossipers said it was. This is because the majority of commenters read the headlines instead of the speech; or because they had only a clipped version. The entire address was printed in the New York *Times,* and I found it not only able but inspiring.

No one had a right to expect that the speech would be conservative; that it would consist of harmless or timid truisms; that it would praise the American Academy or the men in it; that it would be "patriotic." It was a good speech from the radical point of view. Lewis is a reformer; he would like to reform our conventional standards of morality and our conventional standards of good taste in literature. Lewis is an idealist, an evangelist; he is full of passion for his favorite authors and for what they represent. And he closed by a vision of hope that every reformer except Romain Rolland has seen; America is now in the Slough of Despond, but writers like Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, James Branch Cabell, and Sherwood Anderson will elevate us to the Delectable Mountains. Well, I love to see speakers show fervent hope and enthusiasm; and it was on such a note of triumph that Lewis closed.

One of Lewis's best characteristics is courage; he is not afraid of anybody or anything. He spoke out his thoughts and sentiments regardless of their effect on others or on himself. And I like that. I hate prudence.

I think he should have omitted personalities. His attack on Henry van Dyke was not worthy of the speaker or of the occasion; his sneer at Longfellow was the conventional grimace; his contempt for Howells—whose "Modern Instance" and "Silas Lapham" were faithful pictures of American life—he should have kept to himself.

He had of course a right to attack the American Academy, whose standards of literary taste differ sharply from his own; it is a conservative institution. We need to remember that any Academy in any country is subject to attack; no fifty persons chosen would completely satisfy anybody. But the Academy serves precisely the purpose that Lewis himself says needs American emphasis. It brings into public discussion matters of literature and the fine arts; elevating such things above commercialism and sport.

Thus Sinclair Lewis and the American Academy have exactly the same ideals; they think that a good name in literature is better than great riches, and that distinction in the fine arts should receive more popular adoration than supremacy in Wall Street or in athletics. But is such a thing true of any nation? Did Jack Dempsey in America ever receive such acclaim as Carpentier in France?

Not long ago, I was returning to my hotel in London, when I saw a crowd of several thousand people in front of the building. I supposed that the hotel was on fire; not at all; Jackie Coogan had arrived.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Swedish committee gave Lewis the prize because they wished to insult or ridicule America; they gave him the prize because he is a creative artist and a novelist of international fame. It is not as a satirist or a reformer—though he is both—that he was chosen. Admire him or not, he is a distinguished man of letters. His ways are not my ways, his literary gods are no gods of mine; but I say he deserved the prize and I am glad he got it.

I am also glad he had the courage to keep it; thus making it easier for the next recipient.

His truculent and denunciatory speech will do a vast amount of good. It has already accomplished much. He

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stirred up literary discussions all over America. He says the wrong people are in the Academy and others say the wrong man got the prize. This is beneficial. I like to see Americans excited on questions of art and literature.

The echoes of his speech were heard even in the Southern Hemisphere, where no great work of literature has ever been produced.

That the English have never forgiven the Nobel Committee for passing over Thomas Hardy is shown by the following comment by the author of "Angel Pavement," Mr. J. B. Priestley, in the New York *Saturday Review of Literature:*

> The announcement that the Nobel Prize had been awarded to Sinclair Lewis received a friendly welcome here, where Sinclair Lewis is better known than most of his fellow American novelists. It is not for me to comment on the award, though I will go so far as to say that, if the choice had rested with me, I would have given it to Willa Cather, who is in many respects the most distinguished living representative of American fiction. But—alas!—she is also about the least known in Europe. In English literary circles, the Nobel Prize is not regarded as a very serious affair. How could it be? Only one English author, Kipling, has received it. (Shaw and Yeats are Irishmen.) The giant Hardy never got it. Wells has never had it. When you remember these facts and then think of the people who *have* had the award, you can hardly blame us for not taking this Swedish prize giving very seriously.

E. F. Benson, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a professional novelist, who in the nineteenth century proved that the dodo was not extinct by writing a sensational book about her; since then he has written many other fairly good novels, and an admirable collection of stories about undergraduate life at Cambridge, called "The Babe, B.A." But he has been keeping the best wine until now; for his volume of reminiscences, called "As We Were—A Victorian Peep Show," is wholly excellent. It is filled with diverting literary and social gossip, contains three full-length portraits of Great Ladies of the Victorian era, with cogent reasons why they were Great Ladies; a jolly anecdote of Jean and Edouard de Reszké when these giants of the opera were in a mischievous mood; a particularly fine chapter on Oscar Wilde with some news (to me) about "De Profundis." There is only one innuendo on American taste, where he intimates that the quality of Edmund Gosse was not understood in America; alas, we understood that facile writer only too well. That he was a charming and penetrating literary critic every one cheerfully admits; but the seriousness with which his "researches" were taken in England was a constant source of amusement to American scholars. A few English scholars, like the late Churton Collins and the late D. C. Tovey, were exceptions to the average British reverence: Mr. Tovey, one of the best, wrote me: "I have gleaned more misinformation from the works of Edmund Gosse than from any other writer, ancient or modern."

Another admirable book on the political side of the Victorian age is by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and is well described by its title "Sidelights on Queen Victoria." This is "inside" information, taking us behind the scenes. The relations between Her Majesty and Gladstone are revealed more plainly than I have seen them elsewhere; the Queen hated the Grand Old Man with a fervor which he did little to cool. Nothing could better illustrate the growth of representative government in England from Elizabeth to Victoria than this private correspondence. In Elizabethan days, Gladstone would never have lived to old age; and it seems as if Victoria had longed for the good old times to return, when she might have called for Glad-

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stone's head in a charger. Victoria's finger was never for a moment out of the political pie; she had the "will to power" as few women (or men) have ever had it; but it did her no good, for while Gladstone was outwardly respectful he never budged one inch. "Mr. Gladstone presents his humble duty to Her Majesty" and proceeds to tell her that he will run England to suit himself. Her letters abound in expressions like "The Queen will not tolerate such treatment"; "The Crown cannot endure to be," etc., etc. During his fourth reign as Prime Minister, the Queen wrote how she felt to see the British empire in the hands of this "wild, irresponsible old man." She regarded him as a Bolshevik, and he regarded her as a rather obstinate old lady to whom he would grant nothing, but to whom he was forced to be polite. There are passages in these letters where it is as if she threatened him, and as if he retorted by suggesting that she was an anachronism. Well, well! No wonder she loved Disraeli. Disraeli plastered her with double flattery—as a lovely fairy and as a Sovereign. They say that he never forgot she was a woman, while Gladstone addressed her as if she were an institution. But that was not the real difficulty; the real difficulty was that Gladstone treated her as if she were an *obsolete* institution. Which of these two men showed the truer patriotism?

Among the fast increasing number of biographies in this biography-loving age, I recommend four.

Professor Claude Fuess's "Daniel Webster," in two volumes, has the marks of a classic. It is founded on years of patient research, and not a statement is made without visible support, with the result that the public career and the private life of the greatest of American orators are fully revealed. I shall have more to say of this important work on a later occasion; let me say now that it is just as entertaining as it is authoritative. It makes one proud of American scholarship.

Three biographies of the Reverend John Wesley have appeared within three years; the latest is by John D. Wade, of Vanderbilt University. Its faint undercurrent of irony does not conceal its author's admiration for Wesley's genius; for at the end of the book Wesley seems greater than ever. The style is perhaps a little too conscious, but it is often brilliant. There are passages that will make the reader stop and think, even though he is eager to know what happened next. A good book.

Gordon Haight, when he undertook the "task" of writing a life of Lydia Sigourney, had no intention of being "sarkustical." Many biographers to-day are not only willing to wound, they are not afraid to strike; their intentions are strictly dishonorable. But the more Mr. Haight knew about Lydia, and the more he read of her interminable gushers, the more he found it impossible to take her seriously. The interesting fact is neither Lydia nor her verse; the interesting fact is her literary reputation. She took the cash and let the credit go, which was lucky for her. Christina Rossetti was a poet; Lydia Sigourney was a poetess. The only thing that remains of her is Sigourney Street in Hartford, where I lived for four years. And even that is subject to irony, for the street-car conductors always gave it four syllables.

Mr. Haight has devoted the resources of patient and accurate scholarship to this soft and tender female; but in comparison with his heroine, we can hardly call it a work of piety. It is, however, highly entertaining; for although she was not witty in herself, she was the cause of wit in others.

The most personal and intimate book on Whistler that I have seen is by one

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who knew him well, Mrs. Joseph Pennell. The great painter was fond of paradoxes, and I hope somewhere in the choir invisible he is aware of the title of this book—"Whistler the Friend." It is a beautiful tribute to a side of Whistler's temperament that he did his best to keep from the public; but he did not succeed in keeping it from his intimate friends. Mrs. Pennell proves her case, and gives us a charming portrait. The illustrations, mainly reproductions of Whistler's work, are very well done. When Whistler died, a French critic in the *Revue Bleue* said he was the greatest painter of the nineteenth century; and as John Sargent was the greatest portrait painter of the same century, it is pleasant to remember they were both Americans.

"Selected Poems," by Thomas Walsh, will give this departed scholar long life as an American poet. He loved the beauty of holiness, the beauty of nature, the beauty of art, and the beauty of women. This is real poetry and furthermore, it is interesting.

And here are four terrific thrillers, every one receiving my personal guarantee: "About the Murder of Geraldine Foster," by Anthony Abbot, and the only adverse criticism is that it is perhaps too horrible; on no account read it late at night. The scene where the small boy sees in the dark house the naked ghost covered with blood, yet walking—don't read it at night. And don't begin it at night, for then you will finish it before dawn, unless it finishes you. "The Praying Monkey," by Gavin Holt, is wildly exciting, but also extremely funny; "Stroke of One," by the accomplished English journalist, R. A. J. Walling, is ingenious and thrilling, and very well written; "No Man's Woman," by Aubrey Boyd, is unlike anything else I have read except in its compelling clutch; it is imaginative; I did not believe I could love reindeer so much.

Here is an interesting letter from Colonel R. A. Duckworth-Ford, of Camp Henry T. Allen, Baguio, Philippines. The Colonel is the author of a book of poems, called "The Bamboo Brigade," published in 1929 at Baguio. This little volume would go well in any soldier's kit, as the verses are full of the joyous spirit of adventure; and of the hearty humor that goes with danger. It is fine to see a man of action so devoted to literature.

It was my privilege and pleasure to spend a week-end with Kipling at Bateman's—his place in Sussex, in 1916. Many people have asked me why Kipling was not appointed Poet Laureate to succeed Tennyson. I have invariably answered: "I don't know, but I doubt if he would have taken the job if it had been offered him on a golden platter." I don't think it would have helped Kipling to have been the Laureate any more than it would have helped Napoleon, after Marengo, to have been awarded a certificate for proficiency in Minor Tactics. Kipling probably knew this as well as anybody. I don't think he wanted the thing. For a quarter of a century he was more to Great Britain than the Poet of Empire. He was a seer, and a prophet, and an inspiration in a sense, and to a degree that has been achieved by no other Englishman of his generation. I use the past tense because Kipling has, to all intents, laid his pen aside (unless, in the seclusion of his work room at "Bateman's" he is producing his swan-song).—I venture to say that no English poet—since the year one—ever won so many faithful devotees in the English speaking world as Kipling won during the score of years of his prime. His poems and short stories were read and read again by all sorts and conditions of men: Statesmen, Scientists, Lawyers, Doctors, Generals and privates, Admirals and deckhands, pioneers and buccaneers, Archbishops and cowpunchers. And Kipling's poems were (and are) read in the name of pleasure, for the reason that they have been inspired by the divine spark, and they kindle the sparks of energy, and romance, and virility in their readers. They possess both soul and sinew. Kipling's heart was

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as much for the barrack room as the officers' mess, for the trawler as for the super-dreadnaught, for the desert or the jungle as for the cities. Why should Kipling bother about a trifle such as the Laureateship? I'm rather surprised that Masefield took it. He is hardly the type—and he's much too good. Your comment on Robert Bridges is just enough. To describe the Poet Laureate as a scholar and a gentleman damns him as a poet. At any rate it was something to have been a master of English prosody who knew all about the quantity of English syllables. Probably a century or so hence Robert Bridges will be classified with Nahum Tate and Henry James Pye. . . .

You say of Mr. Hoover that he came into office with no experience in practical politics, but that he is endowed with brains and character. In short—everything is in his favor. He has, so far, handled the Philippine "problem" with masterly statesmanship—and "more power to him" is my salute. We are fed up with politics. But we can do with any amount of brains and character.

I don't think Mr. O'Conor need disturb himself unduly about the ramblings of Dr. Arbuthnot Nairn—ex-headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School. Dr. Nairn is, after all, only an ex-school master and a Mid- or Later Victorian.—At the same time I would like to point out that, in SCRIBNER'S for July Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton quotes from the N. Y. *Herald Tribune:* "Alexander, a baseball elder, had been sunning his creaky soup bone in the bull-pen when the order came . . . Alec shifted his quid and shuffled onto the mound," etc. Mr. Eaton does more than condone this poisonous kind of sporting column garbage. He praises it. It gives us a "vivid picture of the whole game." "It has the unmistakable tang of vivid reality . . . it is highly competent use of our current speech, it is admirably calculated to facilitate the communication of ideas between average Americans of our age." Can you blame the sedate and reverend Dr. Nairn for holding up his hands and chanting "God save the King"?

Not only from the Philippines, but from Australia, come brave words, this time from T. L. Cunningham, of Alberton, S. Australia.

Australia is having an anxious time, as is the rest of the world, but we have a lovely land, and a lot of sensible people and she'll pull through. 6,000,000 people lost 60,000 dead in the War, incurred great liabilities which they will pay. As a people we have had to adapt our methods of agriculture to suit conditions unknown elsewhere, invent machinery to suit those conditions, and send our products half round the world to find a market.

The following letter from Professor Ney McMinn, of Northwestern University, proves how easy it is for me to make an inaccurate statement.

I notice that in the December number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE you write, concerning Mr. Taylor Reed's letter about Morris and the laureateship: "So far as I know, this is the first mention in print of the offer of the laureateship to Morris" (p. 658). If it is not being pedantic, I would like to call your attention to the following passage, taken from Prof. Mackail's "Life of William Morris," which was first published in 1899: "But after this lapse of time it may not be indiscreet to say that Morris was sounded by a member of the Cabinet, with Mr. Gladstone's knowledge and approval, to ascertain whether he would accept the office in the event of its being offered to him." (New impression, two volumes in one, 1922, Longmans, Green and Co., II, 302, 303.) And Charles Rowley, a personal friend of Morris, definitely states in his "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages" (London, Hodder and Stoughton, N.d., p. 138) that Morris was offered the laureateship after the death of Tennyson.

My readers and I are both grateful to Professor McMinn for the facts. And I am glad to admit Mrs. McMinn to membership in the Faerie Queene Club. As a reward, she received a subscription to the magnificent pig-skin Scholartis Press Spenser, of which two volumes have already appeared. I think many would read the F. Q. for such a prize.

But not only does Northwestern University score: Southwestern also triumphs. Professor Claud Howard, Head of the English Department of Southwestern, at Georgetown, Texas, writes, "Three of my English students apply for membership . . . Joe P. McAuliffe, Jr.,

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J. W. Crawford, Elizabeth Edwards." And Joe McAuliffe, a Sophomore, writes, "Now that I have finished the gigantic work, after about fifty hours reading time, I am ready to defy any critics or skeptics who dare say I have wasted my time."

W. H. Sage, Jr., of Schuyler, Va., writes:

I have been for some years past living in a small Virginia community, in the Blue Ridge district, and have come across many, to me, curious expressions, which, as a rule, I have been able to trace to some perfectly reasonable origin.

Recently, however, I heard the expression "Toby struck." "Toby struck" means physically ugly and unattractive, and I should be very much interested to know if you have ever heard of it, in your readings.

Another old word, which I have never heard any place else, but which is in common use here is "grouty"—meaning bad tempered, disagreeable, or, in other words, grouchy.

There are so many attacks on the New York theatres that it is pleasant to print such a splendid tribute as this.

I am a plain little woman of nearly seventy. For forty years I have seen most of the good plays in New York, by attending the mid-week matinées. I always get the cheapest seats, but without exception I have been treated with the kindest courtesy by the man or woman at the box office.

For just such people do we have theatres; this letter should cheer actors, playwrights, producers, and managers.

Here is an interesting letter from the distinguished novelist and scholar, Edward Lucas White, of Baltimore:

In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1930, you write of what you call subconscious poetry.

I have been more or less, rather more than less, a dreamer of literature and near-literature from not long after adolescence. Sometime in the 1890's I dreamed, in one night, and as written out nearly twenty years later, without any addition or modification, the entire adventure story which was published in 1921 as my romance Andivius Hedulio. Two of the tales in my volume of short stories "The Song of the Sirens" and Other Stories, are printed just as I dreamed them: "Disvola" and "The Flambeau Bracket." "The Song of the Sirens" is based on a dream and the appearance of the Sirens as I saw it in that dream is utterly unlike any description or depiction of them anywhere in literature or art. It was wholly subconscious creative mental activity. Except the tale entitled "Floki's Blade" all the stories in my volume of short stories entitled "Lukundoo" and Other Stories are dreams written out without any modification.

My dreams often end with verses or contain verses or consist of verses: sometimes not poetry, sometimes what any critic would rate as poetry. Some are in Greek or Latin. One, in which I was reading a book of poems in late Latin Commodianic accentual hexameters, left on my waking memory only one line: "Omnibus sunt inexorabilia scorta fatorum." 'Scorta Fatorum' is a tremendous phrase and the rest of the line suits with it.

Once I dreamed of reading a volume of alleged poems of which, on waking I remembered only two stanzas, not poetry, but not bad dream-verse.

"If Adam and Eve had been rodents
And the Garden of Eden a mill
Then all of us might have been field-mice
And lived at the foot of a hill.

If sky-larks were visibly dormice
And the roof of a mole-hill the sky,
Then chittering would have been warbling
And to jump just as good as to fly."

Some-times I dream the dream and read the 'verses' at the same time. I have written down on waking several verse compositions.

On the night of November 24, 1891, I saw in letters of gold in Old English script, on a background of deep purple, the poem I enclose, called "Genius." I think any one would rate it a poem and not mere verse. It was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. . . . That was in August, 1893. . . . I, myself, don't see any 'religious' implication in the poem. My sleeping mentality used the Christian mythology as a convenient medium for expressing the idea.

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GENIUS

He cried aloud to God: "The men below
Are happy, for I see them come and go,
Parents and mates and friends, paired, clothed with love;
They see not, heed not, need not me above:
I am alone here. Grant me love and peace;
Or if not them, give me at least release."

God answered him: "I set you here on high
Upon my beacon-tower; you know not why.
Your soul-torch by the cruel gale is blown
As desperate as your aching heart is lone.
You may not guess but that it shines in vain,
But till it is burnt out you must remain."

And my remark that I shall spend the first million years in heaven learning to play the piano has drawn from John H. Protheroe of Rustburg, Va., the following poem:

CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND FIFTY-THOUSAND HARPS

The blessed ghosts throng in; they mount the stand
Of porphyry and onyx; now they're seated,
Five times ten thousand harpists. Gabriel's greeted
With psalm of welcome from th' angelic band;
He bows, and lifts a hush-compelling hand,
"The Phelps Concerto!" (Million times repeated
Since the New Haven Maestro obsoleted
Cecilia's organ with his golden grand.)

A myriad fingers through the harpstrings run;
A myriad chords are struck, in chorus clanging;
Storms and soft zephyrs; then again there's one
Lone artist on his jewelled keyboard banging.
Unchanged, save for his scalp! (That long hair helps.)
A million happy years have passed for Phelps.

New books mentioned, with authors and publishers.

"As We Were—A Victorian Peep Show," by E. F. Benson. Longmans. $4.
"Sidelights on Queen Victoria," by Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Sears. $5.
"Daniel Webster," by Claude Fuess. 2 vols. Little, Brown. $10.
"John Wesley," by John D. Wade. Coward McCann. $3.
"Mrs. Sigourney," by Gordon Haight. Yale University Press. $3.
"Whistler the Friend," by E. R. Pennell. Lippincott. $3.
"Selected Poems," by Thomas Walsh. Dial. $2.50.
"About the Murder of Geraldine Foster," by Anthony Abbot. Covici Friede. $2.
"The Praying Monkey," by Gavin Holt. Dial. $2.
"Stroke of One," by R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. $2.
"No Man's Woman," by Aubrey Boyd. Dutton. $2.

Forest Fantasy

By Marie Luhrs

Trunks stand dark, twigs cross the sky, the brook gives out moans;
Shivering on the grass falls the day.
Through the leaves beyond the boughs rise cities of stones—
Strange, strange and far away.
A leaf turns green, turns gold in its fall from the sun. . . .
Green . . . gold . . . till it flows green on the stream
And marks how fast the plaintive, pallid waters run
Down, down to their great dream.
A squirming fish, a hole where the white pebbles boil
Are more to me here than my own breath.
Horns start from my head, my feet press hoofs in the soil;
The sun has bathed me with uneven flow;
I have forgotten how those stories go,
Those evil legends of love and death.

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The Weigher of Souls

(Continued from page 250)

"I have to return to Paris for a few days, but my work is far from being completed, and I shall be back in London on Friday, about seven in the evening. . . . Will you dine with me then?"

"No, I can't leave the hospital on a Friday. . . . But come here yourself, and perhaps . . ."

He looked at me long and steadily, like an architect gauging with his eye the strength of a beam or a wall.

"Of course," he said, "you'll stick to your promise not to breathe a word about what you've seen here. . . . It would mean the loss of my position and of the opportunity to continue my experiments. . . ."

I shook his hand, and left. I had great difficulty in finding my way back in the fog, and it was three o'clock in the morning before I got back to my hotel. I could not sleep.

VI

I am reaching the point in this story where circumstances led to my playing a larger part in it, and I must admit at once that, after my solemn promise given to James, I was blameworthy in talking to a French scientist, even indirectly, of his researches. But I had, I think, some excuse. In the first place, it was chance, and not my own intention, that during this period brought me into touch for the first time with Monestier. Further, as will be seen, the questions I asked him were such that he could not for a moment think that investigations of so strange a kind were really being carried out by a doctor. And, finally, I am bound to say that the steps I took, rash though they may have been, enabled James to make great strides toward the solution of the problem.

I reached Paris on a Saturday, and dined that same evening with some friends. Taking my place at table, I found that I had Monestier as my neighbor. He had long been an object of my admiration, for he is not only, after Jean Perrin and Langevin, one of the greatest of physicists, but also a perfect writer. And I was charmed by the man himself, with his eyes as blue and lively as a child's, the soft clump of his white hair, and his swift, youthful voice. He talked first, I remember, about the works of Esnault-Pelterie and the possibility of a voyage to the moon.

"I shan't go, myself," he said. "My son will perhaps go. My grandson certainly. . . . In any case, there will be hundreds of volunteers."

"How will they breathe?" I asked.

"They will have oxygen with them," said Monestier. "And later, when a colony of human beings has been settled there, an oxygen market will be opened where the housewives will go every morning to get their supplies of breathable air. . . . The life will seem quite simple to those who live it. . . . What would Christopher Columbus have thought if the liner *Ile de France* had been described to him? Read your Jules Verne and Wells again. Almost all the dreams of the preceding generation have become the realities of to-day."

It was just then (and doubtless because he had sympathetically thrown the names of Jules Verne and Wells into the conversation) that a sudden and irresistible desire caught me to question him concerning the scientific value of Doctor James's investigations.

"I ought to tell you," I said to him, "that I am thinking of writing a fantastic story myself; and it is one on which, as I have the opportunity, I should be very glad to have a scientist's opinion. . . . Of course you'll think the subject quite absurd. . . . I know it is. But I'd like to know, supposing that a scientist was so foolish as to make certain experiments, what course he would take, what line of inquiry he would follow."

Whereupon I recounted to Monestier, as if it were a fictitious story, my conversations with James, and the experiments which I had witnessed. He listened with good-humored amusement.

"It is not really so very absurd," he commented. "Why shouldn't there be 'psychons' as there are electrons? We know so little, after all. . . . Then what exactly do you want me to tell you? What experiments your doctor could make? Well, in his place I should first try to find out whether certain rays do not make visible this energy which he thinks he has collected in his flask. . . . Have you ever seen how certain fluorescent substances, invisible in broad daylight, become visible in darkness under ultra-violet rays?"

"No, never."

"I can show you that some time; it's a very

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pretty sight. . . . Could you come to my laboratory to-morrow?"

"I should be delighted."

And next day I found him in a new building, surrounded by shining and complicated apparatus. When I entered, he was standing before a glass tube in which, on coming nearer, I could see rings of woolly light, mauve-pink in color, pale and unearthly.

"Ah, good day!" he said. "Look, here is a very odd phenomenon. . . . Look at this. . . . I pass a magnet right along the tube. . . ."

He was holding a small horseshoe of metal, and he shifted it slowly toward the right. Whereupon I saw the rings separate from each other, following the magnet and turning paler and more transparent. Then Monestier moved the magnet back toward the left; and the rings slipped into each other until they formed simply one small ring of a violet-colored substance.

"It is delightful!" I exclaimed. "But what is the explanation?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is what I'm looking for! I don't yet know. . . . But you came along to see the phenomena of fluorescence. I mustn't waste your time."

In one corner of the room stood an extended apparatus, completely black, looking rather like a large-scale camera, covered with the cloth which photographers use when they are focussing.

"This is the apparatus that produces ultra-violet rays," said Monestier. "Visible light is shut off as it emerges by a black disk which only lets the invisible rays come through. . . . Look—will you kindly switch off the light. . . . The switch is further to the left. . . . Good. Now I set the apparatus in action in the dark. . . . You see nothing. . . . If you put your hand over the path of the beam you will see it turn partly luminous, and if you leave it too long, you'll burn yourself. . . . Good. Now I place in front of the apparatus a flask filled with water. Naturally, it is invisible. . . . But I pour a fluorescent substance into the water and—look!"

Suddenly two spots of steely blue appeared in the darkness, like planets hanging in the night. They spread out, curling in slow spirals, growing larger and fainter, nebulæ becoming more and more attenuated. A liquid smoke filled the whole flask with an unreal, luminous cloud.

"How beautiful!" I said. "It is like being present at the creation of matter. . . . But why isn't all that visible in ordinary light?"

"My dear sir," said Monestier with a smile, "the 'becauses' of science are nearly always statements of observed fact. . . . You remember Molière's *'Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva.'* . . . Because there are fluorescent substances which are visible in ultra-violet rays. . . . But to revert to your story—and I dreamed a lot about it in the night—nothing prevents one from supposing that your 'vital fluid' is fluorescent. . . . The doctor in your tale could certainly borrow an apparatus in his hospital similar to this one. . . . Let him place one of his bell-jars in the path of the rays and—who knows?—perhaps he will see the 'psychons' suddenly become luminous."

"Yes—a very good idea. . . . And do you think that the glass of the domes would not allow the energy which they contain to escape? Wouldn't he need metal ones? Or rock-crystal?"

"Ah, that I don't know. . . . It all depends on the nature of your fluid, which is unknown to me. But I see no *a priori* reason why glass should be inadequate. . . . If it is, you can suppose that your hero tries a colloidal glass. Then you'll have beautiful red flasks in your story. . . . But I'll show you something else."

He showed me blades of soap, infinitely thin, in which there were formed disks of vivid, changing colors, and I did not venture to say more to him about "my story."

VII

I returned to London on the Friday evening. A bad crossing left me too tired to go out again the same night, and it was not until the Saturday morning that I went to see James at the hospital. He was not in his room, but the door was open and I went inside to wait for him. The great curtain was pulled back. The shelves which this curtain had hidden on my first visit held a small pair of scales, an inverted glass bowl, a few small bottles. Whilst awaiting my friend's return, I looked at the women's photographs which stood along the mantelpiece and on the writing-table, and I then saw (what I had not observed on the first day) that they were all portraits of the same woman, a girl, almost indeed a child. The expression of the face was gentle and ingenuous, with charming features, and hair so very fair as to seem almost white. In nearly all these portraits the young woman wore costumes of bygone times. Was she an actress? Did she like to set off her beauty with different adornments? I was lost in that musing into which the enigma of a lovely face always plunges us, when I heard footsteps. I turned round. James was behind me. He laid a hand

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on my shoulder, and himself glanced at the portraits for a moment.

"Well!" he said at last in his hoarse voice. "You've got back, have you? And how did you find 'the Gay City'?"

"Very pleasant. . . . I don't know any city more charming than Paris in springtime. . . . But that's not the question. I believe, James, that I picked up some valuable suggestion over there for your researches."

"For my researches? How so?"

I told him of my indiscretion, making it plain that it could entail no dangers to himself. I described what I had seen in Monestier's laboratory, and gave him as clear an account as I could of what the scientist had told me.

"Do you understand, James? It seems to me that if you could pass a beam of ultra-violet rays above the body just when you think something escapes from it, you would perhaps be able to see the fluid become luminous. . . . Of course, it may just as well be the contrary —but couldn't you try? This hospital surely has an ultra-violet-ray apparatus?"

"Oh, yes," he said, musing. "The only difficulty would be to get it in the dissecting-room. . . . But that shouldn't be really impossible. . . . Yes, thanks very much—it's a good idea. . . . I have often seen experiments in fluorescence; but I hadn't thought of applying them here. In any case, I can make a test in my own room on one of the small animals. Will you come over to-morrow night? We'll do this together."

I promised to come, but I asked him, if he had to kill a rat or any other creature, to do so before my arrival, as I greatly disliked such a sight. He laughed at me a little, and told me that the animals would not suffer, as he anæsthetized them beforehand with an injection.

The state of excitement in which I found James next evening is past imagining. The sound of my step on the staircase brought him out of his room, and when I reached the landing he held out both hands to me.

"Look here, old man," he said in a low voice, "we've got a solution, thanks to you."

"What do you mean?"

"Come in and have a look."

The room was dark, but James guided me from behind with a hand on each of my shoulders.

"Be careful," he said. "The apparatus is in the middle of the room. . . . Keep a little to your left. . . . Further. . . . Right. . . . Now straight in front of you. . . . Do you see anything?"

Over toward the fireplace I could discern a faint glow, about the size of a nut, but more elongated. Going closer, I saw that the interior of this luminous kernel contained darker currents revolving extremely slowly. The whole thing reminded one of the appearance of certain photographs of celestial nebulæ.

"What have you got there?" I asked him. "It's curious, and rather beautiful in a way. . . ."

"I'll let you see it in the light," he said.

He moved away for a moment. The light in the middle of the room went out. I saw on the mantelpiece a small glass bell-jar, beneath which lay a dead rat stretched on its side. The warm glow had vanished. I looked at James inquiringly.

"You look very surprised," he said. "But I have applied the idea you gave me. . . . What you saw just now was a small mass of—I dare not call it matter—let's say, if you like, of the luminous fluid which appeared under the beam of the ultra-violet rays at the top of the jar, twenty-one minutes after the animal's death."

I was overwhelmed, scarcely able to believe what I had just seen and heard.

"But this is extraordinary, James. . . . Nobody has ever thought of this. . . . It is a great discovery—don't you think so? And where is it now, your fluid? I don't see anything in the globe."

"Quite true. Nothing is visible in ordinary light, and that explains why neither I nor anybody else ever noted the phenomenon before. . . . But your method, or that of your physicist friend if you like, is the right one."

"I'd like to see it again."

He switched off the light and turned on the apparatus. Instantly the tiny elongated kernel shone out with its soft nebular gleam.

"Really, James, I'm beginning to think that you are on the path of a wonderful and unforeseeable future. . . . Do you think that the personality—no, one can't talk of the personality of a rat—do you think that the individuality of this creature persists in some form allied to this little glow?"

"I know no more than you do, old man. . . . All I can say is that it seems to me possible, even probable . . . and also, that I've decided to repeat the experiment on a man as soon as I have a larger bell-jar. . . . And further, note that this fluid, luckily for us, is lighter than air and collects at the top, a fact which makes it quite easy to preserve even if the bowl has to be lifted to withdraw the body."

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We stood silent for a moment or two in the darkness, gazing at this light which was perhaps the manifestation of a mysterious presence. At last James turned on the light again.

"How surprising it is," I said, "that such important and simple facts should hitherto have eluded mankind!"

"Why?" said James. "Isn't it the history of all scientific phenomena? The data of all the great discoveries have existed in nature for thousands of years. What was lacking was a mind to interpret them. When the cave-dweller dropped a stone into the stream beside his rocks he could have discovered, as Galileo did later, the laws of the velocity of falling bodies. . . . He didn't think about it. . . . Ever since the earth has been the earth, thunder-storms have provided wonderful experiments which could have shown all mankind the existence of electricity. . . . They were explained by the wrath of Jove. . . . Men have always been surrounded, and the atmosphere has always been traversed, by the rays of which our modern physicists make use; yet these rays remained invisible and elusive, like the vital force of my rat."

"Poor beast! Take it away, James. . . . I hate seeing that corpse amongst the photographs of that lovely woman there. . . ."

And after a moment's hesitation I added:

"Who is she?"

"Don't you know her?" said James. "That is Edith Philipps. The young actress, you know. . . . The whole of London is crowding to see her play Ophelia just now. . . . Haven't you been? I must take you one of these evenings."

"Take away the rat, James."

Carefully he raised the globe, and drawing the animal out by its long tail, he wrapped it up in a piece of paper.

"Now," he said, "we must see if our light is still there."

He repeated the experiment. The little ball of light was gleaming at the top of the jar.

VIII

My visits to Saint Barnaby's Hospital became an almost daily occurrence. I continued my work at the British Museum because I was forced to, and because I could not spend the daytime with Doctor James, whose profession left him little freedom; but my friend's researches were of greater interest to me than my own. Every day I waited impatiently the hour he had appointed for me. In the reading-room itself, instead of working, I kept watching my neighbors, a girl with tortoise-shell spectacles, a little Hindu with curly hair, and imagined them lying on Gregory's grim balance. And when the hour came round, I hastened over to the city of chimneys and wharfs.

Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the thoroughfare leading to the hospital was occupied by the humble street-market which I had noticed on the occasion of my first visit. I enjoyed stopping beside the open-air booths where they sold fish, and books at a penny apiece, and old boots. Sometimes I had a talk with the hawkers. One of them, Mr. William Slutter, was a favorite of mine, on account of his astonishing natural distinction and his handsome head, which was like that of an aged aristocrat. He sold for sixpence queer little cigarette-lighters on which a pig, with uplifted trotter, made the spark fly. "Wonderful joke!" he kept calling. "They never let you down. . . . I was sold out yesterday. I've only a few left." As a matter of fact I never saw him sell a single one. But he kept his good-mannered smile and an air of confidence in life. Nothing was further from my thoughts when I was talking with him one Wednesday about the difficulties of his trade than that he would be the subject during the very next week of the most extraordinary of experiments.

Yet so it turned out. Mr. William Slutter contracted a virulent pleurisy and was brought to Saint Barnaby's in a state that left no hope. That same day one of the big stores, which prided itself on being able to supply anything, delivered to Doctor James the bell-jar large enough to cover a human body, as he had ordered three weeks before. That evening, when I accompanied James on his round of the wards, I was taken aback at finding William Slutter's usually peaceful features there, ablaze with fever. "Wonderful joke . . ." he kept calling. "Only a few left. . . ." And the next night, at midnight, I saw him again in the dissecting-room.

I was beginning to be inured to this macabre spectacle. James, on the contrary, was in great agitation that night. He had helped Gregory to hide the gigantic globe beneath the rising tiers of seats, and was afraid lest the little man might break it as he lifted it with our help on to the table and set it over the corpse. The doctor had had to give up the idea of using the weighing-machine, as it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to keep the globe balanced on the platform. On the other hand, he had again obtained the loan of the ultra-violet-ray apparatus. Gregory was not

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aware of the nature of our new researches; he no longer understood what the doctor was doing, and gave us only clumsy and ill-humored help.

At last poor William Slutter lay outstretched under the huge jar, and the contrivance was placed so that its top should come into the line of the rays. These manipulations took so long that we had only six minutes left until the moment when, according to the now familiar time-table of these experiments, "something" was sure to happen. James had his eye on the clock and told Gregory to put the lights out. I watched the invisible top of the globe, trying hard not to lose its position. The waiting seemed endless.

"One minute," said James.

I began to count slowly. One . . . two . . . three . . . four. . . . And I had reached fifty when I saw a faint blue mist appearing. At first it seemed shapeless and as if diffused over the whole width of the beam. But this stage was so brief that I could not observe it. Immediately the vapor became condensed in a milky mass, about four inches long, the base of which was horizontal, with its rounded top following the curve of the globe. This mass was neither motionless nor homogeneous. Currents of lighter and darker color were visible in it. I cannot describe it better than by asking you to imagine the smoke of several cigarettes, of varying density and slightly different colors, superimposing their rings and spirals until they formed an object of well-defined outline.

"Doctor!" came the startled voice of Gregory. "Doctor! Doctor! Do you see that ball of light?"

"Keep quiet!" said James's grating voice.

I saw the doctor's head come into the field of the rays from the apparatus, and some of his features were for an instant lit up. Then he vanished into the darkness again. I could feel, though I could not see, that he was leaning, to watch it more closely, over the strange substance which he made his prisoner. I thought of William Slutter. . . . Did there really remain, under that glass bell, some fragment of what once had been that simple and contented soul? Was it possible that everything which had given life to that inanimate body was now concentrated in that tiny space? Were we holding there some impersonal force, or were we holding the individual William Slutter? Could he see us? Was he conscious of his incredible adventure? Was he thinking at that moment—"Wonderful joke . . ."? And if the least chance of his consciousness existed, had we any right to keep a soul captive?

"Lights, Gregory," said James's voice.

I was surprised to see again the doctor, the little assistant with his waxed mustache, the apparatus with its black cloth cover, and there, under that inverted bowl now deprived of its gleam, the corpse of an old man with a white mustache.

James looked at me with a nod of his head. I felt that he was himself overwhelmed by the success.

"You saw that ball of light, sir?" Gregory asked me.

"We all saw it," said James in an impatient tone. "What I now want, Gregory, is for you to keep this bell-jar for me without breaking it, and especially *without turning it up*. . . . Do you understand?"

"Yes, doctor," he replied humorously. "But don't give me another of these, for I shouldn't know where to stow it. As it is, if the students were to find it . . ."

"I said nothing about another one," said James. "We'll give you a hand to carry this one underneath the seats."

And the three of us carried out this manœuvre, not without difficulty, and then left Gregory. The little man seemed taciturn. When we were out in the hospital quadrangle under the starry sky, I said to James:

"I think you ought to give him some explanation. . . . You need him. . . . Now this evening . . ."

"You're wonderful, my boy! What do you expect me to tell him? He knows as much as you and I do. . . . Can you yourself explain what we have seen?"

I told him that I could do no such thing, but that the experiment seemed to confirm all the theories he had put forward to me on the evening of our first dinner. If his hope had been to catch and preserve something of human beings after their death, he was on the track of such a possibility. I further admitted that I did not not see what this success was leading to, for even admitting that he had the soul of poor William Slutter under his globe, he could not enter into communication with it. And I added that I was doubtful regarding his right to keep this unknown substance in captivity.

"For after all, James, suppose that the law of human nature really is that a vital fluid escapes from our body after death, to merge with some universal reservoir of life, why and how should we stand in its way? Your

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globes are not eternal, and a day will come when, despite you, William Slutter will cease to be William Slutter. And what will you then have done but vainly prolonged an existence, under conditions which perhaps are dreadful? You have made an amazing discovery, and one which will give you one kind of fame when you choose to make it public. . . . But you must confine the risk in these experiments to the bounds of strict necessity. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio . . .'"

"That reminds me," he said, "that I must take you to see 'Hamlet' one evening. . . . Good night!"

IX

I could hardly have visited Saint Barnaby's Hospital so often without making the acquaintance of some of the medical staff. On several occasions James had taken me to a meal in the dining-room of the resident members, where I had had some conversation with my neighbors, and I became particularly friendly with Doctor Digby, a mental specialist of the staff. I have always had a strong inclination, which I cannot explain very readily, toward the society of medical psychologists. . . . Experience of abnormal persons seems to give them a keener and more ingenious understanding of the normal. To myself, striving to be a writer and to understand mankind, their conversation always provided valuable lessons. Besides, I found Digby unusually congenial. He was a short bald man, with a look of wisdom in his eyes, who spoke in a very soft voice, with precision and intelligence.

On the day following the evening I have just described, I arrived in advance of the time fixed by James, and was strolling in the grounds of Saint Barnaby's, on the flowered terrace bordering the river, when I met Digby in a long white coat.

"Hullo," he said, "are you alone? Our friend isn't ill, is he? I didn't see him at lunch."

"I think he is all right, Doctor Digby, but he won't be free for a quarter of an hour."

He began to say something, stopped hesitantly, and then went on:

"Oh! Then this is just— No. . . . Yes. . . . As you have a quarter of an hour to spare, come into my room."

It was a very well-lit room, right on the terrace itself, and furnished with countless files and card-index cases.

"Cigarette? Whiskey?" asked Digby. "No? Well now, listen. . . . As I've got the chance of seeing you alone for a moment, I'd like to talk to you about James. You're a friend of his; you're a stranger to the hospital; you can perhaps do us a great service."

"I should very much like to, if it is possible. But in what way?"

"I shall tell you. . . . But first of all it must be understood anything I say to you is confidential and cannot be repeated by you to any one, even to himself. . . . That's understood, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Good. . . . Well, I have reason to think that you are in the know about certain mysterious experiments which James is said to be carrying on, to some quite incomprehensible end, and in which he makes use of the corpses of patients dying in this hospital. Am I right?"

"What an examination! I cannot answer, doctor. . . . And I must ask you not to take that reply either as an affirmative or a denial. . . . It merely indicates that I regard my friend's action as depending solely on his own conscience."

"I quite approve your attitude," said Digby with a smile. "But from my point of view I am convinced that I am doing my duty when I tell you that the hospital authorities have been startled. . . . So far no inquiry has been ordered, mainly because everybody here is well disposed toward James, and also because the experiments as described seem absurd, though harmless."

"It seems to me in fact," I said, "that if one can dissect a dead body, one can all the more ——"

"Be careful!" he said. "You're going to say more than you wish. . . . Understand me. . . . If these rumors get round beyond medical men to those less tolerant persons, the board of management, our friend might well find himself in rather serious trouble. But that is my least important motive. I am chiefly afraid of— 'Oh!' you'll think, 'these specialists see their pet subject everywhere!' But never mind!—I am chiefly afraid that certain researches might prove a danger to James's mental welfare; and it is about his state of mind, if you will allow me, that I should like to have a word with you, because, I repeat, the circumstances seem to enable you to be of service to him yourself. . . . To begin with, do you know anything of his personal history?"

"What do you mean by 'his personal history'? I got to know him during the War. Of what may have happened to him before then I know nothing. Nor indeed of his sentimen-

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tal history since the War, for he is like all you English, not a man to talk much about these things."

"Well, I must tell you what I think it necessary for you to know. . . . In March, 1914, James married a young Danish girl of great beauty, who was studying medicine in London. I knew her quite well. She was a woman of surprising intelligence; candid, too, and generous, but in no way suited to English life; but she had never loved James. On the other hand, he worshipped her, and I believe that she must have married him out of pity for the violence of the feeling she inspired in him. . . . When James went out to France at the end of 1915, Hilda James felt herself completely stranded here and returned to her own country. There she met a young man more suited to her taste. She wrote to James telling him so, loyally but without trying to soften the blow. . . . She asked for her freedom. He rebelled, and refused. . . . One day, at the front, he learned that she had died in some obscure, dramatic circumstances, about which I know little. . . . He has never got over it."

"How mysterious people are, doctor! So when I was living in the same Flanders dugout with James, he had just gone through this drama—and I never knew it!"

"Yes. . . . That impotence of self-expression is at once the strength and the danger of our national character. . . . We keep ourselves to ourselves. . . . We 'repress,' as the layman now says with rather naïve pedantry. . . . It is not without dignity, but it is a dangerous thing for one's mental balance. . . . In James's case, which I have followed at pretty close quarters, I was genuinely alarmed during the first few years after the War ended. . . . He lived then in a solitude, a sentimental starvation, which a Frenchman like yourself, I suppose, could hardly imagine. . . . Had it not been for his work at the hospital, in which fortunately he was interested, I doubt whether his reason would have stood the strain. . . . In the end, when he was spending a holiday with his people in Wiltshire, he received an urgent call, in the absence of the local doctor, to see a young girl who was taken ill. She was an actress."

"Miss Edith Philipps?" I said.

"Ah! So he's spoken of Miss Philipps, has he?"

"No . . . at least, only just . . . But I saw her photograph in James's room and asked who she was."

"So you know that she is very beautiful. But you haven't been in a position to observe, as I have, her close resemblance to the girl who was once James's wife. . . . That was certainly the reason why he became attached to her from the first day he set eyes on her, and with an intensity that has been constantly growing. . . . Do not imagine that she is his mistress. She is unmarried and lives with her father, Gerald Philipps, who was himself one of our leading actors. She would certainly be married were it not for her health, which is so frail that we medical men can hardly tell how she can possibly withstand the strain of her calling. . . . What does she think of our friend? Does she love him? Does she feel affection, or indifference, toward him? I have never seen them together, and all I know of them comes to me from third parties. I know only that he is desperately attached to her, that he spends all his free time with her, and that he knows her to be seriously ill and lives in terror of losing her. . . . That is what I wanted to tell you so as to help you a little in your relations with him. . . . I don't want to add any of the conclusions which I myself draw from these given facts, because you are too intimate with him, and I know from experience, alas, how dangerous it is to plant suggestions in a hypersensitive soil where they immediately become sources of infection. . . . Excuse my frankness!"

"I am grateful to you, Doctor Digby. But I don't altogether understand. . . . What do you want me to do? I have no authority over James; I do not know Miss Philipps; and besides, I shan't be staying much longer in England—even if I wanted to, I couldn't. When I leave, I shall probably lose sight of James."

"That is all quite true, and I am asking nothing definite of you. . . . I merely wished you to know the facts, so as not to find yourself walking blindfold on difficult ground. . . . Now it is for yourself to judge. . . . If you can bring our friend within a reasonable interval to forsake this dangerously heretical quest of his, I think you will have rendered him a service, and even a twofold service. . . . But go along and see him quickly, for I've kept you more than your quarter of an hour."

I left him. When I reached James's room, the buzzer was ringing its *two-four, two-four* summons. . . . James had been called down to a ward and I had to wait for him. And I then observed that one amongst the photographs on the mantelpiece, the largest, was that of a different woman. I had noticed it the first time, because its resemblance to the other

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woman whose portraits surrounded it was truly astonishing.

X

I had not paid much heed to James's proposal, a few days earlier, to go and see "Hamlet." The days and nights I was then spending with him, amongst his patients and sharing in his researches, seemed to me as beautiful and as varied as the greatest dramas. But after my talk with Digby I was naturally fired with a desire to meet Edith Philipps, and I reminded James of his promise. He told me he would ask for seats on his first free evening.

On the way to the theatre he explained that the company was that of a theatre in a working-class district. The critics had been so enthusiastic in their praise of the young man who played Hamlet, and of an unknown actor's Polonius, and above all of the Ophelia of Miss Philipps, that a West End manager had provided a theatre for the players. Whereupon the whole of London had been rushing to see them, Shakespeare became the fashion, and many people came out declaring that they had just seen "Hamlet" for the first time. This, said James, was certainly true of the majority, but England discovered "Hamlet" in this way every fifty years. His friend's father, Gerald Philipps, had himself made his name half a century ago in the title part, and had "revealed" this unknown author, William Shakespeare, to the English of 1875.

To myself, as to the spectators at whom James had smiled, "Hamlet" was a new play that evening. These actors had shown a simple, but all too rare, discretion in playing Shakespeare's text without cuts. The young man who took the part of the Prince of Denmark played with vigor and straightforwardness. When he spoke the lines—

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of the world . . ."

he seemed as closely akin to our French selves as the youthful Barrès or Benjamin Constant. It was the young man of all time. And so too with Miss Philipps: from her first entrance I could see that she was the young girl of all time. In her opening scene with Polonius she displayed a blend of the demure, the artlessly forward, the childishly submissive, which I found enchanting.

"James," I said to him in the interval, "your friend is adorable!"

He seemed happy.

"You can tell her yourself shortly," he said. "I have told her that we would have supper together. . . . Are you pleased?"

"Delighted! It is excellent. . . . I've only one criticism—the Ghost. The Ghost disappointed me. Why make him speak from the wings? It is beneath the swords that Shakespeare's 'old mole' should cry his 'Swear! Swear!' Do you remember Goethe's comment on that point in 'Wilhelm Meister'? Goethe thinks that the Ghost ought to disappear underground, and that a tongue of flame should spring from the ground to show where he is."

"The odic flickering?" said James, glancing at me with the faintest of smiles. . . . "I wonder what the ghost of William Slutter is doing at the moment?"

"I wonder indeed! Is he still in the bell-jar?"

"Yes, I saw him still there last night; the glass prison is keeping him for us faithfully."

"Don't you want to restore him to liberty, James?"

He laid a finger on his lips. In front of us stood an attendant offering ices and boxes of chocolates. The bell announced the end of the interval. We were plunged once more into the world of Shakespeare.

It will no doubt seem surprising to find me speaking in such detail of a performance of "Hamlet" in the middle of a narrative so different in its subject. But I have two sound reasons for that. First, this was the evening when I made the acquaintance of Miss Philipps, who, as you will see, plays an important part in the secret which I wish to reveal in these pages. And further, I know not why, the atmosphere of "Hamlet" remains linked for me with the memory of Doctor James. It was the only occasion on which I could gauge the depth of hidden, desperate feeling which lay beneath that tragic but impassive mask. At the moment in the players' scene, when Hamlet feels the shame of his own calmness in contrast with the actor's feigned emotion—

". . . all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect . . .
. . . What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?"—

I saw James lean forward and open his lips as if he were on the point of crying these lines aloud himself. During the scene of Ophelia's madness, for the first and only time in my experience of him, I saw a tear slip down his cheek. And there Edith Philipps, it must be said, was deeply moving. Her eyes looked

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forth upon a transparent world. Her voice came singing and speaking in a monotone, with infinite softness, and she held out invisible flowers: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember. . . ." She turned my thoughts also to so many things past and beautiful.

"Do you know," James said to me in the interval, "what is the most admirable thing in her playing? It is this—she succeeds in giving the impression, which madwomen in real life will often give, that madness is an almost conscious refuge. . . . Ophelia no longer wishes to see this horrible world; she has created another, the world of flowers, and her memories, and she will go on talking of it in her soft, implacable voice, to the very end. . . . Really, there is nothing in the theatre more deeply human than that!"

When the stage had been strewn with corpses, and the young Fortinbras had had the Prince borne off upon the shoulders of four captains, and the audience had applauded loud and long, and the orchestra had played "God Save the King," we came out in silence.

"What a crowd of corpses!" I said at last.

"As in life," said James. "Will you come round the theatre with me to meet Edith at the other door? She must be ready by now, for she has had time to change during the last act."

We found her ready, as he had said, and waiting for us with the stage-door keeper. She was a thoroughly simple young girl, ingenuously pleased by the few compliments I paid her, as if she had not already been told by every critic in London that she was an actress of genius. James took us to a little French restaurant. There, in the light, I could see Miss Philipps better. She was every bit as beautiful as her portraits, but startlingly pale. During supper she was very gay. I was a little disappointed by the quality of her remarks; but isn't one always disappointed in an actress whom one has just seen in a masterpiece? Unconsciously one has endowed her with the spirit of Shakespeare or Musset; one has wished, almost hoped, that she may prove in actual life to be Juliet, or Desdemona, or Camille. And one finds—a child. It calls for a gift of greater penetration than I then possessed to detect in her the poetry she really held. I can now see the traits in Edith Philipps that made her wonderfully Shakespearean. James himself had realized them long before. I was touched by the tender admiration he showed toward her. And we parted on coming out of the restaurant, as he wished to take her home to her father's before he returned to the hospital.

XI

If I have succeeded in conveying any idea of James's character, you will have realized by now that when we met again, nothing further was said by either of us about Edith Philipps. I made several attempts to "start him off" on the subject, by taking up one of the photographs on the mantelpiece and looking at it with close attention. But I never succeeded. I regretted this, not only from curiosity, but because I believed (as I still believe) that my friend's unhappiness would have been lessened if he could have given utterance to the deep, bewildering passions which gripped him.

I had also tried several times, in accordance with my promise to Doctor Digby, to divert him from his researches. I pointed out to him that Gregory was now freeing himself from his influence, that the little man now only gave his help distrustfully and grudgingly, and that even the bank-notes which James gave him more and more freely hardly brought forth a single word of thanks. The doctor likewise had observed these disturbing symptoms; but he did not make his visits to the dissecting-room any less frequent. It must be admitted that his investigations had taken a very curious turn, and that I myself, though disapproving them, could not but follow them with intense interest.

In the first place, James had been struck with the difficulties involved in the handling and safeguarding of these huge glass bell-jars, and had conceived the simple but ingenious notion of having them fitted at the top with a small globe, about four inches in diameter, communicating with the large one by a glass tube. Observing events under the ultra-violet rays, we saw, as might be expected, that the fluid rose from the larger vessel into the small one. The latter then became almost entirely luminous, the bell-jar itself remaining dark. It was a simple matter to cut the connecting tube with a blow-pipe and seal it, and so to preserve the "matter" or "energy" which was our concern, in a much reduced volume. By welding a new tube surmounted by a small globe to the same bell-jar, the latter could continue to be used so long as it was not broken by careless handling.

These small globes, which could be easily carried about, had been preserved by the doctor in his own room. To avoid confusion he had gummed on each a small label showing the name of the person from whom the contents had been obtained, and the date of the event which everybody else would have called

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their "death," but which James called their "metamorphosis." Globe No. 1 was that of William Slutter; No. 2 was an old eel-seller, Mrs. Prim; No. 3 was a Norwegian seaman. There were by now seven in all, set side by side on an empty shelf in James's room. I spent hours contemplating them. They looked like soap-bubbles suddenly and miraculously solidified. Inside each there stretched shifting strands of mingling blue and green, which, one convex, the other concave, followed the curve of the ball. It was merely, I think, the reflected image of window, sky and trees in the two surfaces of the sphere. But sometimes I fancied I could see other and stranger shapes quivering within.

"Ah!" the doctor would say, when he found me in contemplation before the shelf, "you're having a look at my 'souls,' are you?"

"How I wish you would set them free, James!"

"Later on," he would say, "later on. . . . When I've found out all I can learn from them."

From time to time he made an examination with the rays, to be sure that his "souls," or rather as he used to say his "fluid ghosts," had not escaped through the transparent walls of their prison. He observed no change. Every time he found that same milky gleam, the same stirring of whirling shapes. An incomprehensible, but real, life was maintaining itself inside the globes.

James had discovered that the fluid exerted a distinct action upon certain external objects. If one brought a screen of fluorescent substance close to one of the globes, it was faintly lit up. For a long time I hoped that it might thus prove possible to enter into communication with the "ghosts." The luminosity of the screens subjected to the action of the globes continually varied; and by long or short periods of light a conversation might have been practicable. But all my efforts at interpreting these signs were in vain. James, for his part, tried to "bombard" the psychons, a first time with the help of X-rays, and a second time by making use of radioactive elements. These last experiments, besides yielding no results, were distasteful to me. I regarded them as at once useless and cruel. The word "cruel" may seem surprising—but what did we know of the effect of these atomic bombardments on a substance which might well be sentient? I had argued this matter quite frequently with James; and over the question of a much simpler experiment, yet one which seemed to me much more blameworthy, our arguments were resumed, but so fiercely this time that for a moment I almost thought they would put an end to our friendship.

I had been away for a couple of days, engaged in some library researches at Oxford. Visiting my friend on my return, I found him examining two globes added to his collection during my absence, bearing the numbers 8 and 9. No. 8, he told me, was Agatha Lind, a young dancer who had committed suicide with veronal; No. 9 a Russian, Dimitri Roskoff, who had died of cancer. I was surprised to observe that instead of cutting the tube, and so making the globes perfectly spherical, James had in each case left the tube on the globe, contenting himself with sealing the extremity.

"Hullo, have you adopted a new method, James?" I asked. "I don't like it. . . . You rob our soap-bubbles of all their beauty."

"You don't know what I want to do," he answered. "I have my reasons—you'll see. . . . I even think you will be pleased with me, you who are always complaining of possible cruelty in leaving a soul 'imprisoned in solitude.'"

"What do you mean?"

"It's quite simple. . . . Suppose that I place these two tubes in communication, one of the two globes being upside down above the other, what will happen?"

"I don't know. . . . Probably the two fluids will mingle and fill the whole space."

"Just what seems likely to me too. . . . But then you will no longer have one solitary soul; you will have two souls joined in a closer, more intimate way than is conceivable in any earthly union. . . . What's wrong? Don't you think that's so?"

"I don't know at all, James, but it seems to me a monstrous idea, and I cannot understand your conceiving it. . . . What! You would go and choose two beings at random who don't know each other, who would perhaps loathe each other, and you would force them, as you say, into a kind of union more intimate than any other, one that you yourself cannot even imagine? And you would do this for no reason, just from curiosity? No, not even from curiosity—because what will you ever know about the result of your attempt? Nothing—because, even granting that we are here in the presence of sentient and conscious beings, you are powerless to enter into communication with them!"

James looked at me solemnly, and even sadly.

"How unfair and passionate you are!" he said. "You know I am not a wicked man. . . .

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Very much the contrary. . . . I've had too many sorrows to be wicked. . . . I can understand other people condemning my researches, but you . . . You ought to have realized long ago that I wouldn't occupy myself with these matters if I had not hope of their possibly opening up great hopes, infinite vistas, for others. . . . Have faith in me. . . . I give you my word I will drop all research the moment I find what I am seeking."

"No, James, I implore you! Leave these things alone! Put them aside. . . . I'm going to tell you something that I ought not to tell you. . . . I assure you that if you don't abandon these dangerous paths of your own free will, you are going to be forced to abandon them. . . ."

"Oh? Have they been telling you something?" he asked eagerly. "All the more reason for getting ahead fast! I'm going to make this test immediately."

"I will have no hand in it," I said. "Good-by!"

And I came away. But as soon as I was out in the street, I regretted my words.

XII

Next morning I received a message at my hotel. *"Don't be obstinate,"* it read. *"I was not quite myself. I have set free your protégés. Come over—you are the only man I can talk to about these things, and I need to talk about them. In any case, you are burning to know what has happened.—Yours, H. B. J."*

I jumped into a taxi, calling "Saint Barnaby's Hospital" to the driver. When I got there, the hospital porter, who by now had become a friend, told me where I could find James; he had just been called over to one of the wards. I went up, and from afar I could see his face of anguish lighten at the sight of me. Coming over to me, he took me affectionately by the arm.

"Be easy in your mind," he said. "I have broken those two globes. . . . But I missed you badly; I'll tell you why later on. . . . Just wait for me a few minutes."

He stepped behind the cretonne screen which had been placed round the bed of a woman patient for an examination, and I stood waiting. After a few minutes he reappeared, and led me on to the terrace.

"Well, James? Negative results?"

"Negative? Oh, no, not at all! Very curious results, but depressing."

"Depressing? You alarm me. . . . What happened?"

"Nothing serious. . . . But you remember how we both supposed that the fluid of the two globes would fill the whole of the available space? Well, that was a mistake! When I put the combined arrangement of the two sealed globes under the rays, only one, the upper one, was luminous."

"Really! But how do you explain that?"

"I don't explain, I never explain anything, I only state the facts. . . . The whole of the fluid in both globes, you see, had merged within the upper one. . . . Good. Well, now, tell me—do you suppose that this globe was a brighter or duller one than usual?"

"Brighter, of course, because it brought together——"

"Well, it wasn't! And that's what I find so depressing. . . . It was almost extinguished. . . . What is the deeper meaning of this phenomenon? What spiritual or sentimental reality can it point to? Perhaps we shall never know, either of us. . . . But faced with that wan, ashy light, those enfeebled and slowed-up currents, I thought of your scruples, and I saw more cogency in them than I did at first. . . . Even if there were only one chance in a million, I reflected, that two beings should be in misery through my own fault, yet that was ample reason for trying to save them. . . . You can imagine the strange and rather painful hour I went through. I kept repeating to myself the words of our friend Hamlet—'To die: to sleep; no more. . . .' I kept telling myself that after this hard life of ours, it is cruel to refuse men sleep and rest. . . . And at last I took a hammer, broke the tube, and turned the globe upward."

"And it emptied itself?"

"Of course."

"Bravo, James! I'm delighted! And I'd be even more so if you promised to leave things there. It seems to me that, having reached this point in your researches, and given the degree of precision they have attained, you have only two courses open: either you must make them public and repeat them in the presence of other scientists, or you must abandon them because you will be losing your position and your friends to no purpose. . . . As regards myself, I fear you will be losing me of necessity. My work is coming to an end, and I can't spend my life in England. In a fortnight I shall be leaving, and, believe me, I would leave with an easier mind if you gave me your word. . . ."

"Don't get sentimental, old man. A fortnight in France, and you will have forgotten me completely. . . . But you're right when you say that to continue repeating these experiments is useless, because nothing will persuade

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me to make them known. . . . I shall drop the whole thing. . . . Or at least, I'll only do one more . . . if circumstances ever make it possible. If that fails, the whole business will have been a dream, a dreary one, and no more. . . ."

"And you will give back Mr. Slutter his freedom?"

"You shall give it him yourself, this very evening."

And it was indeed myself who broke globe No. 1 that same evening. Before bringing myself to the point, I held it for a long time between my hands. In cracking it, would I be putting an end to the second, and brief, existence of Mr. William Slutter? There was no means of knowing, and it still seemed the lesser risk to allow nature to follow her accustomed course. I dropped the globe into an iron mortar, and with the noise of the splintering glass there was mingled, I fancied, a sort of infinitely distant vibration, infinitely faint, and yet perceptible.

When I saw Doctor Digby again I was able to assure him that James had abandoned the investigations which were disquieting the hospital authorities. Digby had already heard this from his informant, who was no doubt Gregory.

"I am pleased with this news," he said, "for we shouldn't have been able to shield him much longer."

I refrained from telling him that James had made a reservation in his promise for one eventuality. Yet I was almost certain that my friend, when he actually spoke those words, had a definite idea in his head, and, what is more, I thought I knew him well enough to have guessed at this idea. I had seen that the failure of that experiment in which he had tried to obtain the close commingling of two souls, or (as he would have said) two fluid "ghosts," had disappointed him profoundly, and that this disappointment was something far more than the disconcertment of a scientist whose hypothesis turns out to be unsound. It had long been noticeable that James's dominant emotion was an acutely painful sense of what the irremediable cleavage of death means for human beings. He had often spoken to me of those words one longs to have said, words to remain forever unspoken save to a dead body, blind and deaf. The possibility of a more enduring union between two souls was bound to attract him and touch him in his most sensitive spot. And now, instead of the enhanced vital force which he believed and hoped that he would find by producing that union in the strange world of his "ghosts," he had been faced with the contrary—the quenching of the united pair. But his desire was left unvanquished. He had certainly told himself that the failure was due to the fact of the beings thus brought together having been made to repel each other, and not to commingle. Furthermore, he thought that if two deeply united souls really could be combined, atom for atom, a superior state would then appear. Under his outward sarcasm, as I have already said, he was a sentimental. He believed profoundly in friendship, and in love. The single experiment of which he spoke would depend, I was certain, upon whether chance ever brought him two people, in their last moments, whose unity in life had been perfect: he would try to unite them once more in death.

You will think that the chance of this happening was small. I myself was not so sure. Unless one has lived right inside the life of a great town, as is possible for the police-officer or the doctor to do, one has little idea of the sorrows and beauties it may hold. During the past two months I had been watching so many extraordinary cases pass through Saint Barnaby's that anything seemed possible. But my own stay in London was almost over, and I knew that if ever Doctor James carried out his last experiment, I should not be a witness of it. During that fortnight I only saw him once again. I was working hard. I had found an old French friend, a secretary at the embassy, with whom I spent several evenings, and I did not return to Saint Barnaby's until the eve of my departure. I had telephoned to James asking if I could meet him, and he had sent word by the porter to come and see him in his own room about nine in the evening.

He was not there when I entered, so I took a book and sat down in the armchair. After a time, as there was no sign of James, I drew aside the curtain concealing the "ghosts." I hoped that he had completed their liberation, and I had an idea, if he had not already done it, of asking leave to carry out the act of release myself before leaving.

The globes were in their usual place, and to my great surprise I saw that there was a new one amongst them, bearing on its label the numbers "10–11," without any name. I instantly realized that James had repeated the experiment of fusion which had angered me, and I felt seriously annoyed with him. . . . "10–11." . . . No name. . . . Who were these two hapless creatures? I was filled with a

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vague sense of anxiety which I had difficulty in defining more exactly. . . . Why wasn't James coming back? He had given me a definite rendezvous, and to be seriously late was not like him.

I was turning the mysterious ball over and over on my knees, when I felt two hands laid on my shoulder. "Alas, poor Yorick!" came a gay cheerful voice. I turned round, and was astonished by the change I saw in James's face. Never had I seen a human being so completely transformed within a few days. The lines of his face, usually restless and twitching, had taken a look of soothed serenity. His smile was no longer a sarcasm but a relaxation.

"What's happened to you, James?"

"Happened? To me? Nothing. . . . Why?"

"You look so happy. . . ."

"Oh! Is that so obvious then? Well, the truth is that I am—and I'll show you why. . . . Just put that globe you have there on the mantelpiece, will you? How gloomily you were gazing at it! That's right. . . . Now help me to get my apparatus out from this corner. . . . Thanks. . . . Just a bit to the left. . . . Will you turn the lights out?"

I turned the switch, and a cry escaped me in spite of myself. A sphere of light was gleaming on the mantelpiece with prodigious radiance. It could hardly be compared with anything but that of a full moon in a perfectly clear summer sky, in Greece or the East. It was a gleaming pearl, and its depths moved currents more gleaming still, and a whirling nebula of liquid, flaming diamond.

"Marvellous!" I said. . . . "But what miracle——?"

For a few minutes longer he let me contemplate this amazing spectacle, and then, after putting on the lights in the room, he told me the story. It appeared that in a neighboring music-hall, two acrobats, the Hanley Brothers, had been performing their flying-trapeze act during the past fortnight. James had not seen their "turn," but Digby, who had seen it, described it to him, and later told me too about it. He had considered it as a spectacle of most uncommon quality and gracefulness. Ned and Fred Hanley were two very handsome young men, really brothers, whose resemblance was in itself a marvel. For their turn a backcloth of black velvet was dropped, and against this, during their terrifying spinning, their two white bodies stood out under the beams of the spot-light.

The brothers had enjoyed a great success, so great indeed that the management asked them to extend their engagement to another week. What happened on the first night of that extension? Nobody knew, and the police were making inquiries. Whatever the cause, one of the supporting wires of the trapezes had given, and the two brothers had fallen from a great height. Seriously injured, they were taken to the hospital and died there during the night, only a few minutes between them.

"Some of their friends came along with them," said James, "and I heard them talking about the extraordinary unison between these two lads, their work in common, and the strength of the affection that joined them, and I could not then withstand my desire to carry out in such favorable circumstances the final experiment I spoke about. . . . Don't worry—Gregory wasn't there: I had the help of a laboratory lad who understood nothing of what he was doing. . . . I came back to my room at three o'clock this morning; I united these two ghosts, and was able to contemplate the wonderful sight you have just been admiring yourself. . . . Do you now advise me to break that globe?"

"No, my dear James. I can only guess what is happening in it, but it would be surprising if such great beauty were not a sign of happiness."

And then, as the hour was getting late, I had to explain, notwithstanding my desire to stay, that I had come to say good-by.

"True," said James. "Well, then, good-by. . . . I don't know if I shall see you again. When life cuts apart it cuts deeply. But I shall always be grateful to you for these months during which you have been a loyal and discreet friend to me. . . . So loyal and discreet, indeed, that I am going to ask one last favor of you. . . . It won't be immediate—perhaps it will never arise. But it is possible that a day will come when I shall need your help. . . . Where I shall be, I know not, but I shall send you a telegram asking you to join me by the most rapid means, whatever your engagements at the moment. . . . You know me well enough to realize that I would not make such an extraordinary request if I did not have grave reason. . . . I give you my pledge to make only one such appeal to you in the course of your life, but for this single occasion I ask for your solemn oath."

"You have it," I said, moved by his deep earnestness.

"God bless you!" he answered.

He came with me to the door. It was a fine summer evening; but the moon in the starry sky shone with less brilliance than the light I had just seen on the mantelpiece, twofold and alive.

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XIII

When James said that I would forget him, I protested to the contrary. But he was not far wrong. During the next few years my work made heavy demands on me, and did not bring me back to England. Sometimes I thought about those strange weeks, but as one thinking of some fantastic tale rather than of a real memory. The first letter I had from James was early in 1926, to tell me that he had kept his promise and renounced the fuller pursuit of his researches; the second, in October, 1927, was to let me know that Miss Philipps had lost her father and that he was about to marry her. This did not really astonish me. I sent them a small present, and in her letter of thanks, Edith Philipps, or rather Edith James, told me that she needed a few months' rest in the south of France, that her husband was taking a holiday to accompany her, and that they would both be coming through Paris the following week. Unfortunately, I was in the country when this letter arrived, and I did not see my friends when they were passing through.

In December I had a card from James. He and his wife were at Cap-Martin. He asked whether I would not come and pay them a visit, if I had any thought of travelling that winter, or if not, whether a telegram from him would still find me in Paris. I replied that, barring unforeseen events, I was anxious to remain at home and work.

About the middle of January, 1928, a friend of mine, a man of letters, fell ill and asked me to take his place for a lecture which he had engaged to give at Copenhagen. To oblige him, I accepted; and it may be that the memory of Hilda James, whose story I had not forgotten, counted for something in my desire to see something of Denmark. My journey was only to take five days in all.

I arrived in Copenhagen in the morning, and had to speak the same night. As soon as I got out of the train, one of my welcomers handed me a telegram which had just arrived for me. I opened it and read:

"Come.—James. Florida, Cap-Martin."

I was bowled over. It had not occurred to me to let James know of my being away for such a brief time. But he had counted on my pledge, and my mind was made up to keep it, although circumstances would force me to do so more slowly than I could have wished. To the great surprise and annoyance of the organizers of the lecture, I told them my dearest friend was dying, and that I would have to set off home again. What time was the first train? There was none before the next morning.

I spent my day in scanning time-tables with the hotel porter. Even granted that there was no hitch, and that none of my trains on this long journey was late, I could not reach James until the third day. But his telegram, forwarded from Paris, was already twenty-four hours old; my friend would think me singularly careless. I inquired about the possibility of going by air, but the weather was bad and the winter service uncertain. All I could do was to send James a wire in my turn, explaining my delay and announcing my arrival. This I did. I lectured that evening, better than usual because of my high pitch of excitement; I did not sleep, and left Copenhagen in the morning.

During the long ensuing hours of Danish and German and French trains, ferry-boats, customs and passports, I tried vainly to foresee what I would find at my journey's end. I was filled with mournful and inevitable forebodings. The sole link of real intimacy between James and myself, and the one which made me, so far as he was concerned, irreplaceable, was that macabre quest of which I had been the witness. If he was urgently in need of seeing me, it could only be to help him in the course of an experiment of the same kind, and as his anxiety about it was such that he summoned me, it was not hard to guess what this experiment might be. Would I get there in time? Wouldn't James and I have difficulties with the local authorities? I remembered with relief that M. Raibaldi, the préfet of Alpes-Maritimes, was a friend of my father. He might be useful. Down came the train, past the olive-trees, alongside the pebbly streams. Beyond Marseilles, the vivid blue of the sea and the white sails seemed cheerless and frightening. And at last, under a summer sun, about half past two in the afternoon, as I was in despair of ever arriving, the train stopped in the station of Roquebrune-Cap-Martin.

James was not at the station. This hardly surprised me, for he could not have known which train I would arrive by, so I took a cab and drove to his villa. It was a small pavilion ringed with palm-trees, in a garden full of flowers. I remember my pleasure at a whiff of heliotrope that reached me when I was ringing the bell. A servant clothed in black appeared on the steps of the house. "I seem to know this man," I thought as he came across the garden to open the gate for me. "Where

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the deuce have I seen him?" And just as he reached me I recognized him. It was Biggs, an English soldier who had been the doctor's batman during the War, and whose services I myself had shared with James for several months.

"Good day, sir," he answered. "Yes, my wife and I were here, with Doctor and Mrs. James. . . . I am sorry to tell you, sir, that the doctor is dead. Did you not receive my second wire?"

"No. . . . Dead? James? But when? I heard from him only four days ago."

"He was already dead, sir. . . . But come in."

He took my bag and carried it with him into the house. Then, seating me on a garden-chair, he told me his story:

"You know, sir, that Mrs. James has always been very ill. She had an operation shortly before her father's death. . . . When she became the doctor's wife, it was obvious to every one that she was dying, and of course to a medical man as he was, more obvious than to any one. . . . I always said, sir, that the doctor was a saint, and only married Miss Philipps to be better able to look after her. When he suggested that I should take service with them and come with them to France, I said to my wife: 'It won't be a lasting place, but we must take it. . . .' And we haven't regretted it, sir. . . . Nobody could have been nicer than the doctor and his wife. They were very fond of each other. . . . Never did I see people so easily happy. In the daytime, when the weather was good, they went and sat on the beach together, and in the evenings the doctor read aloud. . . .

"For the first couple of months Mrs. James was pretty well. But after that, from the middle of December, she seemed only to get paler and more silent. . . . It was obviously the beginning of the end. But happily the doctor kept her hoping right to the last that he would pull her round. He told her he was going to give her a new treatment he had invented. . . . And in one room he prepared some very strange contrivances for this purpose. There was a big glass bell which could be raised and lowered by moving a small lever, small flasks, and an apparatus covered with a black cloth. . . . His 'laboratory,' the doctor called that room. . . . My wife and I never entered it. . . . What's more, he never used it himself, except— But I'm forgetting to tell you the most important thing, sir. Five days ago Mrs. James had a fainting fit and remained unconscious. My wife was with her, along with the doctor. About one o'clock in the morning he told my wife to go to bed, and that he would call her down if he needed her. He did not call her, and about eight next morning she came back into the room. . . . There she was startled to find that Mrs. James was no longer in her bed, and that the doctor had disappeared. On the table there was a large envelope addressed to me. . . . My wife was frightened and brought it to me in a hurry. I read the poor doctor's letter. . . . Here it is, sir. . . ."

Biggs drew two letters from his pocket and handed me one. I read it:

"Biggs—you are to do exactly what I am telling you, extraordinary as it may appear to you. Mrs. James died this morning, and I wish to avoid surviving her. Our two bodies are in the room I called my laboratory. Do not go in, and do not touch anything. Send off the telegram which you will find in the envelope; it is for the French officer who was with us at Ypres. He will come instantly and make all arrangements. So do not concern yourself with anything. Simply send off the telegram and wait. All will be well. Good-by."

"But then, Biggs . . ." I began.

"Just a moment, sir. There was another letter, addressed to yourself, which I was to give you as soon as you arrived."

I felt a touch of reproach in his tone of voice. The letter he handed me was sealed. I tore it open and read as follows:

"I fear I shall cause you pain, and probably serious trouble; but I have your promise, and know that you will do what I ask of you. Biggs will explain what has happened—I had foreseen it for a long time. You will then understand (although I dare say you had already done so), why, during the time you were in London, I was so feverish in pushing forward the researches which seemed so wild to you. In the house you are about to enter you will find a laboratory very much like that in which we worked together at Saint Barnaby's. Under the glass bell-jar in the centre you will see two bodies—my wife's and my own. You remember the way in which the globe at the top of the jar is taken off. Do so with care. Then, after sealing up the globe, take it over in front of the black apparatus familiar to you. I hope that you will then have a glimpse of something of Edith and myself. If you find, as I hope and believe you will, our ghosts mingled in the same way as those of the two brothers whom you doubtless remember, it is my wish that you should preserve them, and if possible that you should provide for their safe-keeping by your children and your chil-

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dren's children. Naturally, I cannot hope for the very long preservation of so fragile an object; but in my earthly existence I have had too brief an enjoyment of my poor Edith's love. If, thanks to you, I can find a few years' happiness in a world that is still outside our conception, I think you will have done a good deed. . . ."

With that sentence I broke off reading, and eagerly asked Biggs:

"And where are the doctor and his wife now?"

"At the cemetery, sir. . . . After sending you the telegram I waited two days. . . . And then as there was no sign of you, my wife and I got frightened. . . . What could we say if we were asked why we had left these two dead people unburied? We're in foreign parts. . . . I only know a few words of French. . . . I went to the Mairie, sir, and showed them the doctor's letter—mine, not yours. A doctor came up, and broke the glass."

"Broke the glass! Then everything's ruined, Biggs. . . . But why break it, when you told me it was easy to lift?"

"I don't know, sir, I didn't understand what he said. . . . I think that when he came in and saw these two bodies under a glass cover, he thought it was a case of asphyxiation. . . . Later on, after the post-mortem, he told me that the doctor had taken poison. . . . At least I think that's how it was, sir—as I say, I didn't understand very well. . . . But what could the doctor expect, sir? And if you had arrived sooner. . . . After all, he was dead—what *could* we have done?"

Interrupting, I asked him to take me to the laboratory. I clung to a faint hope that perhaps, by some miracle, the globe had remained intact at the top of the bell-jar. Alas, I found the room strewn with broken glass. Of the jar and the globe there remained nothing but fragments. Those who had found the bodies had no doubt wanted to waste no time. They could hardly be blamed: how could they have guessed the strange nature of what they were wrecking?

"There is also this case, sir. The doctor had fixed a label on it saying that I was to give it to you. So I hid it in my own room when the men came from the Mairie."

"What's in the box, Biggs?"

"I don't know, sir."

I opened it. On a layer of crumpled paper I found a glass globe just like those of Saint Barnaby's, and I picked it up with sudden hope. Then I saw that it bore a label which I knew well: *"10–11, Ned and Fred Hanley."*

"Poor James!" I reflected. "So he succeeded in giving to others the survival he would so gladly have had for himself!"

I went over to the cemetery to lay some flowers on the grave of Edith and Howard Bruce James, and left for Paris that same evening, carrying on my knees the case bequeathed to me by my friend. I clung to the object with a superstitious care which was the greater for my vague sense of remorse. Certainly, I knew not what form of existence James had desired for himself and his beloved, but I had given him my word to secure it for him; and now, in spite of myself but still through my failure, he was robbed of the fruit of his researches. Endlessly I wondered what I ought to have done. Should I have warned James before I left for Copenhagen? There had been no time; and in any case, though I had always guessed more or less what he hoped from me, I had not fully realized it. It had not occurred to me that James would want to die at the same time as his wife. Was I to be solely responsible for that lack of comprehension? He alone knew his own designs, and could he not have anticipated more methodically all the opposing hazards in this unique event? Couldn't he have given Biggs exact instructions in the event of my not arriving? But doubtless he had thought that Biggs would grasp none of such recommendations, or would be a poor hand in carrying out a delicate manœuvre. And in the end, as I reached Paris, I told myself that these broodings over the past were vain.

For a long time I deliberately refrained from thinking about the experiments at Saint Barnaby's and their tragic climax. But for some months I have been feeling ill and quite near death myself. I have felt it my duty to leave an account of the incredible and true facts of which fortune made me the witness. It is my only means of providing for the safekeeping, with all the care I have always taken myself, of the globe containing the mingled ghosts of Ned and Fred Hanley. Last night, possibly for the last time, I had a fancy to look at them in the invisible beam of the apparatus which was the doctor's legacy. Their brightness has not dimmed since the day when it made me cry out in admiration, up in James's room. The amazing persistence of so beautiful a phenomenon only heightens my grief at having been unable to unite, in that same way, Edith James and her husband.

The glass globe will be found in the small cabinet, shut off by a blue curtain behind a grille, on the right-hand side of my desk.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

André Maurois, the French biographer, is of course ineligible for participation in the Scribner long short-story contest, but our interest in this type is not confined to the contest. Still under fifty, M. Maurois is the author of several famous biographies, of which perhaps those of Shelley, Disraeli, and Byron are the best known. He returned home in January after lecturing for a term in the French department at Princeton University. Hamish Miles translated "The Weigher of Souls" from the French.

V. F. Calverton, critic, lecturer, editor, founded in 1923 *The Modern Quarterly,* a journal of letters and social thought, of which he is still the editor. His most original work has been done in the field of literary criticism, where his emphasis has been upon a sociological interpretation of literature. He has also ventured into fiction, and has edited for the Modern Library two books, one of which, "The Making of Man," will appear in April. "The Puritan Myth" will constitute a chapter in "American Literature in the Making" which Mr. Calverton is at work on now. A native of Baltimore, he lives in New York City.

Plenty of people have looked forward to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; here is a man (Ex-Criminal) who looks beyond that. The author in his time was one of our more successful bank robbers. Perhaps his prison terms—always punishment for crimes he did *not* commit—changed his point of view. For he became a manufacturer and big business man. Later he was an executive in a popular publishing house. At present he lives in New York, doing free-lance writing.

"Many Thousands Gone," long short story published in September Scribner's, will lend its name to a volume of John Peale Bishop's stories of the Civil War which appears this spring. "If Only—" will also be included. Mr. Bishop, a Southerner who lives in Paris, visited America last fall long enough to read the violent criticisms—pro and con—which "Many Thousands Gone" aroused.

Charles Hanson Towne, editor of *Harper's Bazar,* is the well-known author of many books. Some of his poems have been written as lyrics for song cycles, one with Deems Taylor.

Paul Rosenfeld's intense activities have been connected with a number of the modern movements in the arts, notably music and literature. For seven years he was music critic on *The Dial,* and since 1927 has been one of the editors of *The American Caravan.* His six critical books have had to do with portraits of modern composers and authors, and with essays on music. He lives in New York and is now working on his second novel.

Perhaps you remember Carleton Beals as the man who chased Sandino over a great many hills and finally interviewed him in his own Nicaraguan haunts. Born in Kansas and armed with degrees from California and Columbia University, Mr. Beals invaded Mexico, and in the course of exciting years of residence there was instructor to the staff of President Carranza, principal of the American high school in Mexico City, and lecturer at the National University of Mexico. He has also lived in North Africa, in Italy two years, and in Spain one year, writing articles constantly. He is living temporarily in New York.

Grover Clark, born in the Orient of American parentage, returned there in 1918 interested as he was in "the emergence of China from the past into the active present." After two years in Japan, he taught English literature in the National University in Peking. Later he became editor of *The Peking Leader,* American owned, and many have said that under Mr. Clark that paper became the sanest and best edited foreign-language newspaper in China. A 5,000-mile trip into Northwest China was one result of his being made associate executive director of the China International Famine Relief Commission, a position which he left to return to America. He now has an office in New York as Consultant on Far Eastern Affairs.

(Continued on page 34)

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